

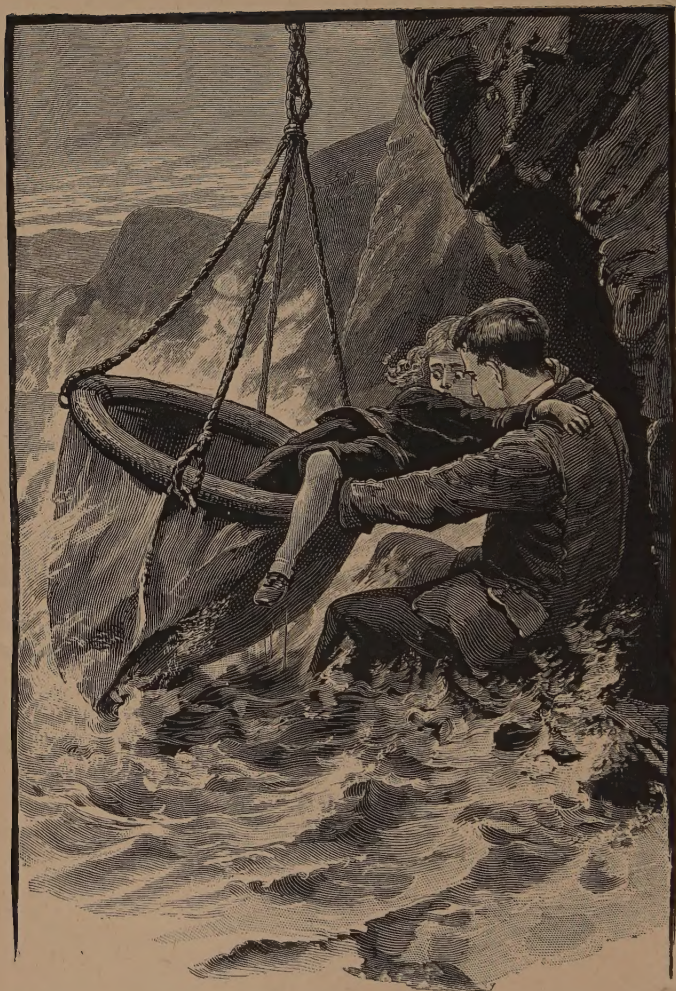
HONOR BRIGHT



Ethel Mason

Prize for English & French
Christmas 189.

HONOR BRIGHT.



"Your father is up there, Duke."

Frontispiece.

HONOR BRIGHT

OR
The Four-Leaved Shamrock.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ONE OF A COVEY"
"PEAS-BLOSSOM", &c.



' Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty ;
Follow the one, and thou wilt see
The other ever follows thee.

Sixth Edition.

LONDON :
WELLS GARDNER, DARTON, & CO.,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

HONOR BRIGHT;

OR,

The Four-Leaved Shamrock.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

TWO BLACKBIRDS," "ROBIN AND LINNET," &c.

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Follow the one, and thou wilt see
The other ever follows thee."

SEVENTH EDITION.

London:

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON, & CO.
PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.



1883

CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. "WE ARE SEVEN"	I
II. A MONKEY MATCHMAKER	8
III. NOT A BRIGHT PROSPECT	14
IV. THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK	21
V. THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING	27
VI. THE PLACE OF HONOUR	34
VII. TROUBLE AND COMFORT	39
VIII. HOW THE CHILDREN TOOK IT	47
IX. LEAVING THE OLD PATCH	55
X. OFF TO THE SEA	61
XI. PIG-MINDING	67
XII. DREAMING AND LADY JANE	72
XIII. SHRIMPING AND "THE SPIDER"	78
XIV. REFINED SOCIETY	86
XV. THE ROCKET PRACTICE	92
XVI. TEA AT THE "VICTORIA"	100
XVII. THE PICNIC	106
XVIII. SCARSBROOK CASTLE	113
XIX. MINOTTI'S CIRCUS	119
XX. PAT'S BLARNEY	126
XXI. BALLS' TEA-PARTY	135

CHAP.	PAGE
XXII. WHERE IS PAT?	142
XXIII. IS IT LIFE OR DEATH?	150
XXIV. "THINE IS THE POWER"	159
XXV. THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE	166
XXVI. LIFE IN A CARAVAN	174
XXVII. RULE BRITANNIA	181
XXVIII. FOLLOWING THE SCENT	188
XXIX. PRINCE BORIOBOOLOO	195
XXX. A CHANCE FOR BRIAN	203
XXXI. A CHANCE FOR HONOR	212
XXXII. THINKING IT OVER	219
XXXIII. AUNT BELL TO THE RESCUE	226
XXXIV. BRIAN'S BIRTHDAY	232
XXXV. HOW HONOR AND BRIAN FOUND THE SHAM- ROCK	240
XXXVI. CONCLUSION	247

HONOR BRIGHT;

OR,

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.



CHAPTER I.

"WE ARE SEVEN."



THE children of the Bright family always considered that Fate had been very unkind to them in the matter of names. To begin with, their family name was one which suggested a joke to the very dullest mind. Even old Heavysides, the master of the class at King's College which Pat adorned, would look up over his spectacles from certain blotted exercises and say, "Well, sir, this *is* a Bright specimen, I must say." And "Grumpy," the porter, would revenge himself for some of Paddy's persecutions by such irritating remarks as—"Bright by name don't seem to be bright by nature, anyhow;" or, "Look sharp there, Master Rusty, or you'll want something to get up your polish, and there's nothing like leather for

that." And as for the boys, there was no end to their chaff, till Pat and Paddy were fain to wish that their name had been Smith, Brown, or Robinson, or anything but such a whetstone for other people's wit. Then they would go on to complain that they had not a decent Christian name among them, and that their godfathers and godmothers had given them outlandish and ridiculous names; and Aunt Bell had to reprove Molly severely one Saturday morning for the pettish way in which she received the second question in the Catechism, "Who gave you this name?"

First of all there was Brian. His name was not quite so bad; but then his initials were "B. B.," and any one who knows anything about lead pencils knows that "B. B." stands for "Very soft;" which is a nice quality in a pencil, and especially when you want to draw negroes or black cats, but not thought so highly of in a boy of sixteen.

Then came Honor; a fine old Irish name, of course, every one will allow, but in the mouths of London servants it soon became shorn of its *h* aspirate, and "Honor Bright" was too tempting a nickname for the children to resist; and even little Peter would put his fat dimpled hand on her head, and say, "'Pon honour," in supposed imitation of the pompous manner of a certain Captain Myrtle, who sometimes came to dine with Mr. Bright.

Then came Pat and Paddy, or rather Patrick and Philip. Pat felt that his own case was hopeless, and that it was his sponsors' fault if he turned out a worth-

less character; for what could be expected from a fellow with such a name? But Philip was born under a kinder star, and might have done better if he had not at an early age, and before he could speak plain or had arrived at years of discretion, always called himself "Paddy." So Paddy he became, and Paddy he seemed likely to remain to the end of his life, though he made some efforts to throw off his nickname and appear in the dignity of Philip. He even went so far as to threaten to punch Pat's head, and to pinch the girls, and to shut Peter up in the knife-house, if they breathed the word "Paddy;" and he even bribed Sarah, the housemaid, with a stick of liquorice and an apple, to call him "Master Philip" when she brought in his supper at night. That honest girl, however, brought back the apple with only one large bite out of it, and the stick of liquorice minus half an inch, saying that she couldn't go for to do it, though she tried her very best, she did; "and the liquorish weren't nice, neither!"

Then there was Mary, who protested against her name, and still more at its change into Molly, "which was only suitable," she said, "to a blowsy, red-faced milk-maid, or to a dirty old woman smoking a stumpy pipe."

Next came Nora, whose name was perverted into Nolly; and then little Peter, whose name, they all agreed, was the very ugliest possible, and, if there had been any younger children, they must have had better names, for they could not have had worse.

Of course it was constantly said that Pat and Paddy

were as alike as two *p*'s, on account of their initials; and Herr Kaspar, Molly's music-master, having come down into the schoolroom one day to see the dormice, and finding Pat, Paddy, and Peter playing at bears and lions, observed that in music three *p*'s meant *pianissimo*, but in the Bright establishment it seemed to mean *fortissimo*.

Perhaps you will be surprised at my saying that Herr Kaspar went *down* into the schoolroom; but so it was. Mr. Bright lived in a house in an old-fashioned and rather dull square in London, and the reason that decided him upon taking this house in the first place was, that instead of a dingy court behind, or a so-called garden with a few smutty lilac-bushes, or a gaunt plane-tree, under whose shadow cats give brilliant musical parties at night, there was a large room with a skylight.

"The very place for the children!" said Mr. Bright.

It was on the basement, and was reached either by a flight of steps from the ground-floor, or by a stone passage from the kitchen premises; and neither steps nor passage were covered, so that in wet weather you must run to escape a wetting. But none of the Brights were afraid of a drop of rain, nor ate their bread and butter with any less appetite because it had been sprinkled during its transit from the kitchen.

Mr. Bright was certainly right when he said that it was just the place for the children; but he did not fully know all its advantages when he said so. It was very large, with cocoa-nut matting on the floor,

and an ironing-board on two trestles to form the table, and a large press at one end, consisting of drawers, and open shelves, and lockers, and cupboards ; but there was not much furniture besides, and there was nothing to break and nothing to spoil ; and you could make the most hideous noises without any one being the worse or bothering—in short, it was the very place to play in. But this was not half the number of its advantages : there was room for all the many and various pets of the Bright family. In one corner there was a regular establishment of canaries ; opposite to them a large salting-pan containing a melancholy tench, and close by, another full of efts and water-snails. On one of the shelves was a large and flourishing family of white mice ; and in the next Molly's dormice, who were not so thriving and had lost their tails, which gave them a Manx-cat appearance ; now and then there were silkworms, and sometimes menageries of cock-roaches, who abounded in the schoolroom, but were at times elevated into short-lived honour as pets, by the caprice of the children, and regaled with sugar and other dainties. There was also a dog, called "Don," black and white and curly, who held his own bravely as an equal among the children, and bore teasing with great patience up to a certain point, and then asserted his dignity with a growl and a nip of his sharp, white teeth, at the nearest leg or arm. Upon the flat roof of the schoolroom there was the hutch, where the guinea-pigs lived a rather feverish existence during the summer ; and there was also an aged green parrot, who walked

about at its own sweet will on the leads and railings, keeping a wicked and watchful eye on the children, and annoying the neighbours by quacking like a hoarse duck by the hour together.

Now, I put it to any intelligent reader whether this large establishment would have got on so well in an upstairs schoolroom, and whether Mr. Bright was not quite right in his opinion, that it was the very place for the children and their belongings? Where else could chemical experiments have been allowed that generally ended in an explosion and a fearful smell? Where else could Catherine wheels, Roman candles, and Pharaoh's serpents have blazed, and hissed, and spluttered, with so little peril? Where could toffey, and other cookings, have been less annoying to older noses? Where else could carpentering, and varnishing, and glueing, and everything that came under nurse's general term of "messaging," have given so little discomfort to other people?

Sometimes, indeed, nurse would declare that "she never did see such a mess in all her born days, and that she would take and turn all them nasty, creepy things out of the room: a regular pack of rubbidge as ever was!" But the children knew, from long experience, that this was mere talk; and even Peter did not feel a spark of anxiety on behalf of the most precious eft or white mouse, so far as nurse was concerned. Sometimes Aunt Bell would make a raid, and declare that some of the pets must be given up, and the schoolroom kept in better order, or she would have to

appeal to father. But it always ended in a grand review of all the birds, beasts, and fishes, and in Aunt Bell agreeing with the children that not one of all that attractive crew could be dispensed with.

Honor constantly protested that the place was a bear-garden, and unfit for human habitation; though she had no wish to be the Hercules to cleanse this Augean stable, but was quite content as long as she could get away to her drawing-board in the red room, and shut out the children's noise and everyday life, and dream of a golden future, the key to which might be the pencil in a girl's hand.

CHAPTER II.

A MONKEY MATCHMAKER.

“CCIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated families.” The young Brights knew this by experience; and nurse, too, to her cost. The white mice *will* sometimes gnaw their way out of their cage, and into nurse’s work-drawer; canaries *will* get drowned in the big, nursery basin; Don *will* snap, and the parrot *will* peck when pea-shooting is in fashion: ten o’clock *will* sometimes strike before Molly and Nora have got out their lesson-books, which causes Aunt Bell to make large “oughts” against “punctuality” in the character books. But never did so serious an accident occur as the one which brought Mr. John Keith to the house, for it was John Keith who carried off Aunt Bell!

Aunt Bell—no one in the world was like Aunt Bell, father’s only sister, who had looked after the children ever since Peter’s birth, when mother died. She was well worthy of her name, if you like, for Miss Bell Bright was —— well, in short, she was what the girls call a “duck,” and the boys a “brick,” just what an aunt should be. She could sing jolly songs, and tell

short stories, and dress dolls, and manage "the dad," and wheedle nurse, and twist cook round her little finger.

"It happened," as Molly said, "in the Zoo, you know. It was Nora's birthday, and Aunt Bell took us all there. We were ever so long in the monkey-house, and we were so busy giving buns and sweetstuff to that dear little, soft-grey monkey with blue eyes in the corner, that we never missed Peter till we heard him call out. And there he was caught by the big, cross, old monkey with the blue nose and no tail, because he'd been teasing him with empty nutshells till he got in a regular rage. He had hold of Peter's hair, and what would have happened I don't know if a gentleman hadn't got him away somehow. Aunt Bell was so frightened, and Peter, too, that she said she must take him home, and Mr. Keith—that was the gentleman in the monkey-house, you know—got a cab for her. Then it turned out that he knew father, and so he came the next day to ask how Peter was. After that he came to dinner, and then he got to come very often. Peter used to call him 'the monkey gentleman,' and we couldn't make out why Aunt Bell didn't like it. Of course, we did not mean anything rude, for he was awfully jolly always, you know. Brian took quite a fancy to him. And then we always liked the nights he came to dine because he brought us presents, and drew pictures, and cut 'Tom Hickses' out of firewood for Peter. Honor didn't like it, though, for she said it was awfully dull when we were gone to bed and

•

father was asleep, because Mr. Keith and Aunt Bell would go on talk, talk, talk, in a sort of way all to themselves ; and Aunt Bell always forgot to make tea, and put sugar into the wrong cups, when he was there."

This was Molly's account of the affair given to nurse the evening after the blow fell ; and she had another version from Honor as she brushed out the girl's long, straight, yellow locks before the important dinner, when John Keith was to appear for the first time in the character of "Bogey," come ready to ring the Bell and steal away the brightest Bright, "which," as nurse observed, "it's a wonder as it weren't done long afore, bless her pretty face !"

The green eyes of Honor had seen what was coming for some time, being one of those gifted and far-sighted creatures who can see things in the distance, while they are singularly blind to what lies quite close around them. Honor was a genius, you must know, reader. She had a quaint, little, white face, like a dainty piece of old porcelain ; and clear, bright eyes, that wanted looking into to discover their beauty ; and a clever little head coiled round with smooth, silken, tawny hair. She was certainly clever, and in some ways her talents were valuable. She could tell wonderful stories, and when the whim seized her she could keep the whole family amused, nurse included, by her romances, accompanying them by scenes drawn on the various slates, which were always gladly and anxiously washed with salt and water when Honor vouchsafed to draw (Aunt Bell, by the way, usually found them deep in grease when

such inferior matters as rule-of-three or practice had to be thought of); and under her hand they became such scenes of queens and princes, fairies and ogres, witches and giants, "as no one couldn't have believed where the child got them all from," nurse said.

Honor was a great reader, too, and would remain for an hour together perched up on a stool or open drawer before the great nursery press, lost to the surging tumult of life below her, in some one of the queer old books stowed away in its upper shelves. But as to common pursuits, such as darning stockings, or helping nurse, or minding the children, Honor was just nowhere. Indeed, Pat and Paddy used to say she must have been born on the 29th of February, for she was only a "now-and-then" sort of girl, and didn't come in the natural course of things, somehow.

Drawing, however, was Honor's special gift, and though scribbling and dabbling often interfered sadly with graver pursuits, Aunt Bell could not find it in her heart to put a decided stop to it; for painting was a legacy left behind by the dear, dead mother, whom she had loved like her own sister. One day Aunt Bell had picked up and shown to her brother a really pretty little sketch of Peter lying asleep, with his curly head on Don's fat back; and as Mr. Bright looked at the bold, free strokes and clear outlines, a vision rose up before him of a day, nearly seventeen years ago, when among the green hills of Erin he had come for the first time face-to-face with sweet Honor O'Brien, painting, beside beautiful Killarney, with a true artist's hand the lovely

woods and rivers of her native land, and he declared the girl's talent ought to be cultivated.

Aunt Bell used sometimes to think that the mother had left something to each of the children : to Pat and Molly, the Irish blue eyes that laughed at you from under curled black lashes ; to Nora, the wealth of rich, dark hair, and the sweet voice for singing ; to nearly all, the quick, happy, careless temper, which made the storm and sunshine of their lives.

Honor's peculiar gift was shared, or, as Aunt Bell sometimes suspected, surpassed by Brian ; but steady, plodding, old Brian would spare little time from his Greek and Latin for such things, and it was only once when all the children had measles, and she had left him to amuse them for a whole afternoon, that she found it out.

"Why, it's Honor !" she said, picking up the sketch of a child's head drawn on a scrap of paper ; "Honor in one of her 'studs.' You must let me have it, Brian, to show to father."

"Indeed, you won't, Aunt Bell !" the boy exclaimed, trying to snatch it away.

"Why not ? I think it is capital."

"Why, I wouldn't for anything have the dad think I'm scribbling and scratching just now, and the exam just on and all ! It's all very well for girls who have not got to work. Look here, now, Aunt Bell ; you can have it for yourself if you choose, but if you tell the dad I'll never forgive you."

"Very well ; but I shall keep it for myself."

"You won't show it?"

"No, if you are so fierce about it."

"Honour bright?"

"Yes, honour bright. You can write the name under it for me, and then I shall not forget."

So Brian wrote "Honour Bright" under the portrait, and Aunt Bell put it away, together with a number of other relics of the children—Honor's first little, soft, baby shoe, a glossy ring shorn from Pat's head when his curls were cropped, a laboriously-worked and much-fingered book-marker of Molly's, and various other things that made her laugh and cry as she turned them over.

"Honour Bright—that may be the artist's name as well," Aunt Bell thought to herself as she shut the box.

CHAPTER III.

NOT A BRIGHT PROSPECT.

UNT BELL'S wedding was so often put off from one cause or another, that John Keith used to complain, that it was such a very movable feast, that he felt like poor Tantalus, doomed to constant hunger and thirst, with sparkling water and rich clusters of grapes just out of reach. The children, too, after the anguish of the first days of the engagement, during which Peter would hardly let go of Aunt Bell's skirts even for a minute, and Molly and Nora clung round her waist with fierce affection, and Pat and Paddy scowled at Mr. Keith as if they would have liked to choke him, grew to regard the parting with Aunt Bell as merely a vague possibility in the future, like "next never-come tide," or "when two Sundays come in a week," or "when my ship comes in," as nurse used to say, or "when I'm a man," from Pat, or "some day," from Aunt Bell, or "when I've time," from father.

First of all the measles came to the rescue and put off the evil day; and then father had bronchitis; and then Mr. Keith had to go to America for two whole

months over which the children rejoiced honestly, and hoped that he would like America so much that he would stop there and never come back.

"What would Aunt Bell say to that?" asked nurse.

"I do believe," says Paddy, who was a close observer of human nature, "that she would be very glad. She's far away fonder of us than of him."

But one evening they were all sitting in the dusk in the drawing-room with Aunt Bell, and the wind was howling outside, and Pat was describing a shipwreck he had been reading of, and ended up cheerfully with the question, "Oh, I say, Aunt Bell, wouldn't you dearly like to be shipwrecked? I would! It must be an awful lark!"

Aunt Bell was silent, but Nora added, "Perhaps Mr. Keith may be shipwrecked as he comes home, and then he can tell us all about it."

"I expect he will," eagerly chimed in Paddy. "What fun if he is on the sea now! Just listen to the wind! There must be jolly big waves at sea."

And then they all joined in, even Honor taking her share in the description, without a glance at Aunt Bell, who sat silent with little Peter on her lap, and every time the wind came with a rush against the window, her arms tightened round the child, and she did not laugh or join in the children's nonsense.

"Waves mountains high," said one.

"Wind blowing great guns," went on another.

"Night as black as pitch."

"Miles out of their course."

"Breakers ahead."

"Sprung a leak amidships."

"Boats stove in."

"All hands to the pumps."

"Settling down fast."

"Captain in calm despair."

"Crew tipsy."

"Passengers helpless."

"Master Peter, please, it's your bedtime!"

A burst of laughter followed this unexpected end to the story, and the children thought no more of it; but when little Peter's curly red head was on the pillow he asked nurse a question—

"Do grown-up people ever cry, nursey?"

"Cry? Ah! it's many a tear that grown folks shed. It's not this side of the grave that tears is wiped away, Peter asthore! God grant as them blue eyes of my darlint mayn't have more than their share when he's a man; for it's bitter they are, and it's myself as knows it."

"I don't know if they were bitter," said Peter, "for I didn't taste them; but when I was sitting on Aunt Bell's lap, I felt two hot drops on my forehead."

"Maybe she was thinking of Mr. Keith, and him away across the sea. Sure and they're not the only two she have shed for him, bless her dear heart!"

It was only in the nursery that nurse let herself indulge in the brogue; among the other servants she kept a watch on her tongue, and was pretty successful in her imitation of their cockney talk, which she called

"the English," for she knew by experience the contempt with which "them Hirish" are generally treated below stairs.

But John Keith came back safely, without anything but sea-sickness to disturb his composure during the voyage, much to Pat and Paddy's disappointment. "Not even a whale or an iceberg," they said contemptuously, "or a pirate or a mutiny, or anything interesting; and who cares to hear of sunsets on the sea, and good dinners in the saloon, and dancing on the poop? One might just as well stop on land!" And they were much inclined to set him down for good and all as a "duffer," for having come across no adventures on his way.

Neither had he brought back a wife with him, as the girls had hoped, and so solved the difficulty about Aunt Bell. Even Honor had entered into this idea, and had sketched a North-American woman on Molly's slate with elaborate tattooings, beads, and feathers, and even war-paint and a tomahawk; and Nora had written "Mrs. John Keith," underneath in careful round hand; and then, as ill luck would have it, Molly handed the slate up to Aunt Bell, with a practice sum done wrong on the other side, and Aunt Bell, turning it over, found herself face to face with her supposed successful rival.

The girls were covered with shame and repentance, and Honor, when she came in from the School of Art, and found what had happened, rushed off and locked herself in the red room, and cried till her head ached

and her eyes were just little dim slits, and would not hear a word more from Molly and Nora, though they spent nearly an hour kneeling at the red-room key-hole, assuring her that Aunt Bell only laughed and was not a bit vexed, but said she would keep it to show to Mr. Keith, who was coming back the very next day.

But when John Keith came home the wedding-day was finally settled for the 15th of July. Perhaps the tears that fell on Peter's head and the brother tears that nurse guessed at, had softened Aunt Bell's heart; or perhaps it was the joy of having him back, for joy is almost stronger than tears to soften a heart: but certain it is that she could not find any excuse for putting off the wedding-day again. And then, too, Mr. Bright added his persuasions to John Keith's, and said that two years were long enough for an engagement, thinking sadly of his own three weeks' wooing in Old Ireland, and that he would not have Aunt Bell sacrifice her happiness any longer on account of him and the chicks. "Honor is getting a big girl," he added, "and when she is not in the clouds she has plenty of sense; and as for Brian, I never knew such an old sobersides at sixteen in my life. He will take care of the whole lot of us. I told nurse to-day that Master Brian had taken her place, for I found him tying on the girls' pinafores. Then, with cook and nurse, I don't think we can come to grief; and though, of course, there is not another Aunt Bell all the world over, we can only be very grateful that we have had

her so long, and very glad to see her happy—eh, Peter?”

It was not often that father said so much, for he was a man of few words, and many might have said far more; but I think Aunt Bell knew what he felt, and even little Peter, reporting this conversation in the schoolroom afterwards, finished up with, “And do you know, Molly, I think father is nearly as fond of Aunt Bell as we are, and as sorry to lose her?” And I think Peter was not far wrong.

The weeks that followed John Keith’s return literally galloped away, the children said; and “before you could say Jack Robinson,” according to Pat, the 13th of July had come, and they were all sitting at tea in the schoolroom, “just as if,” Molly said, “nothing were going to happen the day after to-morrow!”

Brian was pouring out tea, as usual, with Peter on one side of him and Nora on the other, and a watchful eye on Pat, Paddy, and Molly opposite, to see that they did not upset their tea or otherwise misconduct themselves. When Honor was twelve years old, now two years ago, Aunt Bell said she was quite old enough to pour out tea in the schoolroom; and Brian being fourteen, was advanced to the dignity of late dinner. But tea-time became such a scene of wild confusion—what with Honor’s fits of abstraction, during which she poured the milk into the teapot or flooded the tea-tray, and with the unchecked lawlessness of the boys, who emptied the sugar-basin over their bread and butter, and allowed Don to drink out the milk-jug—

that Honor gladly gave up her place to Brian; and when Brian began grinding for the examination, he begged to be allowed to escape the late dinner, which he regarded as waste of time; and so he settled down regularly again to tea in the schoolroom, and took "the place of honour," as the children said, and here Aunt Bell found him that evening when she came into the schoolroom.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

“ H, I say, another present !” was the exclamation that greeted Aunt Bell’s appearance in the nursery with a parcel in her hand.

During the last fortnight the minds of the Bright children had been kept on the stretch by the continual arrival of boxes and parcels for Aunt Bell, varied by important communications from the dressmaker, till it became quite a matter for complaint if the door-bell announced anything not connected with the wedding.

“Sixty-three ?” Nora exclaimed triumphantly, as Aunt Bell’s nod answered the question.

“Yes, Molly, it *is* sixty-three ; for Honor and I counted them all over this morning, when you were not there. There were fifty-nine when we made the list yesterday ; and since then there were Uncle Ben’s brooch and Miss Keith’s screens, and Lucy’s paper-knife, and ”——

“Yes,” broke in Molly ; “but don’t you remember we counted the pink vase twice over ? Aunt Bell, do you know there are three vases with snakes round, and two paper-knives, and four inkstands ?”

"I can't bear snakes," Honor said. "You'll have to put them all out of sight, Aunt Bell, for I know you don't like them either, because you never will wear that snake bracelet of yours. They seem such unlucky sorts of things."

"Well," Aunt Bell said, opening the little box in her hand, "here's a charm to tame all the snakes round all the vases in the world. Take care, Pat, you don't drop it! I wouldn't have dear old Mrs. O'Brien's gift injured for all the world. Isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, jolly!" Pat said, turning round an old-fashioned gold clasp. "Emeralds, aren't they? Big ones, too! What's that meant for in the middle?"

"Why, you *are* a duffer!" Paddy exclaimed. "Don't you see it's the shamrock? Oh, I say, isn't she a regular, jolly, old Irish girl?"

"Yes," Aunt Bell said. "But you have not taken it all in yet. It's a four-leaved shamrock-leaf, and the dear old lady says. . . . There, Honor, you may read out her note. It's the prettiest wedding letter I have had."

So Honor read,—

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—May the good God bless your wedding-day, and make it the best and happiest of your life. I'm an old woman now, but, thank God, I know what it is, my dear, and I cannot wish you better than happiness like mine has been. You will like a little bit of Old Ireland for the sake of one who is gone; and that you may find the four-leaved shamrock on Thursday, is the hearty wish of your old friend,

"ELLEN O'BRIEN."

"What does it mean?" asked Peter, who had been listening with open mouth to the letter.

"Yes, what *does* she mean about finding the four-leaved shamrock?" added Molly and Nora. "Shall you find it, Aunt Bell? Where is it? I thought it was only a sort of fairy thing, made up in stories. You used to have a song about it, I know; but it's only pretence, of course. You won't really look for it—will you, Aunt Bell?"

"Yes, I think I shall," Aunt Bell said, laughing, with tears in her eyes. "Why, you silly little Paddies! you ought to be ashamed that you do not know all about it."

"Well, then, you can just tell us!" exclaimed Pat. "We were to have another story, you know, and it shall be the four-leaved shamrock!"

And before Aunt Bell was aware, she was dragged down among the children, while Brian and Honor quietly settled down to listen to Aunt Bell's last story.

"It is only a very short one," she said; "you should have given me more time to think about it; but you must each finish it for yourselves. When green Erin first rose up out of the sea, like an emerald set in silver all its fields abounded with the little shamrock. Long before St. Patrick came it preached in silence the great mystery—just as the snow crystals are the first to bring the story of the Cross at Christmas, and the skylark carries it on his wings to Heaven at Easter. Such a little leaf to teach so much! And so it became the pride of Ireland, because of the high meaning the Bishop found in it. But it was not enough, as it ought to have

been, and the Irish children began to dream of the wonderful four-leaved shamrock, just as other children dream of the Philosopher's Stone, and other spells, that turn straw into gold, and brings endless good luck to the happy finder. Lots of little, bare-footed boys and girls—Connors, and Eileens, and Kathleens—went out to look for it. Certainly it did not grow at home; so they left their pigs and potato-patches, and the mud hovels and blue peat smoke, and lost themselves among the fairy dells of Killarney, or the dreary marshes of St. Kevin. Surely the 'good people' knew all about it! But the little folk were too busy dancing fairy rings into the grass; and as for Will-o'-the-Wisp, he was a bad guide in swampy ground, as the children found to their cost. They forsook home, and school, and everything, but yet they never found the four-leaved shamrock. And so at last they all got tired, and went back to their parents, saying there was no such thing, or else the good people had taken it all away to Paradise garden, lest it should get too common here. And sure enough, when the angels came for sweet Eileen of Glendalough, she did find the four-leaved shamrock growing close by the gate of Paradise garden, and she sent word to the children all about it. 'After all,' she told them, 'it's only our own shamrock made "kind of complete."' And the shamrock, you know, grows all round the little shanties and potato-patches where the children pass every day. So it's no use hunting for it in strange places. Pluck the common flowers and leaves about your path, and maybe you'll

find the little lucky leaves among them, for the seeds that are blown by the strong wind over the walls of Paradise garden rest soonest on the open fields and paths. And if you don't chance upon it here—why, be sure you'll find it there, and we all know that the shortest way there is by the potato-patch."

"It's happiness, isn't it, Aunt Bell?" asked Brian. "I suppose that's what the old lady meant."

"I thought it meant fame or success," Honor said.

"Honour bright," laughed Pat. "Well, we'll all have a different version. What do you say, Peter?"

"I say, it's Aunt Bell," Peter murmured drowsily.

"Well," Aunt Bell said, "happiness seems to fit all cases. I suppose we each have our own ideas of what is best worth having, and the hunting of the shamrock is what we are all given to."

"I wonder if they ever really found it?" Nora said.

"Yes, I believe it has been found, though it's not common. It is only a field weed, after all, and that's just, I think, what makes it so pretty of them to prize it so much," Aunt Bell went on gravely.

"The trivial round, the common task,"

And after all St. Patrick converted Ireland with the common one, and the four-leaved shamrock has no place in the Royal Arms of England."

Aunt Bell was talking mostly now to Brian and Honor, and there was an anxious look in her soft eyes as they went upstairs together, and she slipped her hand under Honor's arm.

"You won't forget the potato-patch in the shamrock quest, will you, dear, when there's no old Mother Biddy to mind the pigs at home?"

Honor laughed.

"O Aunt Bell! the potato-crop won't fail while there are so many to see to it. And, besides, when we've found the four-leaved shamrock we shan't need any more pig-minding."

Aunt Bell sighed.

"And who is to find it, Honor?"

"Oh, not me, I'm afraid. But, oh, dear! whatever will become of my poor pictures when you are gone, and Brian goes to Oxford?"

"Whatever will become of the potato-patch?" added Aunt Bell.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

“ I had the four leaved shamrock,” said Pat, “and could have just what I wished, I would wish that there was a wedding every day in the year—except, perhaps Christmas Day and one’s birthday, which are jolly enough without. Then, you see, there would be no school; one would drive about in a big carriage, with a jolly pair of greys; one would have game pie and pink cream for dinner, instead of boiled mutton and rice pudding; and have all sorts of larks, throwing old shoes and rice; and then go to the Crystal Palace in the afternoon, and come home to another stunning blow-out at the late dinner, and dancing in the evening; with the wedding-cake standing on the sideboard, so that one could have a tuck-in whenever one likes!”

“And be jolly sick afterwards,” says Paddy, who is cross, as is not uncommon on the day after the wedding.

For Aunt Bell’s wedding is over, and the uncles and aunts and cousins have taken their departure; and the

cracker papers and scraps of white satin ribbon are being swept out of the corners of the dining-room; and the rout-seats are standing piled up in the hall, ready to be carried away; and the pastry-cook's men in the pantry are packing away glass dishes and wine-glasses into green boxes; and three bridesmaids' bouquets, which belong respectively to Honor, Molly, and Nora, are put carefully in water, and are doing their best to look fresh, though every blossom has been wired at Covent Garden, and they have not one natural stem among them. There is a man in the back drawing-room packing the wedding presents to go away to Aunt Bell's new home; and nurse is severely reviewing three bridesmaids' dresses, during which process Molly and Nora feel it safer to keep at a distance, with a consciousness of slits in muslin and lace where no slits should be, and stains on delicate pink ribbons which might lead to painful remarks about the necessity of pinafores.

"And Miss Honor's every bit as bad, as ought to know better, and takes no more care of her clothes than a baby!"

Even the red room has been invaded, and Honor's drawing-board is out of reach behind a pile of furniture; so the whole family have assembled by degrees in the schoolroom, all feeling more or less unsettled and unfit for ordinary occupations. Even Don is restless and snappish, and objects strongly to the flies, and to Pat using his feathery tail for a fan. Perhaps wedding-cake is not very digestible to dogs or

humankind, and rice-pudding is more wholesome food in the long run.

Molly agrees with Pat, that a wedding every day is a thing much to be desired.

One would have a new dress every day, made just like grown-up people's, only shorter, and ribbons, and little, darling mob caps, and white kid gloves with two buttons, and bouquets, and lovely little lockets with Aunt Bell's hair inside!"

"Aunt Bell would have to get a wig," says Paddy, "if she had to give a lock of her hair every day to fill eight lockets!"

But Molly goes on:—"And have one's health drunk at the breakfast, and pull crackers with lots of people, and sit up till past eleven, and—— Do you know, Nora, I saw the little Stephensons looking out of their dining-room windows as we went to church, and I wanted them to see our lockets, so I held mine up, as if it had come open and I was fastening it."

"Oh, bosh!" says Pat. "You girls think such a lot about clothes. I dare say the Stephensons only thought how ugly you looked, with your nose cocked up in the air, and"——

Here the calm course of conversation was interrupted by a large india-rubber ball in Molly's hand taking flight in the direction of Pat's head, which being ducked, the ball ended its flight with a splash into the pan containing the efts, and caused great commotion therein.

"I am sure," said Brian, "if I had the four-leaved

shamrock, I would wish there were no such things as weddings in the world."

"And I would wish that there was no such thing as good advice," said Honor, with a wry face.

"What's that?" said Peter. "Something like Gregory?"

"Very like Gregory, only worse, and more of it at a dose."

"Nurse said we should all of us want Gregory after the wedding-cake; and she says," went on Peter, "that Gregory does us good."

"Perhaps it may," said Honor, with a little laugh, "but I don't think advice does any one any good. I'm sure it does me harm."

"I think," says Peter, "that if I had the four-leaved shamrock I would wish there was no Gregory—or"—after a moment's further thought, "that Aunt Bell was back again."

Peter's face began to crumple up ominously, and Nora sniffed in a dismal manner, and affairs might have taken a very gloomy turn if Pat had not come to the rescue.

"Oh, I say," he said, perhaps feeling tears dangerously near his own eyes, "we're all in the dumps. Come on! let's have a game of something—Duck, or Tortures, or Tower of London, or something cheerful!"

Honor had had plenty of good advice the last two days, and it did not seem to agree with her better than wedding-cake with Don. Aunt Bell's teaching

had been so much more by example than precept that the girl was apt to resent what she called "preaching."

"And they all of them had a peck at me," she said indignantly.

First of all there was Aunt Louisa, like a fussy old hen. Her hobby was health, and she had been to every doctor of note in London and elsewhere, and her family had had every illness and ailment that flesh is heir to, and had been doctored, and physicked, and put in irons, and altogether tinkered to within an inch of their lives, till they had not got a sound constitution among them. She attacked Honor on the subject of her health; was quite sure she drew more than was good for her, and that was why she was beginning to poke so; and one shoulder was certainly higher than the other, and she was growing all on one side: till Honor fled to nurse and the looking-glass to assure herself that she was not a regular humpbacked dwarf. She also hinted dark suspicions about Nora and Peter; but Mr. Bright was not to be alarmed into thinking that he had a delicate family when he paid such a butcher's bill every week, and saw such plates of bread and butter pass in to the schoolroom tea.

Then there was Aunt Rosa on dress and manners. Ellen and Maud, her two daughters, were very little older than Honor, and yet were quite full-blown young ladies, who wore rings, and did their hair in ingenious and fashionable manners, and went to dances and

garden-parties, and could talk to gentlemen. Indeed, Ellen felt herself rather aggrieved at being allotted to Brian at the wedding—who was “only a boy!”

“I think your Aunt Bell was to blame in keeping you such a complete child.”

And then the colour rushed into Honor’s pale face, and the light blazed in her eyes; and it was well that father was close by, or Aunt Rosa’s nerves might have been upset by unladylike warmth of speech.

“The children think Aunt Bell perfect,” was father’s remark, with a soothing hand on Honor’s shoulder.

Then there was Aunt Maria on housekeeping. She poured into Honor’s ears stores of wisdom about management and economy that would have been invaluable if Honor had paid any attention: the price of butchers’ meat, the waste in the kitchen, the cheating of the tradespeople, wages, beer, perquisites, kitchen stuff, and so on. Honor’s thoughts were miles away, but the word “potatoes” brought back her mind to Aunt Bell’s story and the four-leaved shamrock. Ah! it may grow in the potato-patch, with the blue sky overhead, and the fresh, sweet air blowing over open fields and wide heaths; and the picturesque, tumble-down cottage close by, with bright green moss and yellow lichen growing on the ragged thatch and mud walls, and the peat smoke curling out of a hole in the roof, near a clump of houseleek, where the chimney once stood. (“I will paint it some day for Aunt Bell,” said Honor.) But who would look for it in the kitchen, among such things as perquisites, kitchen

stuff, and butchers' meat? She quite laughed to herself at the idea of the fairy gift among such surroundings, or of good, practical Aunt Maria finding it there.

"She would think it was a pot-herb!" said Honor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLACE OF HONOUR.



It will be seen that Honor's genius did not take a domestic turn, and when Aunt Maria left the bereaved family, a fortnight after the wedding, she expressed her opinion as forcibly as she dared to her brother-in-law that he might think himself lucky in having such excellent servants. "Honor, poor child!" she said; "was sadly backward; indeed, it was a great pity Brian was not a girl—such a particularly sensible, thoughtful fellow, *very* different from the rest."

Brian had been so constantly called in to smooth the ruffled tempers of Honor and her aunt, that he had gradually got into a habit of doing so by the easy, if not very wise, method of finding an excuse for sending Honor off to her easel, while he set himself to meet the full tide of Aunt Maria's wrath—a tide which, as usually happens, finding no longer any rocks to fret over in its path, soon calmed down into a placid flow of confidence.

"My dear Brian," Aunt Maria would say, "I really do not know what to make of your sister; she does

not seem able to give her mind to anything sensible, and, as I was just telling her, in a large family like yours, care and economy are especially needful."

"Well you see, aunt, Honor is very young still, and I dare say she'll get into it all in time. I'll pitch into her about it, if you like, and tell her she must turn to, you know."

"Well, my dear, I wish you really would. I dare say you can manage her better than I can, and I don't like teasing your poor father about it. He has been looking sadly worried of late, and I'm sure he has a great deal on his mind just now. No doubt your good cook will do all that is wanted just at first; but she tells me she is thinking of marrying before very long—and a very steady, suitable young man he seems to be—Jones's man, you know; rather young, to be sure, for her; but still she will make an excellent wife. But, as I was saying, when she does leave, of course Honor will have to keep house in good earnest. For one thing, she must keep the accounts (as I did at her age, Brian). I got this new book for her to begin with; but, really, you may as well talk to the wind!"

"Oh, I'll give her a helping hand!" Brian said, looking hopefully at the little heap of tradesmen's books on the table. "I'm rather a swell at figures, Aunt Maria,—'bills of parcels,' and all that. I've often totted them up for Aunt Bell; only I never can see why that duffer, the butcher, doesn't do it by fractions, as any other fellow in his senses would. Now, just look here: $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. steak—isn't it?—at $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. Well, here you

are : $\frac{5}{2} \times \frac{21}{2} = 26\frac{1}{4} = 2s. 2\frac{1}{4}d.$ Not $2s. 2\frac{1}{2}d.$ —any one could see that ! That's just the way Aunt Bell lets the fellows cheat her !”

Brian's rapid calculations seemed to Aunt Maria to produce such a satisfactory result that her respect for his housekeeping powers rose rapidly, so that, before she left, he was stored with much valuable domestic information, which was all stowed carefully away in his orderly young mind, together with Greek and algebra, till there was no room left for those more elegant studies which filled Honor's thoughts and time so entirely.

Aunt Maria left on a Friday, and on Saturday morning Honor came to Brian with a long face, and the keys of the linen cupboard jingling dolefully in her hand.

“I say, Brian, do speak to nurse, and ask her either to do the linen now, or else wait till after dinner. I must get to my class at ten, and it's half-past nine now ; and that stupid child, Peter, has cut his elbow against the corner of the press. I shall have to wait half an hour while nurse is cosseting him.”

“Oh, all right ; tell her to hand him over to me,” Brian answered, pushing aside some school papers, with which he was making slow progress.

“But you are busy, are you not ?” Honor asked, with a little remorse.

“Oh, it will do this evening ; I can have a regular peg in at it after tea. Here, you can give me the keys ; I suppose nurse knows all about it.”

So Honor ran away, with her portfolio, to the quiet drawing-class, where her rapid progress made her a favourite pupil, while Brian betook himself to the linen closet.

"What's the row with Peter?" he said, examining a slightly-wounded but much-dimpled arm. "Oh, all right, old chap. Here's my pocket-handkerchief—you just blow your nose, and we'll plaster it up presently. Here, nurse, I'm going to see after the sheets and things. Honor had to be off."

"And a good job, too!" nurse murmured, divided between wrath at Honor's neglect and relief in Brian's soothing presence. "There, I do wish you was Miss Honor, that I do! Perhaps you'd give her mind to things a bit," nurse went on, getting rather confused as to identity. "But, there, it's no use a-wishin'! Let's see, now: 'Seventeen chamber towels'—that's right enough. 'Twenty-four dishing-up cloths, one duster'—— Bless the child! whatever was she thinking of when she wrote it down, I wonder!"

"Perhaps there were a good many dish-cloths and things, you know, last week," Brian suggested mildly. "Aren't they the cloths you polish up the plates with? I suppose they want a lot more when there are visitors."

"I'd like to see Mrs. Cook use twenty-four dishing-up cloths in a week, or several weeks either!" nurse observed scornfully. "There, Master Brian, you just see what you can make out of the book. I can't make head nor tail of Miss Honor's writing."

"Here, let's see! Oh, I can read it all right enough! 'Seven glass-cloths, four knife-cloths, six rubbers,' (what on earth are those?) 'one hearth-cloth, sixteen tea-cloths'—— Oh, I say, what a set of cloths you do have, to be sure! Whatever do they want such a lot for?"

"That's just what I say, Master Brian; whatever that there gal, Sarah, wants with all them cloths, I can't think. As I often said to your aunt—three for glass, and four for china, and one a-fortnight for the polish, to save the dusters—that was the way when I was young, and kep' it all as clean as a new pin! But I don't say nothing nowadays: there's no servants left fit to be called servants—and do flare up so if you says half a word—as ought to mind what their elders says! I'm sure I wonder how your aunt ever put up with them gals' impudence as she did."

Brian listened with sympathy to nurse's severe comments, swinging his long legs to and fro as he sat perched up on a high box, with Peter on his knee, staring with solemn grey eyes at the piles of clean linen before him as if he were solving a profound problem.

"It must be jolly puzzling to remember it all," he concluded thoughtfully. "I'm sure I can't tell t'other from which. I'd sooner do fifty lines any day than all this stuff. It's a good thing Honor has some brains in her head, for I'm sure she wants it if she's going in for all that. Aunt Bell *was* a clever woman, and no mistake!"

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLE AND COMFORT.



IN those sultry days of early August the wheels of life did not run very easily in the Bright family. The boys' holidays had begun and were running away fast, as holidays will; but father had said nothing about the change to the sea-side or the country, which generally took up the whole of the midsummer holidays.

It was easy to see that Mr. Bright had a great deal on his mind, as Aunt Maria said. He was off to the City early, having his breakfast brought up to his bedroom; and he would not come in to dinner, but come home about nine, looking weary and worn out. He would sit outside the breakfast-room window and smoke a cigar, and sometimes Brian would read the evening paper to him, and then he would go into the dining-room and get out those dreary books and papers, and sit over them far into the night.

"You run off to bed, little girl," he would say to Honor; "and you, too, my boy," to Brian.

"Isn't there anything I could do?" the boy would say wistfully, with a weight of young sleep on his

eyelids, and yet unwilling to leave that tired face bending over the rows of figures all alone.

"No, nothing but to go to bed and to get 'healthy, and wealthy, and wise.' I shall not be late to-night."

"I wish Aunt Bell were here!" Honor said one night, when she and Brian had just said "good-night." "She would be able to help."

She had not meant father to hear her words, but he did, and answered them quickly: "Thank God, she is not! at any rate, her happiness is secured."

Honor and all the children except Brian were disposed to set down all the change in father to Aunt Bell being gone. Honor felt that all the world was out of joint, and that it must remain so as far as she was concerned, as she had no ability to set it right, though people might preach at her till they were tired. They must muddle along as best they could.

"I know every one thinks that it's my fault," she would complain to Brian. "There's nurse tosses her head and sniffs if I meet her on the stairs, and says something very loud to Sarah about 'times being changed since poor, dear Miss Bell's days—Mrs. Keith, begging her pardon!' And cook is as black as a thunder-cloud, and she banged the door because I could not put my hand on the butcher's book directly; and I know she puts it down to me that father does not come home to dinner. I do think that old servants are the most intolerable of nuisances."

"Well, you see," Brian would say soothingly, "cooks

always are peppery ; and you know, it was rather trying your going out with the keys in your pocket without telling her a word about dinner."

" Telling her about dinner, indeed ! " said Honor indignantly ; " it's a great deal more a case of her telling me. And as for the keys, she might just as well keep them herself, for I unlock the cupboard and she just takes out what she wants while I stand by looking like an idiot. And you know, Brian, that morning it was driven out of my head by those horrid boys having taken my drawing-board to stop the hole at the end of the guinea-pig hutch. They really get perfectly unbearable ! "

In that point cook would have agreed heartily with Honor, and nurse too ; for the effect of holidays and no occupation or control is certainly very bad. They were " the most owdacious young limbs," as cook said, " that she ever knowed. She could not put a thing out of her hand but it was gone. While she was after Pat to recover dish-cloths and fish-napkins put to unwonted purposes, Paddy was making a raid into the kitchen to see what there was in the oven that smelt so good : and woe to cook's cheese-cakes ! And she could not speak a couple of words to her young man at the area gate without some mischief following—Don shut up in the big fish-kettle, or a mysterious disappearance of a pot of gooseberry jam, just made, from the larder. One of their pranks was their making a rope-ladder with great ingenuity, and the total destruction of every cord in the house, by which they

climbed down from the schoolroom leads into the garden of the next house, where an aged raven was kept, which was an object of great interest to the children. What purpose they had in view in this adventure it would be hard to say, but it ended rather ignominiously. A servant perceiving them from the house naturally took them for burglars, being young herself, and fear magnifying Pat and Paddy in her eyes into gigantic ruffians. With great presence of mind she threw open the window and screamed, and Pat and Paddy trying to beat a hasty retreat together up the ladder, the rope gave way, and they were left to their fate, while the raven drew corks and chuckled solemnly in derision. They had great difficulty in pacifying the servant, and in assuring her that they only came over the wall in fun, and that they were not housebreakers, but only the Master Brights next door, and that neither murder, thieves, or fire were to be feared. Then she marched them solemnly round by the front way, and delivered them over, rather crest-fallen and ashamed, to Brian, giving her opinion "as they ought to ketch it from their par, jest to teach them never to do it no more."

After this Brian felt that it was no use trying to settle down to his books, or hoping to get on with his Greek, still less to do any drawing, which was, perhaps, quite as fascinating an occupation to him as it was to Honor, but that he must give up his whole time to the boys, and try to amuse them to keep them out of mischief; "for it won't do if they get into any bad

row and father gets worried: he has worry enough without that."

For Brian guessed that it was something more than Aunt's Bell's loss that was wearing and wearying father now—some business trouble, and that a heavy one, that had been threatening for some time past, but that he had staved off till Aunt Bell's wedding was over, anxious that nothing should darken or sadden her well-deserved happiness.

Every night as Mr Bright sat over his books, every day at his office in the City, the trouble was growing nearer and plainer, but none the pleasanter, till at last there was nothing to be done but to look it in the face as a man. The days of his prosperity were over, and he must begin life over again—he, a man well on in life, with seven children dependent on him! Unlucky speculations, deceit and dishonesty where he had placed confidence, and (as he always ended the dreary review of the causes of his ruin) his idiotic trust and reliance in other people's honour, had brought this about. The house must be given up, servants discharged, furniture sold; no Oxford for Brian, no art-education for "Honor Bright," just what schooling they could get for the rest of the children, and he himself working as a clerk at a salary, like a lad of eighteen just beginning life.

In the night as he sat in the quiet dining-room, with no sound but the ticking of the clock on the mantle-piece, or the footstep of a passer-by on the pavement, when the children were asleep upstairs and he was

alone with his trouble, it seemed almost more than he could bear, and he would lean his head down on his folded arms, and hot tears would fall on those dry ledgers and account-books, with bitter regrets for his motherless children's ruined prospects in the future, and weary longings for the bright days gone by, when the children were not motherless and he was not alone.

One night he had sat a long time like this, brooding gloomily over what might have been. The clock from the neighbouring church had struck twelve some time, and every one was in bed long ago and asleep except him. But no: some one else was awake. Up in the girls' room at the top of the house Molly's eyes were wide open, looking out into the summer darkness, and her ears were listening anxiously for the sound of her father's step coming up to his room, which she had not heard, though she had been listening ever since Honor came to bed at half-past ten. She was asleep then, but Brian and Honor talking outside the door awoke her.

"I can't bear to leave him," Brian said, with a tremble in his voice; "he looks as wretched and down as he can be. One can't bother him with questions, and he seems so alone, Honor—doesn't he?—so entirely alone!"

Molly knew they were talking of father, and she listened hard, but they passed on into Honor's little room and Molly could hear no more. "Alone!" Molly knew how bad that was; for when she had been

naughty sometimes Aunt Bell would shut her up in her bedroom till she was sorry, and oh, how very glad she used to be when Aunt Bell's voice came at the door and she could sob out her sorrow with her face hid in Aunt Bell's lap! And father was alone and sorry, too, all by himself downstairs at night. The idea took such hold of her that she could not sleep, and she lay listening to the quarters striking, and to the servants coming up to bed, and to the carriages rolling by now and then, and to Nora's quiet breathing, till she could bear it no longer, and she threw back the clothes and got out of bed. From her bedroom to the dining-room was a short journey in the light of day, done in a few flying leaps down the staircase, but at midnight it was different. The passage outside was very dark, the door creaked as it never did by day, and half-roused Nora to a sleepy grunt of "What's the matter?" The stairs seemed double their usual number; she was sure the spare bedroom door moved as she passed, and the statuettes of Schiller and Dante in the staircase-window seemed to nod at the little, white figure creeping by on bare feet. The drawing-room doors were open, and the gas-lamp in the street outside made all sorts of mysterious lights and ghostly shadows; the gas in the hall was out, and the mats were very prickly and the oil-cloth very cold, but light shone under the dining-room door, and she felt that help was near, so she turned the handle and went in.

Father was alone; yes, very much alone, for despair was very near him that night, and that is loneli-

ness indeed. His head was bowed down on his arms, but the opening door made him look up with his hollow, tired eyes, and he stared at the child for a moment as if she might be a visitor from another world. Her dark hair was rough and tumbled about her neck and shoulders, and her blue eyes were wide open and bright with excitement and fear, and there was a little colour in her cheeks, and her breath came quickly, and her little, bare feet shone white on the carpet, as she stood a moment looking at her father; and then she ran across the room and put both her arms round father's neck and seated herself on his knee. He did not say anything, or ask her why she came, or tell her to run away, but he put one arm round her, and with the other wrapped up her feet in his coat, and rested his cheek on her head, and so they sat silent for ten minutes, and then father got up and lighted his bedroom candle and said, "Now we must go up to bed, Molly;" and he carried her right up to the top of the house—her, long-legged slip of a girl—as if she had been a baby, and put her into bed, and covered her up and kissed her, and as he went to his room he said, "I have got my children still, and there is no shame and no dishonour; so, please God, I can bear it!"

It seemed next morning like a dream to Molly, and she could not think how it was that she ventured to go, but I think that God sent her.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE CHILDREN TOOK IT.



It is wonderful how trouble brings out the good in people ; or, perhaps, it would be truer to say, how well people can behave in troublous times ; for, after all, if a sudden blow sometimes strikes the hidden seam of ore, it is the slow, regular friction of every day that brings out the glory of the true metal.

Mr. Bright often said he never knew his children until the trouble came to them. Nor his servants either, for that matter, for it was surprising to find how faithful and attached they all became. Sarah, being an impressionable young woman, collapsed into tears on the spot when Mr. Bright told her she must seek another situation, and declared she should “ never be so comfrable nowheres, as was partial to children, though some didn’t like ’em about—and such nice young ladies and gents, too.” And Bridget, the cross little kitchen-maid, who was always grumbling and giving warning, suddenly and gruffly announced that she’d “ stop for her wittles, and glad to do it through

Miss Bright being that kind to a horphin gal, and the master, too, as wouldn't go for to leave now."

As for cook, there was a regular scene with her, protesting that she "wouldn't leave nohows, as sure as her name was Marthar 'Iggs—not if master was to beg and pray on his bended knees—and didn't care how she toiled and slaved!" Till Mr. Bright slyly suggested that Mr. Jones's young man might have different views on the subject; whereat cook tossed her head, and said she "'oped as parties knows their place better than for to interfere with her;" "a prospect," Mr. Bright said afterwards, "not altogether such as an expectant lover would appreciate, if he knew the sentiments of his bride elect."

Of course, no one would have insulted nurse by hinting a change on her part. "You'll have to be Jack-of-all-trades now, nurse," her master said; "at least until the young ladies have learnt enough scrubbing and cooking to manage for themselves." A suggestion which caused nurse to register a secret vow that, so long as she had breath in her body, "not one of them shouldn't lay their finger to anything—bless 'em!" So that the first result of the diminished establishment was that the girls did far less for themselves than before; indeed, it became a grave offence to mend a hole or sew on a button.

Brian took the bad tidings as quietly as he did most things, and almost disappointed his father by the ease with which he seemed to relinquish the hope of an Oxford career, and settle himself to wait for the first

place in the City that turned up, where he might take a small salary at once.

"I'm very thankful you don't take it to heart, my boy, as I feared you would do," his father said. "Ambition is all very well in its way, and a little of it helps a man on sometimes; but, after all, slow and steady pay best in the end, depend upon it."

It was Honor that amazed her father more than any; "little, quiet, white mouse," as he used to call her. The girl's pale face flushed, and her eyes were soft and liquid with a light shining through tears, as she looked up into his face and slipped her hand within his own.

"O father! we'll all be good, and help you as much as ever we can. I'm sure I don't mind being poor in the least—and we can all work and grow rich again."

Mr. Bright sighed as he thought how little the child knew the meaning of her own words. What should she know of the weariness of hard work—the daily struggle—the constant disappointment—the longing for rest and change, that must be set aside so steadfastly? What should she know of being poor in its reality—the ugly, dull, matter-of-fact details of poverty that so few think of: its petty humiliations and small inconveniences, which are so much harder to bear than what seem like greater privations?

"How about the drawing-class?" he said playfully. "The shoe must pinch us all in turn, my dear."

Honor's eyes were brimming now.

"O father ! I shan't mind. And besides, you know, I can work on at home just as well, and, perhaps, some day"——

"You'll paint a grand picture, and make all our fortunes," Mr. Bright concluded, laughing.

It would have been better for Honor, perhaps, just then, if Aunt Bell could have been there to remind her of the old potato-patch and the pig-minding. But her father's light words kindled again the fire that had been smouldering in her imagination, and now the four-leaved shamrock seemed to take a more tangible shape than ever before. Had not her father thought of it himself ? "Not now for the sake of fame and success,"——Honor persuaded herself that such poor, selfish ambition had been left behind,——"but for the sake of home, and the father who had toiled for them all so long." Surely, no duty could be so clear and plain as to use her talent for such an end ! Surely, this would be true honour, indeed !

She scarcely heard his last words : "So, now, my little girl must be a woman, and learn to make two ends meet, and be a comfort to her poor, old father."

She stole away to her usual refuge in the red room, and uncovered the picture she was doing with an almost reverent hand.

"It's all for father," she said softly to herself. "I know it won't be for a long time, but I will work, and work, and work, until"——

And here Honor's castle-building assumed such vast and elevated proportions that we had better leave her

in the clouds, and follow Brian down the stone steps into the nursery, where the five juniors were all breathless to hear and to talk.

"Oh, I say, what a lark to be poor!" Pat exclaimed, turning head over heels into the efts' water in his excitement. "Oh hooroo! perhaps we'll begin to live in the ould counthry, and nivver come back to that blatherin' old school at all, at all!"

"And Honor, and Molly, and I, will have to do all the work," said Nora. "I'll be housemaid, I think, and Honor cook"——

"Jolly nasty dinners we'd have then!" Paddy exclaimed. "Perhaps we shall have to live on 'praties,' with a 'drap o' the crather' to keep us going!"

"Do tell us what father said," Molly asked wistfully, perhaps remembering her midnight wanderings too well for joking.

"Well, I'll tell you what it is," Brian began; "what we've got to do is just to turn to and do what the dad says, and not bother him about anything, nor give trouble by getting into rows and kicking up a shindy when he's got such an awful lot to think of, you know. He didn't tell me much, except that we shall have to give up this house, and live somewhere in the country, where it's cheaper, and we shan't cost such a lot as we do now."

"I wish we could help somehow," Molly said thoughtfully. "I wonder if we shall have to sell the white mice. They do eat a lot of oats, and then there's the sop as well."

"And there are the canaries," Nora went on dolefully. "O Brian! do you think we are as poor as that? I don't think they eat quite so much seed as they did, especially since I put that stuff round the cage to prevent them from spluttering it about so. Just as Tafty was sitting, too!—and I'm sure she will hatch this time, for she has not been driven off once, except when Paddy fell off the table yesterday."

The prospect was becoming very gloomy, and even Peter clasped Don in his fat arms, and, regardless of growls and struggles, wrapped him up tightly in his pinafore, stoutly declaring that "They shan't sell Don, that they shan't! and he shall have some of mine dinner, out of mine own plate, that he shall!" till Brian came to the rescue.

"Oh, I say, you girls mustn't begin kicking up a row like that! You don't know anything yet, and I dare say it will be rather jolly in the country. Perhaps we shall be somewhere near Aunt Bell. I heard father say something about it. And perhaps we shall have a jolly little house, and a garden, and things."

This opened a new vista of delights, and the heart-rending sacrifices of white mice and birds were soon forgotten in dreams of fishing and fowls, picnics and gardening, and other rural delights, till the children began to return to Pat's original idea, that being poor was, after all, "rather a lark!"

Brian's notion of living near Aunt Bell was by no means an imaginary one (Brian's notions seldom were),

as that very morning father had received a letter from John Keith, placing at his disposal a small house on some land of his own, very near to their own pretty home, which had been empty for some time.

"It is not much of a place, I know," he wrote, "and will want a little setting to rights; but still, it is not very much out of repair, and there is a good bit of garden and a capital paddock—just the place for the young folk to run wild in, for a year or two, till you have had time to look about you. Bell and I will do all we can to make it habitable, and it is very much at your service as long as you need it. It will do the wife good to have the children near her again, for I often say I have only got half of her after all."

So, after a little thought, Mr. Bright decided to accept John Keith's offer; sending off nurse to inspect the house with Aunt Bell, while the children were to be packed off to the nearest sea-side place, so as to be out of the way during the move.

"I wish I could spare nurse," Mr. Bright said; "but we must have some one responsible here to see after things. I suppose, if I take lodgings for you, I can trust you children to keep out of mischief for a fortnight, till nurse can come to you? Mind, Brian, I leave them to you and Honor, and if anything goes wrong you must telegraph for me at once. I had better send Peter to your aunt, I suppose."

But this met with such opposition from the whole party, Brian included, that Mr. Bright yielded—too anxious and worried about other things to argue the

point—and committed his youngest-born to Brian, with something of Jacob's feeling, when he commended Benjamin to Judah—"If mischief befall him, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING THE OLD PATCH.



THE last days in the old home were certainly not sad ones, as far as the children were concerned; and if Honor and Brian were old enough to understand in some degree what they were losing, they were also young enough to be distracted from melancholy thoughts by the bustle of the present and the novelty of the future.

Every one was very kind to them. Father was more like himself, and dearer and kinder than ever. He was more with them, too, and would come home early from the City sometimes, and take them all out for a walk in the Park; or, what they liked still better, would let the boys come down and fetch him from his office, and then he would take them exploring in odd nooks and corners of the great City itself.

Nurse never found fault, whatever happened; cook ran over with smiles and jam tarts, and made the kitchen most alluring to the children, instead of the forbidden ground it had once been, when a severe request, or rather command, of "Now then, Master Paddy, you be hoff!" received the hapless intruder.

Then, too, all their friends were so kind. Mr. Bright said he might have cut up each of his children into four, and found a welcome for each of the twenty-eight quarters. Invitations quite hailed upon them in the first week or two, and though many of their friends were out of town just then, the children might have gone out to breakfast, dinner, and tea every day of the week; and have gone to the Polytechnic, Madame Tussaud's, and the Crystal Palace, to their heart's content, if father would have allowed them to accept the invitations. But he always declined.

"You see, Nolly," he said once, when Nora had been urging the delights of a certain invitation to Kew Gardens, "when poor, little Pride has been very sick, he can't bear the least taste of charity-cake just at first; it's too sweet for him."

Nora could not quite see the connection between kind, old Mrs. Watson and Kew Gardens, and sick Pride and sweet cake.

"We have none of us been sick for a long time," she said to Molly; "not since Pat ate all those green gooseberries that cook was just going to bottle; and Mrs. Watson always gives us shrimps for tea, and not cake at all." But she said no more to father about the invitation.

Perhaps they did not contribute much help to the packing and arrangements; but they thought they did, so it was all the same; and they all, down to Peter, looked very important and business-like, and got very dirty and tired before bedtime.

All sorts of cupboards and drawers had to be turned out, whose contents had not been disturbed for years; and in the process many lost treasures came to light. Dolls that Molly and Nora had loved and lost, mourned and forgotten; marbles and tops of the boys, each with its history attached; Peter's purse, containing a lucky halfpenny and three buttons, over the loss of which he had had a severe quarrel with nurse, having accused her of stealing it; Aunt Bell's thimble; nurse's scissors, the loss of which she had always connected in a mysterious way with the guinea-pigs—though, as Paddy truly remarked, 'It is only ostriches who go in for that sort of grub.' Valuable bits of the microscope; magic-lantern slides; the sponge out of the filter; one of cook's patty-pans; father's smoking-cap; one of Sarah's goloshes; and pencils by the dozen: these were some of the items found in the schoolroom cupboard, so that the children said it was quite exciting turning it out to see what they would find next.

Then there was the disposal of the live stock, which was rather heart-rending; but father had condemned all the creatures, and had appealed to the children to give them up cheerfully for his sake; so they entered into the matter of finding homes for them with less anguish than they would have believed possible a month ago: but then, as Molly said, "It is for father's sake."

The only exception was in favour of Don, who was also condemned at first; but Peter was so heart-broken, and yet tried so manfully to reconcile himself to it, that father relented, and agreed to Don accompanying the

children to Saltgate. Happily for the tench, it died a natural death before the children could decide under whose protection its melancholy existence should be prolonged; and one of the dormice also finished its sleepy, tail-less career, and was buried in state in one of the mignonette-boxes in the drawing-room balcony, as there was no convenience for interments in the back premises. The other dormouse was presented to Lucy Stephenson, a friend of Molly's in the Square, and accepted by her without confiding the fact to her family or nurse, who were ignorant and prejudiced enough to object to living creatures of all kinds, except the human species. "However," as Lucy said, "I can keep it in the nursery window-shutter without any one finding it out; and I can buy it apples and nuts out of my weekly allowance." Which arrangement augured ill, I fear, for poor Brownie's future comfort.

The white mice were willingly accepted by Moss, a school "chum" of Pat's, who had a menagerie as extensive as the Brights', but who, being of Jewish extraction, drove a thriving trade in live stock among his school-fellows, and had often made good bargains with Pat, whose money burnt holes in his pockets.

The canaries were more easily disposed of among various friends. Cook accepted one as a parting present, and bought a brightly-coloured cage for it, and promised, with tears in her eyes, to think of the dear children whenever "the pretty crittur sang"—which, as it was a hen, was not likely to occur often.

The guinea-pigs were bestowed on the nephew of

the washerwoman, who took them away one Monday morning among the dirty clothes, after many kisses bestowed on tortoiseshell, expressionless faces, and twinkling pink noses.

As for the parrot, Aunt Bell begged that it might be sent to her, that after a long London life it might spend its last days in the country, walking about on green grass, or dozing in mossy apple-trees, or astonishing the rustic minds of cocks and hens in the poultry-yard by its conversational powers.

Then there only remained the efts and water-snails to be settled in life, and, after much discussion, Brian suggested the interesting idea of conveying them all up to Hampstead, and letting them out into one of the ponds on the Heath. There was something touching and beautiful in the thought, the sort of thing that one hears of in story-books, that the girls agreed: and they debated whether it could not be carried out with all the other possessions, and whether the canaries and parrot might not be allowed to take flight and live in happy freedom in the woods, and the guinea-pigs wander at their will among fields and flowery banks; but Brian expressed his opinion that, not being natives of England, they might find it difficult to get suitable food, though Molly said she was sure she had seen canary-seed growing in Kent. However, the efts should be set free; and one afternoon Brian undertook to convoy all the family up to Hampstead for this important purpose, all feeling that it was a solemn occasion, only to be compared with the emancipation

of the slaves in the British dominions in America, or of the serfs in Russia.

Honor did not wish to go, but all the rest did ; so Brian made his first experiment of managing the somewhat unruly team without the hand of either father, Aunt Bell, or nurse on the reins. The first difficulty was that Molly and Nora had firmly resolved to go outside the omnibus, and it was as much as Brian could do to stow them away inside with Peter ; and they felt that Brian had wasted father's money, and deprived them of one of the advantages of poverty. The next trouble was that Peter, who would carry one of the pickle-bottles containing a particularly favourite eft, called "Spotted Dick," upset it in the middle of the road when they got out of the omnibus, and, in his fear lest Spotted Dick should be injured, nearly got run over by a butcher's cart. But on the whole the expedition was very successful, and they came back much pleased, with a satisfactory memory of Spotted Dick darting off in the water among the weeds, with a waggle of his tail and a glimpse of the rich orange underneath, followed one after another by his fellow captives in the salting-pan.

Of course Pat fell into the water, and Paddy got almost as wet helping him out ; and, of course, Molly and Nora's frocks would have called forth nurse's wrath at any other time : but these things did not spoil the children's pleasure, especially as in the present state of nurse's temper they had nothing to fear.

CHAPTER X.

OFF TO THE SEA.



HERE'S the sea ! Hurrah ! There he is, Peter ! No, you're looking the wrong way ! Oh, I say, isn't it jolly ? Three cheers for Old Briny !

I need scarcely explain that these exclamations proceeded from a third-class carriage overflowing with young Brights, as the train puffed slowly into Saltgate. Good-bye had been said to the old London home, every room and cupboard had been visited for the last time cook had wept over each of the children in turn, and insisted on kissing them all, Brian included ; nurse had almost lost her temper again over the labours of packing ; Bridget had been on a verge of a fit and grown black in the face over the box cords ; Sarah had nearly made them all late for the train by a frantic rush after the heavily-laden cabs with a parting gift of gingercakes and toffy ; Honor had nearly lost the tickets ; and Pat had come to words with the guard on the question of having Don with them in the carriage ; Peter had pinched his finger in the door, and with few other incidents of note the journey had progressed till they

were now nearing the happy haven of Saltgate in safety.

Peter's accident had occasioned an acquaintance with a motherly old housekeeper in the next compartment, who took a great interest in the children, and as she turned out to be "own sister" to the woman who kept the lodging-house to which the young Brights were going, they got quite sociable before the journey was over.

"And you couldn't have gone to no one better in all Saltgate," she concluded, "as have had babbies of her own and knows what children is, and that partic'ler about airing the beds, as some parties don't see to as they should."

Honor felt a little aggrieved at being treated as under the care of even so excellent a person as Mrs. Hopkins appeared to be, but Brian felt a secret relief in the prospect of being looked after; for in truth, though he allowed no one to guess it, the care of his charge weighed rather heavily on his young spirit at times.

"I'm glad she is used to children," he said; "it's such a nuisance when they're not. I remember going down to Rocksand years ago, with Aunt Bell after Honor and I had had the measles, and you never heard such a fuss as the old woman was in if we made a bit of noise. There was always some bother about the people in the dining-rooms, two nasty, cross, old maids, who always looked as black as thunder when we met them on the stairs."

"I wonder," Molly said, "whether father remembered to say anything about Don. I know some people don't like dogs; but then Don's such a good dog, I shouldn't think any one would mind him. I'm sure he only bites sometimes, just now and then; and he shall sleep up in our bedroom between Nora and me. Shouldn't he, then?—a precious pet!—yes, he should!"

Don was a somewhat fidgety travelling companion, having a constant restless wish to stand up on the seat and bark at the people in the next compartment, and to growl at the porters when they came to the door of the carriage. He served, however, to keep the children occupied, and out of worse mischief.

The journey was not very long, and, at an incredibly early period, the girls began sniffing and licking their lips, and declaring they tasted salt; and the boys performed feats of daring in hanging out of the window to catch the first, faint, far-off gleam of the silver sea. Now it was there in truth, laughing and dancing to welcome them, within a quarter of a mile of the line. Not to-day the grim, grey, old giant, who can make the hearts of strong men fail, but like a happy child, the children's friend and play-fellow, breaking into a thousand sunny dimples and tiny, rippling, curling waves, with pleasure-boats rocking on its breast, and great bars of green and purple stretching far away, like soft shadows in its summer blue.

"And there are the bathing-machines!" exclaims Nora. "And, O Molly! there are some little girls rid-

ing on donkeys! O Brian! we must have donkeys, mustn't we?"

It was a good thing that Brian had taken charge of the tickets, for Honor was far away already from such prosaic things as trains and porters, drinking in with her eager, beauty-loving eyes, the loveliness of the picture before her. Honor had heard from Aunt Bell that very morning, and had started from home with noble resolutions respecting the potato-patch; but, somehow or other, that greatest of all "studies in colour," with its misty lights and gleaming shadows, had blotted out everything else, and Brian was as usual left to do the pig-minding, and that was no joke in a crowded station with five such very unruly pigs, to say nothing of Don and the luggage.

Luckily for Brian, Mr. Bright had given directions that they should be met at the station and convoyed safely to No. 2 Seaview Terrace, or they might have fared badly. As it was, Paddy was nearly carried on in the train, having plunged head foremost through the window at the last moment to rescue Pat's fishing-rod and the family bundle of umbrellas, which had been forgotten in the perils of getting out. It was a great relief to him to find himself accosted by a sunburnt boatman with a blue jacket and polite manners.

"Beg pardon, sir—Mr. Bright's party, sir? For Mrs. Hopkins, at No. 2 Seaview? I'm her brother, sir, as the gentleman sent word for to meet you. Perhaps the young masters and misses wouldn't mind stepping

into the 'bus while we looks after the boxes; they'll be safe enough there, sir."

So, with the aid of this kindly sailor, the party were safely rumbled off in the Pier Hotel omnibus through the narrow streets of the old town, and past the Esplanade and the shining sea, and the stretch of wet sand and low, black rocks; past the bow-windows and sun-blinds of Belvidere, and Marina, and Victoria Parades, to the lesser pretensions of Seaview, which, as the children all agreed, looked much more comfortable and homish, and was charmingly near the beach and the bathing-machines and the desirable donkeys.

"And I hopes you'll be comfortable, Miss," smiling Mrs. Hopkins the landlady observed, as Honor surveyed with considerable satisfaction her new domain. It had a bow-window with a good view of the sea, she noticed, and a pretty little glimpse of the old town and fish-market, with a steep bit of brown cliff rising behind it.

Brian took this in too, but not till he had satisfied himself that there was not much in the room that could be broken, and had resolved to ask Mrs. Hopkins to remove the wax flowers and spar vases from the mantelpiece, and a handsome shell-box with a view of Saltgate in the middle from the little table in the window, before any catastrophe happened.

It was, perhaps, just as well that nurse was not there to look suspiciously at the tea-caddy, and try the locking-up powers of the cupboard, and remark that she supposed Mrs. Hopkins had noticed a crack

in the corner of the looking-glass (rather a pet thing of Mrs. Hopkins's, by the way, with the frame done up in yellow muslin.) Mrs. Hopkins was an honest soul, as lodging-house-keepers go, and kind-hearted moreover; and Honor's dreamy, childish ways, and Brian's anxious, young face, did more to ensure the due appearance of mutton-bones and candle-ends than all the sharpness in the world.

"And a nice-behaved set of children, too, seemingly," the good lady remarked to her husband; "and no fear of catching nothing from them, I should say. They're as 'ealthy as can be, and don't look a bit like London children, unless it is the eldest young lady, as do seem a bit delicate and quiet. But there! you might have told they was London, too, to see them pegging in at them shrimps and water-cresses, as does my heart good to see 'em."

CHAPTER XI.

FIG-MINDING.

HEN I was a child I used to be told, that if I wished to be happy I must be good; but my experience in life, as far as children are concerned, has taught me, that if they are to be good they must be happy: but whichever may be the cause, and which the effect, certain it is that the young Brights were perfectly happy in those sunny days at Saltgate, and very tolerably good. Even Brian was able to combine much enjoyment with pig-minding, and Honor almost forgot there were any pigs to mind, everything went so smoothly. There was so much room in that great, new playground of theirs, that there was no fear of treading on one another's toes, and their big playfellow, the sea, was quite impartial and untiring in his attentions, and would run after Peter's pink, dimpled feet on the sand, or fill the moat round Paddy's great castle, or float Pat's fleet of little boats, or bring treasures of shells and bright seaweeds to fill Molly and Nora's buckets, treasures which made a horrid mess in the sitting-room when they went home. And all the time this very same playfellow was sitting for his portrait to Honor, laughing

sparkling, and mocking at the colours in her box, which made her very best attempts the merest caricature of his mysterious beauty, and yet luring her on to try again. He was always whispering, too, in the girl's ear of pleasant things in a fair future, and of finding the four-leaved shamrock, and prosperity and happiness for every one along with it, but somehow, the sea never said anything about the potato-patch. And his story was very different from Aunt Bell's. He had a good deal to say to Brian too, as he lay at full length on the sand with his hat tilted over his eyes, basking in the sun, with half an eye on the bathing-machine horse and Peter. I think he said a good deal that was comforting to him about not going to Oxford, and changed prospects in general. But it was at night that he tried the allurements on Brian that Honor found so fascinating. When the children were in bed, and Peter's red, curly head was burrowing into Brian's pillow, so that you could only see the round, sunburnt cheek, flushed with sleep; then Brian would lean out of the window and watch the broad, shimmering, silver streak of moonlight on the water, and listen to the murmur of the little waves and the story of the sea: and he would have at last to pull himself up with a jerk and come back with a strong effort from moonlight on the sea and fancy to candle-light on Peter's apple cheek and reality.

It was a good thing, indeed, that Mrs. Hopkins was a motherly sort of person, or even with Brian's best endeavours, the family might have fared badly

as to food. You see, in Aunt Bell's time they had lived in the happy land of "Ready-made" as most children do, where dinner appears on the table at one just as the sun rises in the morning; and tea-time, with its bread and butter, is an event in the course of nature like noon with its shadowless heat. The very first morning they forgot all about dinner, and were half-way down the Esplanade before they remembered it. So Brian had to post back to Seaview to mollify Mrs. Hopkins, while Honor went on after the boys, who were off to the fish-market, for there were a lot of fishing-boats coming in, and that is certainly a sight worth seeing.

That was how it happened that the ordering fell into Brian's hands, for as he began it that day Mrs. Hopkins always applied to him in future, and spoke of Honor as "little Missy," much to that young lady's indignation.

"To be sure, it do seem funny to take orders from a young gent; but it only shows what men-folk can do if they put their minds to it."

So Brian won golden opinions from Mrs. Hopkins, and made acquaintance with the butcher, baker, and grocer, and learnt many important facts which are not generally taught at our public schools; such as that rice puddings cannot be made without milk, or roley-jam puddings without suet, and that stale bread goes farther than new, and that sea-air gives wonderful appetites, before which joints of meat and loaves of bread disappear like snow in the sunshine. He also

realised the general principle, that the very simplest dinner requires some thought beforehand. He had, however, a very easily-contented company to provide for, and though Peter sometimes regretted that jam pudding did not happen oftener, and that shrimps were only rarely invested in, when that smiling woman put the basket so close outside the window, still there were few grumbles altogether.

Brian also had pangs now and then about the appearance of the girls: as for the boys, they did not matter, they lived half in and half out of the water all day, and it did not signify how wet they got their serge suits; they might even go in over their heads—which did sometimes happen—without hurting anything, for Pat, Paddy, and Peter were each provided with a red, woollen night-cap, with a tassel at the peaked end, which was not injured by salt water. Brian only objected to their appearance in this costume, with bare feet and trousers tucked up to their utmost, in the town, as once happened when he was trying to be dignified at the baker's, when the three boys appeared suddenly in this attire to tell him that they could not find Pat's shoes anywhere.

But what would Aunt Rosa have said to Molly and Nora with their petticoats pinned up, with more regard to comfort than elegance, climbing about barefooted on the slippery green rocks, splashing into deep pools after crabs and sea anemones, or standing perched on ledges of rock with the tide creaming and curling about their ankles, and their hair all tangled and wet flying in the

wind, mixed with the long ribbon sea-weeds which they held in their hands, with their hats battered and stained, and their faces and necks sunburnt to the last degree?

"I don't think," Brian used to say to himself uneasily, "that you often see such big girls as Molly and Nora up to all these larks. I wonder what Aunt Bell would say? Honor doesn't notice it, she's altogether different herself, and she always looks nice and that kind of thing; but those little girls in Marina, who go on the Pier in the afternoon, are always dressed up no end, and they are not so big as Molly and Nora."

He took Peter down on the Pier one afternoon to hear the band play, both of them got up in their best, with gloves on; but they neither of them enjoyed it very much, for it was hot and Peter got sleepy, and took a great dislike to the man who played the drum, who, he declared, made faces at him when no one was looking. Brian trod on a lady's dress by chance, and was hot and crimson for hours after from the withering glance he received.

He did not think, after all, that the little girls dressed up like fashion-book plates, who minced about on their high heels with all the airs and graces of their elders, were what Aunt Bell would have wished Molly and Nora to be like; and when he came back and met the others returning from the rocks, after a most successful collection of periwinkles for tea, all more wild and untidy than ever, he said no more of appearances, and snapped his mental fingers at Aunt Rosa's imaginary criticisms.

CHAPTER XII.

DREAMING AND LADY JANE.



ONE day, when Aunt Bell had been hearing Honor read in the course of her lessons an account of the sufferings of the early Christians, she remarked, perhaps with some special intention, that their fortitude ought to be an example to us under the daily trials of life. Honor's back being just then occupied by the well-known "black monkey," owing to a sharp skirmish with the juniors before lessons, she expressed her opinion on the subject with some warmth.

"Martyrs, indeed! Well, Aunt Bell, I dare say they were very good, but I don't believe the torture of 'horrid children' was invented then, or they would not have been so patient."

Poor Honor! Selfish as the assertion was, there was a grain of truth in it after all: for, as the stable philosopher observed, "It ain't the 'unting as 'urts the 'osses; it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road." Honor would have taken a fence, and been in at the death nobly, but as yet she helped little in drawing the family coach.

One morning she had strayed away alone to a favourite corner by the Pier; not the promenade, where the band played and the rank and fashion spread their plumes in the sunshine, but down at the foot of the slippery steps to the landing-stage, among damp green timbers and beams fringed with brown sea-weed, where the clear, green water lapped and splashed, lazily cool, out of the noonday glare. Over her head tramped the gay world to and fro, and the wash of the water at her feet mingled pleasantly with the music of the band: between the piers she could see on one side the broad sands and the children paddling and digging, and little groups of nursemaids gossiping under sunshades; on the other side the dazzling, dancing sea, with yachts and fishing-boats and big vessels far away in the hazy distance.

Honor was by no means worldly, but somehow to-day as she sat with her book lying idle in her lap, and her eyes gazing out into the horizon, it seemed as if the gaiety and ease of that life above her was borne in on her mind more strongly than ever before. She was leaving childhood behind her, and a girl's eyes gazing from outside into the world's charmed circle are apt to grow wistful.

"I wonder," she mused, "if I shall ever be like other girls, having pretty dresses, and going out to parties, and having good masters, and going abroad? No, I suppose not! I suppose I shall go dragging on in a shabby cotton frock and a tail of rough children behind me to the end of the chapter—always shabby, always

poor, always obliged to pinch and screw, and go without what other girls have !”

Honor had lingered at the entrance to the Pier for a few minutes watching the lively scene, and had retired somewhat hastily, in consequence of becoming suddenly aware that she was being watched rather curiously by a graceful-looking young lady standing near her, beside a tall, military-looking man.

“I wonder if that is his wife ?” Honor thought. “She must be very young, I should think. How pretty she is, to be sure ! and what a stylish dress ! She would make a pretty picture.”

At this time she had become aware of the earnest gaze of the soft, brown eyes, and had shrunk back, feeling shy and awkward, and thinking, “I suppose they wonder what business I have here.”

Down in her cool retreat, with her hat thrown back and her hands clasped round her knees, Honor recalled enviously the details of the simple but costly morning dress, fitting so well the slender, girlish figure, and the charm of the lovely, childish face, with its delicate features and complexion, and beautiful, dark eyes.

And all the while the very subject of her thoughts was looking down upon Honor with still greater interest.

“Yes, Harry, she is the same girl we saw yesterday. Is not she pretty ? I should like a picture of her just now.”

Colonel Wilmott agreed that Honor was “an uncommonly pretty little girl,” as indeed he would have

agreed to almost any opinion of his wife's: adding, however, that "she wanted a little brushing up to make her quite the thing."

"O Harry! what an old dandy, to be sure! I like her just as she is, in that blue frock, with the straight, yellow hair about her shoulders, and that quaint face and great eyes. Do not the black beams and green water make a perfect frame and background to the picture?"

Honor mused on, quite unconscious of the interest she had awakened, till a wish seized her to try and draw the pretty face that had charmed her so much, and opening her sketch-book she was soon absorbed in the task.

"May I see what you are drawing?"

Honor started at the sound of the soft voice at her side, and turned round surprised and confused to find herself face to face with her model.

"I saw you drawing yesterday," Lady Jane Wilmott said, smiling, "and as I sometimes try a little in that way myself, I am afraid it made me very inquisitive, and I have been wondering what you can find to sketch down here."

"Oh, I wasn't sketching anything particular," Honor stammered, feeling very uncomfortable; "at least, I was only trying to draw some one."

"A portrait? oh, how nice! Are you staying in Saltgate? I wonder if you would mind making a sketch of my little boy in his sailor suit. He would make such a pretty picture! I had thought of having

him photographed, only he never seems to come out well."

Honor was flushed with pleasure now, and she showed Lady Jane some of her attempts at Peter and the other children.

"I have not done many heads," she said; "so, of course I cannot do them very well yet. Those are only things I just tried of my brothers and sisters."

"What pretty children they must be! Do look, Harry! isn't that a bonnie boy? How old is he? Six? Why, what a fine fellow! He looks nearly as old as my boy, and he is more than eight!"

So Honor found herself gradually drawn into talk with her fascinating new acquaintance, while Colonel Wilmott strolled away to join some other gentlemen, leaving his wife to amuse herself with her new fancy. Honor was quite surprised to find how suddenly attractive all the details of home and children, which a few minutes ago had seemed so dull and irksome, became now in the interest of her listener. She did not know how much of it was owing to her own quiet, childish manner, and the shy gleam of pleasure that flushed her face and brightened her eyes as she talked.

"It must be very nice to have so many," Lady Jane said with a sigh. "My little boy is very lonely sometimes, all by himself. He is too delicate to go to school yet, and, besides, I could not bear to part with him."

The soft eyes were full of tears now as she went on: "I had a little girl once—little May; but oh! it was

so hard to lose her ! That is what makes me think so much of my boy, I suppose."

"I should like to see him," Honor said.

"Oh, that you must ! for you know I want you to sketch him. I wish he would make some friends on the beach : it would do him so much good to be with other boys, if they were not too rough for him. We are staying at the 'Victoria ;' you must come and see me—will you ?"

When she had gone away, saying lightly that she must go and talk to those dull people on the Pier, or the Colonel would wonder what she was thinking of, Honor sat still, thinking and wondering over it all. It seemed to her like an angel's visit from a better and happier world than her own ; and yet this beautiful, wealthy, brilliant creature, had in the midst of all her good fortune found something to envy in the lot of a poor, shabby, discontented child like herself !

CHAPTER XIII.

SHRIMPING AND "THE SPIDER."

ONOR was not the only one of the family who made a friend that afternoon, and she was rather vexed when she came home full of Lady Jane and her beauty and elegance, and the lovely little boy she was to sketch, to find that no one paid any attention to her descriptions, they being all so taken up with talking of a boy they had fallen in with on the beach, whom they called "the Spider."

I am afraid Honor was a little cross, but can you wonder at it when she had found her washing-basin full of sea-anemones; and that there was treacle for tea, with the usual effects on the faces, fingers, and pinafores of the family? Oh, dear! Lady Jane could not know what a large family really was, and especially a family with a taste for treacle!

"I am sure, Brian," she said, rejecting with disgust a sticky morsel pressed upon her by Molly, "that father would not like the children making all sorts of low friends on the beach. I saw Molly this morning all among the donkey-boys, and as for the bathing-machine boy"—

"Well, Honor," interrupted Molly in explanation, "he's Mrs. Hopkins' nephew, and she says he's a very good boy and goes to the Sunday-school, and never uses bad words like some of the donkey-boys do; and I only went this morning to see the new little donkey, such a darling little thing, with such a rough head!"

"And oh, I say, Brian!" sang out Pat; "do you know what Paddy did this morning when you were gone to the butcher's? He got Joe, that's the bathing-machine boy, you know, to let him have a ride on the horse; and there were some ladies wanting to have their machine drawn up, and he went right off into the sea to them, and tried to catch hold of the ropes, and nearly tumbled off! Oh, it was such a lark!"

"I'd have done it as right as a trivet," said Paddy, "only that great duffer of a Joe began screeching and hallooing as if he was being murdered."

"He was in a rage, just about," went on Pat; "and he says he'll never let any of us ride the horse again."

"Well, he changed his mind soon enough," said Paddy, regardless of threatening looks from Molly and Nora, "for he took Nora for a ride after dinner."

"What's that?" asked Brian.

"Why, he took up Nora behind him, and she clung on tight; and then he made that old horse go jolly fast, galloping along like anything, past Belvidere and Marina, nearly as far as the Pier. Oh, stunning! I only wish it had been me!"

Honor looked at Brian, and he got up from his seat by the tea-tray and went to the window with his

hands deep in his pockets, and whistling softly to himself, as he did when in a puzzle. Surely the potato-patch was running wild, and the pigs were beyond his power of minding!

"Brian asthore!" Two very treacley, sunburnt hands are suddenly clasped round his neck, and Nora's face, very sweet with the tears shining in the blue eyes, in spite of the sticky smears round the mouth, is reaching up to his. "Dear old B. B.! don't you look like that, or it will just break my heart entirely. I'll never ride that nasty old horse again, never! or speak to Joe or any of the donkey-boys. What will I do to make you smile?"

Who could resist Nora when she tried her sweet Irish coaxing? She was a rare hand at "the blarney," the boys said. So Brian laughed and thought no more of it, but Honor could not forget it so easily.

But "the Spider" was no donkey-boy or low acquaintance, though they would have liked him none the less if he had been.

It was low tide that afternoon, and while Honor sat on the Pier steps all the rest of the family, including Don, had gone off some way along the beach, to a large pool left among the rocks by the receding tide, which was a first-rate place for trying the shrimping net which the boys had made, with the help of Brian. Peter carried a large basket to bring home the shrimps in, and he had told the shrimp-woman when she came to the window that morning that they should never want to buy any more shrimps,

as they were going to catch them for themselves, which did not seem to please her.

Brian was as much interested as the others, and stood on a rock directing operations, while Pat pushed the net in front of him across the pool.

Peter altogether declined to believe that these hopping, shadowy, transparent things, more like insects than anything else, were those substantial brown shrimps in the woman's basket, still less that they might come out bright pink in boiling; and even Molly and Nora were rather doubtful about it. As for Don, he kept watch over the basket, pricking his ears and starting when they hopped, and retiring with a growl when one came right into his face.

While they were all thus absorbed, Pat said—

"Hallo! what's the row? What a hullabaloo!"

A little boy was coming along the shore by himself, sobbing and crying. He had a beautiful model yacht in his arms, and on the dainty sails and ropes and masts his tears rolled down, and he looked a woe-begone, little object altogether, in spite of his boat and his pretty little sailor suit, which made a miniature man-of-war's man of him.

Brian was so used to fly to the rescue when he heard signals of distress from any of his crew, that it came natural to him to cross the rocks with a few strides of his long legs towards the little boy, saying, "Hallo, old chap! what's up?"

He was a boy of about Peter's size, but a great contrast to that sturdy young ruffian. He had a

delicate white face, now tear-stained and puckered up; and his light, almost flaxen hair, was cut across his forehead and hung down in long silky curls behind, "just like that large doll at the Soho Bazaar," said Molly.

His crying stopped at Brian's words, but began again when the other children came up, and Don gave a short bark at the new-comer. Indeed, the boys looked desperate characters in their red caps and tucked-up trousers, and the girls not much less so.

"Oh, I say," said Pat, "you mustn't make such a row here, you'll frighten the tide out!"

"Or scare the shrimps into fits!" suggested Paddy.

"What a darling little ship!" said Molly; "are you coming to sail it in the pool?"

"Come along! wipe up!" said Brian, offering a pocket-handkerchief out of the shrimp-basket for that purpose. "I don't believe that craft of yours has ever been in the water. Let's see how it goes."

The child's alarm began to subside under this welcome, and Brian was able to make out at last that Sarah (supposed to be the nurse) had stopped to look in at the bonnet-shops on the Esplanade, and that he had got impatient and had run on to the beach, but she had not overtaken him; and then he thought he saw her a long way off along the sands, and had gone after her, but could not find her, and had got frightened at being alone.

"O Sarah! she'll turn up all right," said Pat; "and it don't much matter if she don't."

So the tears were wiped away, and Molly took one hand and Paddy the other, and Pat carried the boat with great reverence, and they made off to the pool. But here a difficulty presented itself.

"You'll spoil that togger of yours," said Brian; and even as he spoke there was a slip, and, in spite of Molly and Paddy's help, the little boy sat suddenly down on a slimy, green rock, which left evident signs of the event on his "white ducks," as Paddy called them; and Pat only made matters worse by trying to rub off the marks with the before-mentioned handkerchief, and Molly expressed an opinion that they would wash all right.

"Isn't he a swell, just about?" said Pat. "Shan't you get into a row at home if you get in a mess?"

"Perhaps," said Brian, "you'd better not come on the rocks; you don't seem rigged out for that kind of thing. Here, Molly, take him back before he gets wet through."

But Pat could not bring himself to give up the boat without a struggle.

"Can't he take off his boots and turn up those white ducks? and then he'll be all right. Oh, I say! there goes his hat!" for a sudden gust of wind had whisked off his broad-brimmed straw hat with a blue ribbon round it, bearing the words, "H.M.S. Dreadnought," and had carried it safely into the middle of the pool, where it was floating and bobbing about as if it enjoyed the joke.

No sign of Sarah being visible along the beach, and

the young Brights being all of them anxious to sail the boat, and Brian himself rather wishing to see how it would go, and the stranger himself favouring the idea, Brian helped him off with his shoes and stockings (for he was as helpless as a baby), and rolled up his trousers, which were tight at the knee and very loose at the ankle, and turned up his sleeves above his elbows; and Pat lent him his scarlet cap while the straw hat was drying, tying the handkerchief round his own head instead. The children all laughed at the wonderful change produced in his appearance, and the little boy himself seemed delighted, and danced about on the sands with such very white legs that Brian was not surprised to hear that he had never had his shoes and socks off out of doors before, or to hear him say, "Oh! it is nice!"

"Perhaps your people at home wouldn't like it," Brian said doubtfully; but it was too late for such thoughts.

"Oh, my eye! what thin legs!" cried Pat. "Peter's would make half-a-dozen of yours. You're like a spider."

"Not got much understanding," said Paddy. "Come on, Spider."

The yacht went splendidly; there was just enough wind to take it across the pool "stunning," and there were little natural harbours in the rock that seemed made on purpose for their play, and there were sand-banks and sunken rocks that gave variety to the voyages, and there were crabs who made first-rate

passengers and sailors. An hour slipped away like five minutes, and the children were far too much absorbed to notice a young woman coming along the shore, looking in all directions for something she did not find.

"Have you seen a young gentleman in a sailor soot pass by?" she asked Brian. "I was told he come this way."

"Hallo, Spider! you're wanted!" sang out Paddy.

And then a little, red-capped figure, in the middle of the pool, with the water above his knees, turned round a laughing, dirty face. The "sailor soot" was wet through, and stained with green and brown slime; there was a long, flapping piece of sea-weed tied round his neck, and hanging down over the broad collar that had been so spotless an hour before; and he was just fastening his blue neck-ribbon to a stick to act as a signal on a dangerous sand-bank that had wrecked the boat more than once. Was it not enough to give any respectable nurse "a turn," or "to strike her all of a heap"?

"O Master Duke! you naughty, naughty boy! What-ever will your ma say?"

CHAPTER XIV.

REFINED SOCIETY.

“ HERE he is ! that’s him ! O Honor ! doesn’t he look a pretty little fellow ? ”

Mrs. Hopkins’ brother, the attractive boatman, had taken Brian and the boys off to see some rocket practice on the cliff, while the two girls rather unwillingly consented to remain at home with Honor, and write to father and Aunt Bell an account of their doings. They had both secured commanding situations near the window, which, though possibly a suggestive spot, was not one favourable to rapid composition.

Molly had not got beyond, “My dear Aunt Bell, we saw such a very large jelly-fish,”—— and Nora had stuck fast over the spelling of “Seaview,” when the appearance of their new acquaintance on the Esplanade brought them both to a standstill altogether.

Honor raised her eyes slowly from her book, to inspect the miniature dandy passing sedately along the Parade, under the care of a fashionably-attired maid.

“It is what I call downright vulgar,” was her somewhat disappointing comment, “dressing up a child like that ! I expect he belongs to some tradesman in the

town, or some rich London shopkeeper; they always bedizen them out so. Those sailor suits, like you saw him in yesterday, are dreadfully snobbish."

Molly and Nora remained abashed, but still not converted by the crushing opinion; still watching, with eyes of secret admiration, the little fellow's carefully-curved flaxen locks and dainty velvet dress, while Honor continued her oration.

"I do wish you would be more careful, Molly; it's all very well for boys and babies to go playing about with any one on the beach, but it is different with girls. Perhaps, now, that child's mother might see you playing with him, and come and call, or something, and whatever should we do then? Of course, nice people would never have anything to do with us," she concluded, thinking dolefully of Lady Jane.

After this, finding the girls unusually tractable in the absence of their aiders and abettors, Honor proceeded to relate what had taken place on the Pier the day before. She was a good hand at description, and her highly-coloured sketch of the lovely, fashionable lady she had met, produced a deep impression on her hearers.

"O Honor! how *very* interesting! I expect she is somebody very, very grand. Suppose you were to see her again, and she were to invite us all to dine at the 'Victoria!' Pat says it's awfully grand inside. He looked in through the glass-doors when Brian sent him down about the omnibus yesterday. He could see right in through the coffee-room, you know. Such a

splendid place! and such lots of waiters! and such jolly things to eat! just like what we had at the 'White Hart,' when father took us to Windsor with Aunt Bell. Do you remember, Molly?"

"Yes, I remember we were both awfully sick after dinner. There were cutlets all done up in paper, and horrid stuff called 'omelette,' and we were too afraid of the waiter to leave anything."

Nora had an awkward way of remembering facts too distinctly to suit Molly's romantic Irish mind, to which the glories of an hotel were wholly unclouded by such drawbacks. She went on, however, undisturbed in her castle-building, in a strain which rather suited Honor.

"Do you think we should all go, Honor? Perhaps it would be too many. Perhaps it would only be just us three, and Peter to play with the little boy. I wonder if he is as pretty as our little boy?"

"A great deal prettier than that little dressed-up doll!" Honor said scornfully. "I am afraid Lady Jane will never let him play with you while you are so rough and rude."

The conversation had had such a solemnising effect, and led to such neat and proper epistles being written, that Honor suggested a walk on the Esplanade before the boys returned and the reign of misrule began again.

Honor did not look half so picturesque in her best frock and hat, sitting on a seat on the Parade, as she had done in her blue cotton on the damp steps of the

Pier the day before. The case, too, was much the same with Molly and Nora, who would have been far happier on the beach with Joe, or on the rocks with the crabs and periwinkles.

They were rewarded, however, and Honor experienced a thrill of sudden pleasure, as a pretty little chestnut hack was reined in close beside them, and Lady Jane's voice exclaimed, in a tone of real pleasure—

“Oh, there you are! I thought, perhaps, I should see you. Those are the little sisters, I am sure; they are just like the sketches.”

Yes, there she was, looking sweeter and prettier than ever in her dark riding-habit and dainty little hat; the exercise flushing her cheeks and brightening her eyes, so as to heighten her beauty still more.

“Are you walking up this way?” she asked. “I am just going in myself. Could you not come in and see my boy? I shall never be satisfied till I have a sketch of him now; and you will be sure to see him, for he always has his tea with me at five o'clock. Do come. My husband is out this afternoon, so I am quite alone.”

There was no resisting that soft, coaxing voice, even if Honor had wished to do so, and in a few minutes more the three girls found themselves inside the wonderful glass-doors of the big hotel, and Lady Jane, with her habit thrown over her arm, running lightly in front of them up the broad, shallow, softly-carpeted staircase. Now they stood in the lofty, stately-looking room, with its tall mirrors and velvet sofas, and wide

bow-windows opening on to a broad balcony, overlooking the sea and gay hotel garden.

"No, your ladyship," the waiter replied, in answer to Lady Jane's rather impatient inquiry for Master Wilmott; "the young gentleman isn't in yet, I think, your ladyship. He went out about an hour ago. We can send and make inquiries, if your ladyship wishes."

"Oh, never mind; I dare say he will be in soon. I wish she would not keep him out so long. Do you know," she continued, turning to Honor, "he got wet through yesterday, and it makes me so terribly anxious lest he should take cold. His nurse was in such a fuss about his spoiling his clothes; but, of course, I did not mind that as long as he was safe and happy. He should have a new suit every day if it would please him, the darling! Ah, here he is!"

But it was only the waiter, with a face of profound concern and suppressed laughter.

"If you please, your ladyship, the nurse did not like to lose sight of the young gentleman, or she'd have come to you herself; but she thought perhaps your ladyship would be so good as to send word to him to come in at once. Your ladyship need not feel alarmed; but the fact is, your ladyship, the Punch-and-Judy show had stopped just down the road, and it appears the young gentleman found some friends, and the nurse could not get him to come on anyhow."

Further explanations were, however, rendered needless by the clatter of feet on the staircase, and in another minute Lady Jane had clasped to her heart the

flaxen, curled head of—oh, sad downfall for Honor's verdict!—the "Spider" of yesterday and the "over-dressed little shopkeeper" of to-day! while close on his heels, like three attendant fiends—oh, sadder downfall to Honor's dignity!—as usual, wet through, battered, breathless, the three *p's*—Pat, Paddy, and Peter!

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROCKET PRACTICE.



THE boys had had a very interesting afternoon altogether. Mrs Hopkins' brother—Balls by name—was one of the crew of the Saltgate lifeboat, besides having one or two little pleasure-boats of his own, which he let on hire to the visitors at Saltgate. He had been a sailor in his youth, and had been all round and over the world, and had had adventures of all sorts—at least he said so. He had been shipwrecked several times, and had had the narrowest escapes of death from drowning, fire, hurricanes, sharks, starvation, dirks of mutinous seamen, guns of slavers, poisoned arrows of savages, ill treatment of brutal captains! He had done deeds of daring almost incredible to the boys and quite incredible to any one else. He had seen the sea serpent, the Flying Dutchman, and plenty of mermaids; and he was, in fact, Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights rolled into one. He had a jolly little house, that he had built for himself, about a mile off along the cliffs, just beyond the coast-guard station. The high white cliffs give a sudden dip there, and form a glen, where a little stream makes its

way to the sea ; and there is a steep pathway down to the beach of the snug little bay, which is shut in on either side by the projecting cliffs, impassable except at very low tide.

Balls' cottage stood in this glen, and was built against the cliff, in whose chalky sides he had scooped endless cupboards, and holes and corners for storing things away. It was thatched with gorse cut from the glen behind, and built of wood, most of it driftwood, timbers of vessels that had foundered on that dangerous coast. Over the porch was fixed part of the figure-head of a ship—a woman's figure, battered and dented ; but still keeping the wooden smile on its lips, and the colour of the calm, blue eyes, and the top of a gilded anchor on its shoulder.

"She were the *Hope*," Balls would say ; "a Liverpool brig as went down in a gale in '48, afore the life-boat was thought of hereabouts."

He could point out many another part of his cottage, and tell the ship it came from or the storm that had supplied him with building materials, till the boys sometimes wondered that he was not afraid to be there all alone with things that seemed full of dead men's secrets.

He had a little flower-garden in front of the cottage, gay with red valerian, nasturtiums, and thrift ; and he had part of a boat set up on end, with a seat inside, where he smoked his pipe ; and higher up the glen was another bit of garden, where he grew potatoes and cabbages. It was a snug little place altogether, and a

very favourite object for the young ladies of Saltgate to sketch, with Balls himself looking through his telescope in front, and seagulls overhead. The only thing the young ladies objected to in the glen was "those horrid trees;" and they were certainly rather dwarfed and stunted. They looked as if some great, boisterous winter storm had scared them, and they were trying to run away, but could not get free, though they tore at their roots, and the wind had turned their petticoats over their heads. No skill could make them look well in a sketch.

Balls' nearest neighbours were the coastguards, and he made himself very useful to them. He knew every inch of the coast for miles, and every trick of the tide or current, and every sheltered nook where boats could be run in safely on moonless nights, or snug hiding-places, for mysterious barrels and bales. Ill-natured people said that no one was so well up to the tricks of smugglers as he was, from personal experience. They say no one makes such a good gamekeeper as an old poacher; and so, I dare say, a smuggler would make a first-rate preventive officer if he set his mind to it. Anyhow, the coastguards found Balls' knowledge very useful, and, in return, they did not ask inconvenient questions about the tobacco and brandy in his cottage, which were always of the best.

"But there is no trade done now," Balls would say. "In my young days, when the duty was so high, all the young chaps were in it. The coast was lively enough then, I'se warrant! and a gauger's life weren't child's

play neither; and when it came to a brush, a chap thought no more of taking a shot at a gauger than of knocking over a cat. Ah! those was days, sure enough!" Balls would say, rubbing his hands with a chuckle; "but now folk hasn't half the pluck, and the duty's not high enough to make it worth while, and it's only done in a sneaky sort of way, with a few pounds of 'baccy under a woman's crinoline, or bits of lace hid in her shenong. Poor kind of work, to my mind!"

Balls lived by himself, and, as far as the boys knew, always had done so. It was only to Brian, one day, that Balls said something very gruff and indistinct of a certain "old gal as was a good 'un and no mistake," and "a little kid as took after her uncommon."

Brian could not quite catch all he said, or the meaning of it; but he hazarded the question, "Gone away?"

Balls nodded, and pointed over his shoulder with the stem of his pipe; it might have been towards Saltgate, or it might have been to the blue sky, against which the green line of the cliffs stood out so sharply.

Brian pondered, and then again hazarded a word, "Dead?"

Again Balls nodded, and, taking out his pipe, blew a mighty cloud before he answered, "Both on 'em in one week."

And that was how Brian knew of Balls' short domestic life, and of his wife and child.

It was to "Balls' Glen," as most of the Saltgate people called the place, that the four Bright boys went that afternoon to see the rocket practice. The lifeboat

was launched at Saltgate, and rowed round to the glen in fine style; and here a good many people had come to see the trial of the rocket apparatus for saving life at sea. The apparatus was kept at the coastguard station; and although the lifeboat men always said that it belonged by rights to them, they none of them knew very well how to manage it; and when it came to the point, they were glad to fall back on the superior knowledge of the coastguards.

The three boys were of opinion that it was rather a pity to have fireworks in the middle of the day; but then they did not understand that the rockets were something more than an amusement, and the lifeboat than a bit of fun.

Perhaps it may be new and interesting to others besides Pat and Paddy to know, that these rockets are brighter with hope to shipwrecked men than their brothers at the Crystal Palace are with red and blue and yellow splendours to thousands of admiring beholders, and that they leave behind them something more than smoke and a smell of gunpowder when the brief brightness is gone, for they leave across the wreck a small, strong line, one end of which the rocket carried. The other end of this line is on shore, and fastened to a cable, and a rope, which the shipwrecked crew haul to them by means of the line, across the stormy waves and surf which lie between them and the land. On this cable is slipped what is called "the cradle," a life-belt with a sort of canvas bag underneath, and one after another the shipwrecked party get into the cradle, and

are hauled to land along the cable, by their friends on shore.

Of course, at the rocket practice there were no shipwrecked men or stormy waves, for they only tried it from one side of Balls' Glen to the other, just to make sure that they could use it, when it might be wanted.

Part of the men crossed to the other side of the glen above Balls' cottage, and acted the part of a shipwrecked crew, and Brian was glad to let Pat and Paddy join this party, under Balls' care, as they could not keep their hands off the rockets, and so it was safer to put the glen between them and temptation. Brian and Peter stayed behind, watching with interest the men laying the line and cable out in the grass in a zigzag, that they might run out without offering any check to their fiery leader.

Then the word was given, and the match applied to the big mortar, and the next minute, with a bang, and a whizz, and a flash, and a smoke, the rocket rushed through the air. The first one went wrong; they had not calculated right for the wind, so the rocket was carried too much up the glen, and the line fell in the middle. But the second time it was better aimed, and, before the smoke cleared off, Brian heard a shout from the other side, announcing that they had hold of the line, and there was the cable running away from the grass at his feet. Then the cradle was slipped on the cable and pulled across; and then, after a moment's delay for one of the shipwrecked party to get in, they began pulling it back again; Brian also lending

a hand in the "long pull, and strong pull, and pull all together."

In the middle of the glen, just over the stream, the cradle was some forty feet above the ground—a giddy height to look down on, and needing a steady head to stand it, even though there was not really much danger with the strong rope and stout cradle. It was just at this point that the cradle stuck, and for a minute or two no effort could move it. Brian was quite taken up with pulling; but Peter, who had been trodden upon several times in his wish to help, and so had retreated to a respectful distance, had eyes to inspect the cradle and its contents; and very large, round eyes they became by degrees as he looked, and his mouth followed suit, and opened wide in surprise and alarm, till it suddenly closed to form the word—"Pat!"

Yes; in that shaking, swaying cradle, full forty feet above the stream and the rocky bottom of the glen, was Pat; and there he seemed likely to remain, for the cradle stuck fast. I do not know how he had persuaded Balls and his party to let him go. The coastguard men on the other side were very angry when they found it out, and used plenty of strong language, which was lost on Brian, who, after Peter's exclamation, became unconscious of everything but Pat and his danger. He cried—

"Hold fast, Pat! hold fast! It's all right! We'll have you safe in a minute! Don't look down! Look at me, and hold fast!"

Pat's face was certainly paler than usual, and though

he shouted back "All right!" to Brian, it was rather a quavering shout, and unlike Pat's natural voice. Indeed he confessed afterwards to Paddy, in a moment of strict confidence, that "he was in a blue funk, and no mistake!"

It seemed hours to Brian before the cradle began to yield to the strong pull of the coastguards, and I dare say it was quite as long to Pat; and when at last he stood on *terra firma* none of the boys cared to see any more of the rocket practice, but they went off all together across the cliffs in silence, Brian holding Pat's arm tightly, with a look in his face that made Pat feel more of a culprit than any amount of scolding would have done.

"I'd rather he'd have given me a jolly good thrashing," said Pat.

So they were all rather subdued and solemn when they reached Saltgate, and it was quite a relief to all their feelings when a cheerful sound greeted their ears from the Esplanade, and Paddy started off with a run saying—

"Come on! there's Punch and Judy!"

CHAPTER XVI.

TEA AT THE "VICTORIA."



F any of my readers have never yet seen the tragedy of Punch and Judy all through from beginning to end, I advise them to take the first opportunity of doing so. From the first cheery sound of Punch's voice coming round the corner to the last awful interview with Mr. Hokey-Pokey, the wicked fellow takes our sympathies with him all the way. And so it happened that the three *p*'s forgot the perils of the rocket practice, and Brian laughed again; and the little "Spider," catching sight of his friends, forsook his nurse and forgot his tea in order to stand enthralled, watching the progress of Punch's light-hearted wickedness.

Punch and Judy must either be seen all through or not at all. If you cannot stay it out, it is far wiser to walk sternly on the other side of the way, shutting your eyes to the form of the hapless baby flying into the street, and your ears to the thwacks of that short but effectual bludgeon with which Judy, Shallaballah, and many other worthies are laid low, while Punch sings a gay, heartless dirge over the slain.

Little Duke's nurse had herself been weak enough to lend a sympathetic ear to Punch's plaintive lamentation at the approach of Judy's ghost, and she only bethought herself of her duty just before the gallows scene, where Punch, having successfully strung up the hangman to the beam of that somewhat short erection, makes merry once more over the coffin with the still surviving clown. "Whatever would my lady say to see her darling, in his lace and velvet, standing open-mouthed amid all the ragged street children, gaping at Punch and Judy!"

And thus it came about that, in answer to the little Spider's invitation to "Come in and see mother," Brian saw with dismay the glass doors of the grand hotel close behind the disreputable figures of his three brothers. What could he do? he thought, painfully conscious of his own rough exterior, and little cheered by the information he gained from the waiter.

"Colonel and Lady Jane Wilmott, sir. The young gent is their little boy. Perhaps you'd like to walk up, sir? I think the other young gents went with him."

Yes; even the bland waiter recognised the three tattered and splashed little urchins as "young gents," after all; and Brian, too, in spite of his shabby boots and gloveless, sunburnt hands, and rough, sea-stained clothes. And pretty Lady Jane naturally recognised the same fact still more rapidly, and made her guests welcome in a graceful way of her own, that set them all at ease at once. Even Honor began to think less of

dirty boots swinging dangerously near to satin and gilded chairs, and brown, tar-blackened fingers turning over elegant books and fingering costly toys, than of the bright, honest, young faces, and frank, easy bearing, and that nameless something about all the children—the hall-mark which stamps the true silver be it never so ill kept, and separates it from the most highly-polished electro in the world.

It was, nevertheless, rather mortifying to Honor to remember how she herself had failed in a like discernment in the case of little Duke. "How was it," she wondered, "that she had not seen at a glance where the child got those soft, dark eyes, and little, sensitive mouth?" Every dainty, expensive detail of his dress now spoke plainly enough of the adoring young mother, and seemed to the girl's partial eyes to be the perfection of taste and refinement.

"Ah, I knew you would be delighted with him!" Lady Jane said; "and I am delighted too—as I knew I should be—with your little ones, Honor. Indeed, you must let me call you so, please; it is such a pretty, quaint name. And so this is the good brother Brian, who takes such care of you all? Fancy my actually catching you all together, like this! We shall have quite a famous tea-party! I have a good mind to keep you all to dinner, and introduce you to my husband."

This, however, was quite out of the question, as dinner was not till eight o'clock; so Lady Jane had to content herself with an elegant tea-table, spread

with the daintiest china and silver; and little Duke was charmed to hand round dangerously fragile cups, and ply his hungry guests with fruit and all sorts of wonderful cakes and preserves; while Brian sat on thorns, expecting a smash every moment, and wishing his crew all safe back to willow-pattern and bread and treacle.

"Cannot some of you come with us on Thursday?" Lady Jane said to Honor, as they rose to take leave. "It is my little man's birthday, and that is a grand day always—is it not, Duke? He will actually be nine years old, and we generally have a little party for him at home. We have never missed it once since he was born: the Colonel has a dinner for the tenants, and Duke and I look after the village children on the lawn, and we have some fireworks in the evening. I don't know what they will say to us for being away this year; but we must try and amuse ourselves in some way, and keep it properly when we get home. Duke and I were planning a picnic to Scarsbrook. We could take our luncheon and start early, and perhaps you and I could do a little sketching. The old keep and gateway would be charming."

Duke clapped his hands with delight, and Honor glowed with pleasure, while she looked anxiously to Brian.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you," he said. "I know Honor would like it very much; but I am afraid I could not very well leave the children, you see, and"——

"Oh, but they'll come—won't they, mother?" exclaimed Duke eagerly. "Pat and Paddy, and Peter and Molly, and Nora: you see I know all the names! There will be lots of room in the break, and there is your pony-carriage, too!"

It was impossible to withstand Duke's coaxing, and Lady Jane laughingly declared that "Duke always had his own way in everything on his birthday, so there was no more to be said;" and the young Brights returned to Seaview Terrace in a tumult of delighted expectancy.

Brian was rather silent and anxious; while Honor, for once in a way, turned her thoughts to practical matters.

"It is a good thing Molly and Nora have some clean frocks," she said; "but whatever shall we do about the boys, Brian? They have not a decent jacket between them, except their Sunday ones, and they don't seem exactly the thing for a picnic. And then there are their boots, and Peter must have some new socks and a tie."

"I wish we were not going," Brian said wearily. "I'm sure it is bad enough, the way we go on spending money. I do think we eat more and more meat every week, Honor; and I'm sure they ought not to want new rigs-out already, when we have not been here a fortnight."

"Yes; but father would not like them to go untidy, and it must be good for them to be with nice people, instead of always running wild with boatmen and donkey-boys. Isn't Lady Jane a dear, Brian?"

Brian was, however, in no mood for enthusiasm just now, and Honor began to fear that the picnic would be given up, after all. Indeed, it was very nearly so when he found Mrs. Hopkins' weekly account and the butcher's bill awaiting his return, and I don't know what might have followed if Peter's fat arms had not suddenly been flung round Brian's neck, and a round cheek pressed against his own.

"You'll let us go, Brian, won't you? we'll all be so good!"

The result of this and other wheedling of a like kind was a solemn procession, next morning, to the nearest hosier's shop, where the three *p*'s sat stuck up very stiffly on three very high chairs, while Brian surveyed gloves, and collars, and socks. What with the difficulty of stuffing Peter's fat fingers into any sufficiently short gloves, and fitting any properly-shaped collar on Pat's scraggy neck, and persuading Paddy's crisp, brown curls to keep a tidy straw hat on them for two minutes together, Brian's task was no light one, and they all returned to dinner in rather a melancholy state of mind, more than half wishing Thursday were over, or that there were no such things as show-castles and picnics with smart folk.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PICNIC.



AT that period the subject of the weather became a matter of much importance to the Bright family.

Pat was always tapping at Mrs. Hopkins' barometer, which was old and amiable, and had stood at "Set fair" for many a day of storm and sunshine.

Molly squeezed the ribbon seawood that hung on her bedroom door, and actually cried because she found it decidedly moist; which was to be accounted for by Paddy having dipped it into the water-jug when she was not looking.

Peter got hold of the Gothic residence which stood in the middle of Mrs. Hopkins' shelf, with a soldier or sailor appearing at the two doors, according as the weather was fine or wet; and he tied a string round it, so as to prevent that ill-omened blue-jacket from making his appearance to throw a damp on the picnic.

As to the cat, a dignified black person, who had frequent misunderstandings with Don; Nora and Paddy interfered constantly with her toilet, for fear of her

washing over her left ear—which, I need not tell you, is a sure and certain sign of rain.

Such minor matters as the sky and clouds, and the moon, and the colours of the sunset, also came in for their share of observation; and Peter consulted Brian as to whether it would be very wrong to add a petition to his other prayers, that it might be fine on Duke's birthday.

However, all these fears and anxieties were set at rest when Thursday morning arrived, and the sun rose in a perfectly cloudless sky, smiling down on a sparkling sea that was rippling with laughter at the whispered joke of a fresh little breeze.

"If we had had the making of the day for Duke's birthday," said Peter solemnly, "we couldn't have made a better."

"Nor one half as good," said Pat.

Dressing was a serious matter that morning, and breakfast, too; and after breakfast there was still a full hour and a half before it was any use starting for the "Victoria Hotel," and that was allowing twenty minutes for the walk down the Esplanade, which usually took five minutes at the most.

Pat suggested after breakfast that he and Paddy should just run round and see if they were beginning to put the horses into the break. But Henor altogether objected, on the ground of the bad effect it would have for the guests to be hanging about the hotel so long before they were expected; and Brian also objected, on the ground of possible damage to

well-brushed jackets and spotless collars if they were out of his sight for a moment. So there was no help for it but patience; and the boys sat up in their new straw hats and gloves, and watched the hands of the clock, regretting very much that Lady Jane had not appointed an earlier hour than ten for the start, and imagining all sorts of disasters that might even now put an end to their expedition: that Duke had got the measles; that Lady Jane was ill; that the "Victoria Hotel" had been burnt down in the night; or that all the horses in the stables had gone lame.

But at last the hands of the clock crawled round to twenty minutes to ten, and Brian took a last review of his troops, which was satisfactory on the whole, and gave a few final injunctions as to behaviour during the day, and then he gave the order to march. Before the word was well out of his mouth the children were off and away, leaving one of Paddy's gloves under the table and Molly's pocket-handkerchief in the passage.

"Stop!" shouted Brian; but it was too late, they were out of hearing, and, with a resigned glance at Honor, Brian prepared to follow them.

"Did you ever see such children?" Honor said.

"Never mind, Honor Bright! it will work off some of the steam! I do believe they would have burst if they had sat there much longer! Ah, you'd better have done what I said, and gone with Lady Jane, and left me and the rabble at home! They will spoil all your pleasure!"

But Honor slipped her hand under Brian's arm as they walked soberly along in front of Marina.

"No, Brian," she said; "I'm not such a horrid, selfish wretch as that, to go off and enjoy myself all alone!"

When they reached the "Victoria Hotel" they found the children in the seventh heaven of happiness; for where else can you find such perfect bliss, when you are under fourteen, as at the top of a coach?

The break was under repair, and so it had been replaced by the coach that runs to Millbury and back every Wednesday and Saturday. It was painted bright yellow, and, as Pat remarked, "There was room for everything inside and everybody outside." Colonel Wilmott was going to drive, and there were four spanking bays harnessed in, which appeared to the boys wonders of beauty and spirit; though the Colonel spoke of them to Brian as "poor screws!"

Duke ran to meet Brian and Honor as they drew near the hotel, the prettiest little Highlander in the world, with a kilt of Stuart tartan, and a plaid of the same fastened on the shoulder with a large cairngorm set in silver. He had a silver-mounted sporran, and the jolliest little dirk you can imagine, and big silver buckles on his shoes, and a little bonnet with an eagle's plume in it mounted on his fair curls. His face was a regular birthday face, too; and as he led Brian and Honor in, holding a hand of each, he had all the manner of a young prince who was master of the whole world.

The picnic party was gathered in the hall, and Honor felt suddenly shy, and awkward, and childish, when she found three fashionably-dressed young ladies, at whose costume she glanced nervously, comparing it with her own, which all at once appeared unsatisfactory. There were also two gentlemen, who looked at Brian and Honor through their eye-glasses, and made her feel hot and angry, while Brian longed to be back pig-minding in the potato-patch.

But in a minute more Honor's ruffled feathers were smooth again, for Lady Jane had come forward and taken both her hands, with sweet words of greeting; and then, still holding her hand, introduced her to the rest of the party; adding, with a smile—

“And you must know, young ladies, that Honor and I are going on business as well as pleasure, for while you are amusing yourselves we are going to do wonders in sketching.”

And then she carried off Honor to her room to inspect her sketching materials, which were luxurious beyond Honor's wildest imaginings.

As they came down again to the hall Lady Jane was drawing on a pair of dainty driving-gloves, and she said to Honor—

“I am going to take you with me in my pony-carriage, if you don't mind giving up all the fun on the coach and jogging along quietly with an old dowager?”

Honor only answered with a radiant look. What could surpass the delight of driving with Lady Jane

in that perfect, little pony-carriage, with the pretty pair of cream-coloured ponies trotting away briskly in front, with their silver bells jingling as they went?

The coach started first, with the waiters hard at work up to the last moment packing hampers and baskets into the coach, and the man in the scarlet coat behind blowing a long blast on the bugle-horn, which brought every one to their windows as the coach passed along High Street, and made the street-boys shout "Hurrah!" and wave their hats in a manner delightful to behold.

Brian was on the box-seat by Colonel Wilmott, and just behind were Duke and Peter, in a safe central position, with Pat one side and Molly the other, and then two grown-up people at the ends, to prevent any accidents. Nora and Paddy were behind — Paddy having chosen that position with a view to the horn, which he had designs on if he could get on the blind side of the man with the scarlet coat. Paddy was much gratified at meeting the bathing-machine boy in High Street, and shouted out, "Joe, hallo there!" in a very friendly manner, which caused one of the eye-glassed gentlemen to look at him in languid surprise. But what cared Paddy?

A flick of the long whip at the near leader and off they go! past the old church and the market-place, and up the hill to the turnpike, and then out on the Scarsbrook road, where the houses get fewer, and smaller, and with longer names—Montpellier Villa, Belvidere House, and such-like. And then began the

washerwomen's houses and the market-gardeners', and in another minute they were clear out into the country, with cows looking up from the rich pastures with mild eyes at the noisy crew who went by with such a dust and clatter, and sunburnt reapers, stopping in their work and wiping their hot foreheads as they stared.

Up hill, down dale, dusty hedges, turnpike gates, pretty villages with rose-covered cottages, and picturesque churches; troops of indignant ducks, who flew flapping and quacking from under the horses' feet; obstinate pigs, who provoked a good smack from the Colonel's whip by their impudent faces and tight shiny bodies; a traction-engine, which offended the horses not a little, and made Colonel Wilmott glance back along the road to see if Lady Jane were in sight, and wonder how her ponies would like it.

These were some of the incidents of the road, with fun, and laughter, and chatter all the time, and baskets of fruit and bags of sugar-plums circulating constantly to beguile the way, and to throw to the children when they passed through a village. It was quite a surprise to all the party when, not a mile away, they saw, rising through the trees, on a hill, a grey, stately-looking building, which Colonel Wilmott pointed out as Scarsbrook Castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCARSBROOK CASTLE.



IN the Guide-book of Saltgate there is a long description of Scarsbrook Castle, with all sorts of interesting details, historical and architectural, giving an account of sieges and restorations, battles and conflagrations, royal captives and wicked governors, with dates and illustrations, and adding a short treatise on the geological formation of Scarsbrook Hill and the botany of the neighbourhood. I have not the book by me at present, or I would make a long extract; but I advise my young friends never to visit Scarsbrook without a guide-book, so that they may not fail to combine instruction with amusement.

I am sorry to say that, perfect as all the arrangements for the picnic were, this important thing had been forgotten, and nobody had put the guide-book in his pocket; and as Colonel Wilmott declined the services of a persistent old woman, who generally made visitors' lives a burden to them, by imparting information to them whether they would or no, the picnic party were quite thrown on their own resources. To most of the party the present was quite interesting enough. It

was fun enough to climb the ruined steps to the ramparts; to explore the fine old keep; to wind up the worn, corkscrew stairs of the turrets, and peep through the narrow loopholes; to dive down into the mysterious, underground passages, and look into gloomy dungeons, where rusty chains lay on the damp stones; to scare the jackdaws out of the ivy, and to drop pebbles into the deep, dark well, and feed the swans in the moat with crumbs.

For those who needed more than this, imagination took the place of history, and filled the courtyard with the clank of armed men and the champ of battle-horses; showed the glimmer of steel corslets and helmets on the battlements, and archers at the loopholes; painted a knight in shining armour, with his lady's token in his helmet, riding out under the grand, old, Norman gateway, while the portcullis creaked as it was lowered behind him, and his horse's feet made a dull clatter on the wooden drawbridge.

Honor could have dreamed all day there if she had been alone, and she made slow progress with her sketch. She and Lady Jane had settled themselves in the shadow of the gateway, where they got a charming view of the east window of the little chapel, still retaining some delicate tracery, while long, graceful bramble-sprays and tufts of fern did their best to hide the ravages of time and tourists. Out of the wall itself a sturdy, young, ash sapling had grown up, casting soft, changing shadows on the green turf where the altar had once stood. You could hardly have wished for a

prettier subject for a sketch, and even Lady Jane made a pretty picture of it, though she had not half Honor's skill and talent. It rather interfered with the foreground of the sketch, luncheon being spread just outside the chapel, for salad-bowls and dishes of cold fowl, though a pleasing sight, are not strictly picturesque.

The children espied the very first sign of luncheon from the top of the keep, and came pelting down the steep steps in very break-neck fashion, much to Lady Jane's alarm; and they all took a very active share in unpacking the hampers, though Colonel Wilmott advised its being left to the servants. However, Duke, incited thereto by Pat, said the great fun was doing everything themselves, and of course Duke's word was law.

So they all turned to, and Pat somehow assumed the direction of everything, as if he were the giver of the feast, and ordered every one about in fine style. It was not only the children, but the grown-up people as well; and there was Lady Jane turning out jellies in a masterly way, and Colonel Wilmott making the salad, assisted by one of the fashionable young ladies. It was wonderful how it took the starch out of every one. The Miss Wedgwoods turned up their long trains, and pulled off their *abricot* gloves, and fell to work with a will, dishing up under Pat's direction; and Captain Dawes let his eyeglass drop out of his eye without noticing it, he was so intent on slicing the cucumber; and Mr. Chalmers laid the cloth, with Molly's help, with great style and ceremony.

Of course a few mistakes were made, such as putting powdered sugar instead of salt to the cucumber, and Colonel Wilmott pouring salad-dressing over his greengage pie instead of custard; but this only made more fun.

And after lunch there was a really splendid game of hide-and-seek all over the castle, in which every one took part except Lady Jane and Honor; and I cannot think how any one could have called the Miss Wedgwoods stiff or stuck-up. They were certainly "regular bricks of girls," as Pat said; and he quite lost his heart to one of them, and, when he was hiding with her in the dungeon under the keep, he told her that he should not mind marrying her one of these days.

And she said, "You must see what Captain Dawes says to that."

And Pat burst out, "Why, you don't mean to say that you are engaged to such a"——

"Duffer," he was going to say, but Nellie Wedgwood put her soft hand over his mouth, and he kissed it instead.

He contemplated making a ferocious attack on Captain Dawes, and pushing him down the keep steps or into the well, and so putting an end to the engagement; but he came to the conclusion that, after all, he might see some one he liked better than Nellie Wedgwood, so he did not carry out his bloodthirsty intentions.

During the course of the game all the girls got

their dresses torn more or less, and Pat's new straw hat went down the well, and had to be wound up in the bucket, and Duke's velvet cap was blown over the ramparts into the moat, and was not improved by the adventure. They were all very hot, moreover, and Lady Jane was trying to devise some quiet amusement to cool the children down, when Paddy announced, from a perilous height at the top of the keep, that there was a circus, or wild-beast show, or something, going on near the village of Scarsbrook, which lies about half a mile from the castle. He could see a great, big tent and flags, and hear a drum.

"Oh, I say," said the lively Pat, in spite of Brian's threatening look, "what a lark! Let's go!"

Brian was painfully conscious of the very small sum of money in his pockets; but no such considerations affected Pat.

"If it's a circus," he said, "I know they'll let you in for a penny, if you don't mind sitting close to the ring! Some people don't like sitting there, in case the horses kick up, or tread on your toes; but it's a capital place for seeing! Never seen a circus, Duke? Oh, it is awfully jolly! far away better than Punch and Judy—though, of course, you see that for nothing if you dodge the woman when she hands round the tin cup! But at a circus there's all sorts of fun—horses, and performing dogs, and a clown, and jumping through hoops, and no end!"

Lady Jane looked rather anxious; but Pat had

infected Duke with a wish to go, so what could be done?

“Come along!” said the Colonel; “we may as well go if Master Birthday wishes it. Now then, Dawes, don’t you sneak off with Miss Nellie, there! I won’t let one of you off! I’ll stand treat, and we will all go and see the fun!”

CHAPTER XIX.

MINOTTI'S CIRCUS.



T was a grand piece of good fortune which befel the managers of "Minotti's Great International Hippodrome" that day, in the patronage of Colonel Wilmott and his party. For some time past all the blank walls round Scarsbrook had been adorned with bills bearing monster clowns' heads, and thrilling pictures of "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," together with notices of the "world-renowned Kismet Ali and his inimitable company of Oriental Acrobats," and "Mr. Collie Poynter's extraordinary troupe of Performing Dogs," and like attractions. Then there had been a grand procession in the morning, when "Dick Turpin" drove ten piebald steeds single-handed through the town in front of the "car of victory," where Britannia jolted along, resplendent in tinsel and green and red calico, under a painted canopy, surrounded by four substantial nymphs in very short, pink, tarlatan petticoats.

But, unfortunately, Scarsbrook Fair had been only a few days before, and the Scarsbrook folk had spent their money, and somewhat quenched their thirst for

excitement in the roundabouts, peep-shows, and Cheap Jacks of that festival, so that the circus tent filled slowly, and Kismet Ali began to look ferocious as the benches remained bare, and nothing but coppers clanked into the tin mug which was held by the woman at the door.

Altogether, matters within the arena were looking somewhat doleful. A boy with nuts and toffy found a few customers among the occupants of the inner penny circle; the orchestra, stationed in a waggon at one side, tuned up disconsolately; while Britannia, having temporarily laid aside her helmet and other insignia of office in favour of a battered black bonnet and check shawl, held up a favoured infant to bang at the big drum with its tiny fists.

"Reserved seats, 2s. and 1s.; unreserved, 6d." To an ordinary eye the presence or absence of certain pieces of red baize or green carpet, very partially covering the rough plank seats, marked all the difference between these places; and Professor Minotti had seldom seen the red baize of the two-shilling seats so satisfactorily concealed as it was this afternoon by the picnic party from the castle.

The effect of the arrival was wonderful. The band struck up "See the conquering hero comes!" Britannia hurried the baby into a corner, and hastened to equip for the tightrope; while the Professor himself—a stout, red-faced man, in a tail coat and enormous white necktie—bustled about with a long whip in his hand, keeping up a smart flow of repartee

with a sharp youth in the penny circle for the amusement of the grandees.

The party was not quite perfect, as Lady Jane (being quite sure of Duke's safety with his father) preferred finishing her sketch with Honor; while Captain Dawes and Nellie Wedgwood declared their intention to remain and help pack up the plates and dishes; a rather unnecessary piece of self-devotion considering the numerous servants employed, so that their share of the work resulted in what Pat called "a sudden and mysterious disappearance of two best spoons."

As for Mr. Chalmers, the boys agreed that no one could have guessed what a trump he would turn out after all; and the eyeglass did such good service in staring at the clown, that Peter nearly blinded himself with trying to make a halfpenny produce an equally impressive appearance.

All the children agreed that it was a splendid circus—even little Duke, who had been to a pantomime every Christmas since he could walk, and had seen Maskelyne and Cooke, and no end of other wonders, enjoyed himself vastly more sitting tilted up on those rickety planks, with Pat on one side and Paddy on the other, and Molly and Nora, keeping up a shrill chorus of giggling behind, than he had ever done alone between father and mother on a softly-cushioned, velvet stall, with no one to laugh with him.

I am sure I do not know what the children liked most—whether it was the fat, cream-coloured horse

with white eyelashes, who thudded patiently round and round, while lovely creatures in gauze and spangles pirouetted and jumped through hoops on its long-suffering back; or whether it was the tall pie-bald steed, who danced on his hind legs and picked up pocket-handkerchiefs at the bidding of the Professor's talented son, M. Eugene Minotti; or whether it was "Joey," Mr. Merriman's fat black pony, who stood square and stolid while that funny gentleman convulsed his audience by getting up behind and falling off the other side—it would be difficult to say.

Pat and Paddy were much engrossed by the surprising contortions of Kismet Ali and his comrades, who tied themselves up in knots, and hung on by their ears, and walked on their heads, in a most gratifying style; and Brian's life was rendered a burden to him for weeks afterwards by efforts to rival these accomplishments.

Don, too, had to suffer much from Molly's attempts to educate his fat, obstinate body, and contrary disposition to the docility of Mr. Collie Poynter's highly-trained poodles, and he ran a narrow risk of being shaved, according to the eccentric fashion of those animals. Mr. Poynter's poodles were indeed wonders of education, and tottered about on their poor, little, frilled hind-legs, and whisked their little tufted tails, and jumped over sticks, and balanced biscuits on their short black noses, with a solemnity worthy of a better cause. Don could not see the joke at all; preferred walking on all-fours like a rational dog, and snapped

at the stick and ate up the biscuits in a most commonplace sort of way; till Molly had to make a virtue of necessity, and declare that "he shouldn't learn any horrid, stupid tricks—that he shouldn't!"

And while the children laughed over Mr. Merriman's jokes, and shuddered at Dick Turpin's feats of daring, Honor sat with Lady Jane in the cool shadow of the old grey walls, pouring out a flood of confidences into her friend's sympathetic ear. How they had been all rich once—or, at least, quite well off—and how Brian was to go to Oxford and take high honours, because he was so clever and industrious; and she was to give her life to study painting, because mother had been an artist and father wished her to be the same. But now all was at an end, because father had been robbed and cheated out of all his money, and Brian must give up his hopes, and she must relinquish all she most cared for and mind the children.

"Of course, it is holiday time now," the girl said, "so that one can have a little peace sometimes; and Brian is so good, and manages the children much better than I do: but when he is gone I must leave it all off, and learn to do housekeeping."

"But what a pity that is!" Lady Jane said. "I am sure you ought not to leave off drawing just now, when you are getting on so well; and you might be a great painter in time, you know. But then you must begin while you are young, and give your life to it, like all the best painters have done. Why, the Colonel and I know lots of R.A.s, and great people in that way in

London. I always like to know clever people, and lady-artists especially. I could give you some good introductions, and you would have to study in London, and go abroad and see the great galleries in Rome, and Paris, and Florence. There was a girl we used to know, called Ida Schlegel—such a lovely girl, and so clever; if she had lived she would have been famous before now. She supported her old father entirely by her painting, and had the most charming studio of her own—quite a little gem in its way.”

Honor sighed at the picture of such bliss, and Lady Jane went on—

“Old Lady Tufton, an aunt of my husband’s, took her up when she was quite a child, and far worse off than you, Honor. Lady Tufton is such a dear old lady, and quite a patroness of geniuses. She used to take Ida abroad with her every winter, and it was wonderful to see how the child came out, like a flower in the sunshine.”

“But I have no Lady Tufton,” Honor said mournfully. “Some people are born with golden spoons in their mouths.”

Lady Jane smiled.

“You have not a Lady Tufton,” she said; “but you have at least a friend in poor me, you little disconsolate Honor! Who knows, but that between us we may yet be able to hit upon some plan for you” . . .

. . . “They have to begin training when they are very young, you know; all the secret is beginning

soon enough ; and then they can jump over their own heads as easily as anything !”

It was the returning circus party, deep in the discussion of poodles. I suppose it must have been the curious mixture of ideas that caused Honor to dream that night that she was trying to jump over a ruler held by Lady Jane, with all the children tied on to her tail ; while Brian was patiently balancing a piece of Indiarubber on his nose, and won the prize after all !

CHAPTER XX.

PAT'S BLARNEY.



T was curious to see the difference made in Duke by his acquaintance with the Bright family, and especially by the great friendship which sprang up between him and Pat. Though he was no bigger than Peter, and in some ways far more babyish, and though Paddy was nearer his age and Pat was three years older, still it was Pat he took to from the first, and to Pat he stuck through thick and thin—though there was a deal more of the thick than the thin in Pat's society, if thick may stand for teasing, mischief, and scrapes.

But, under Pat's skilful pilotage, Duke's little bark emerged from the quiet harbour of babyhood, where it had been kept too long, into the chopping sea of boyhood. Colonel Wilmott laughed at Lady Jane's nervous anxiety over her darling, and said that her one duckling was taking to the water, and that that broth of an Irish boy would lick him into shape for school life.

Lady Jane sometimes sighed for the peaceful old days when Duke was content to pace up and down

the Esplanade, holding Sarah's hand, dressed like a wax doll in a baby-linen warehouse, or play quietly with expensive toys in her drawing-room, admired and caressed by lady visitors. Now all was changed: muddy boots and wet, torn clothes, were the order of the day; sunburnt cheeks, freckled nose, and hair all tangled and rough.

Sarah's feelings were beyond expression, and she gave warning three times in one week; for Duke declined her company out of doors altogether, and behaved "so shameful" when she was curling his hair in the morning, that Colonel Wilmott came in to see what was the matter in his shirt-sleeves, in the very middle of shaving, and threatened to cut off those curls there and then with his razor if there was any more row—which was exactly what Duke wished and Sarah dreaded.

You would scarcely have believed him to be the same little boy who came crying along the sands only a week or so before, and who said it was "nice" to have his bare feet on the sand. *Nice* is such an entirely girl's word, and it was very soon supplanted by *jolly*. Duke was an apt pupil in schoolroom slang, and amazed Lady Jane by his extensive, new vocabulary.

She was fain to confess, however, that he was all the better for the change; that the sunburnt cheeks were rounder and firmer, and the eyes on either side of the freckled nose brighter and clearer, and that the head under those tangled curls never ached or drooped, and

that the step in those muddy boots was lighter and gayer, and the little spider body in those torn, wet clothes, more full of life and vigour than before; and she could hear his voice laughing and shouting on the beach as strong and loud as any of them.

It is a great epoch in a boy's life when he first has his head punched, and it is a great test of friendship if it survives that process when it takes place between two boys, and it certainly sealed the friendship between Pat and Duke. Pat, being three years older than Duke, would not willingly have done it, but would have left it to Paddy or Peter, if they had been at hand, as being more of Duke's size; but as they were not there, and justice demanded Duke's head to be operated on, Pat did it.

Duke was teasing the goat in one of the goat-chaises. The goat-chaises stood on the beach, not far from the "Victoria Hotel," close under the wall of the Esplanade, and the goat-chaise boys had left them to go off and play at marbles with the donkey-boys. One of the goats was old, and rather feeble and tired, and Duke kept tempting it to get up, under pretence that he had something for it to eat, and then giving it a pebble. He had done it once before, and Sarah had treated it as a great joke; but Pat took a different view.

"None of that!" he said; "leave the poor brute alone!"

And when Duke repeated the performance he jumped up, saying—

"If you do it again I'll punch your head for you!"

Duke was not used to treatment of this kind, and did not understand that Pat always kept his word ; so again the poor old goat staggered to her feet, only to be disappointed again ; upon which Pat, quickly and decisively, boxed Duke's ears.

Duke stood a second aghast, and then flew at him like a young tiger-cat, nearly blinded with rage, striking out wildly in all directions. He did not hurt Pat, and Pat did not wish to hurt him, but just to hold him till he came to himself a bit ; but in his struggles his foot slipped, and he fell down on his face, making his nose bleed and bruising his lip. If Lady Jane could have seen her boy then, I am afraid she would have set down Pat as a murderer, or something worse ; but, luckily, they were out of sight, and Pat took Duke down to a pool among the rocks, and washed away the blood, and cleaned up the traces of the encounter from his clothes, and the boys parted greater friends than ever.

His swollen nose and cut lip could not be concealed from Lady Jane, more especially as Honor was to have begun her portrait of him that evening ; but no questions could wring from Duke how it happened, and he only stuck to it that it was no fault of Pat's, and that was all he would say : but he never could be a baby again after that.

On the Wednesday following the picnic to Scarsbrook Castle, Balls had invited the boys—which term generally included Molly and Nora—to come to tea at his cottage, and inspect some of the caves in the cliffs,

artificial and natural, which used to be made use of by the smugglers. It was a most charming idea, and much more interesting than "that stupid, old rocket-practice," as Pat said; and he described all the delights to Duke, who listened with envious ears to all Pat's glowing accounts of what they were to do and see.

"I do wish I could go, too," he said; and Pat blazed up at once with the idea.

"Why shouldn't you come along with us? I'm sure Balls would be awfully pleased to see you! Oh, I say, what a lark! Duke's coming with us on Wednesday, Brian!"

Brian looked doubtful.

"Do you think Lady Jane would like it?"

"Oh, bother Lady——! I mean," said Pat, "couldn't you come round her, Duke, somehow? Tell her Brian is going, and he'll look after you. Lobsters for tea, you know!—hot lobsters, just out of the sea! Oh, stunning!" said Pat, smacking his lips.

But Duke could not get Lady Jane to agree. It was the very day of Duke's battered face; and when such an accident had happened in Pat's company, however it might have occurred, it did not encourage her to entrust him to the same guardianship. So Lady Jane was firm, and promised that he should go out in Colonel Wilmott's yacht for the whole day instead.

Brian was much relieved at this decision. Honor, also, vexed Pat by declaring that, if she were Lady Jane, she would not let Duke come near him. Pat took the announcement very quietly, and Duke was

quite disappointed at finding how little he seemed to care about what was a severe disappointment to himself.

Lady Jane asked Honor to go with them on the yacht, and on Tuesday evening, after the rest had gone to bed, she and Brian went to the "Victoria," to find out what time she should be ready to start the next day.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and they sat down on one of the seats on the Esplanade, and watched the light on the sea, and Honor told Brian some of what Lady Jane had talked of at Scarsbrook, and of the happy young artist whose career might have been so triumphant but for her death. They were so engrossed with their conversation that they did not see some one run by close behind them, and as they had seen every one of the children in bed before they started, they would not have taken any notice if they had seen it.

When they reached the "Victoria," they met Colonel Wilmott at the door, coming out for a cigar in the moonlight, and Brian turned and went with him, while Honor went in alone.

"Lady Jane has a visitor," Colonel Wilmott said, with a laugh; "but you know, don't you?"

"No," said Honor. "Perhaps I had better not go up then?"

"Oh yes, do, if it's only to play propriety. They were flirting so outrageously when I came away, that I told them my feelings as a husband would not allow of my remaining any longer."

So Honor went up and opened the door, which fell back softly, unheard by those within. Lady Jane was sitting at the window, making a graceful picture, with the background of the moonlit sea and sky, and the stone balustrade of the balcony. She was talking to some one on the balcony outside; but Honor could not see who it was, and Lady Jane was so turned away that she could only see the outline of her cheek and the diamond earring glittering in the lamplight. As she entered Lady Jane was saying—

“Well, I suppose I must say yes, if you wish it so very much.”

And then Honor gave a cough, and there was a sudden movement on the balcony, and Lady Jane turned and came to meet her.

She certainly had been talking to some one, and Colonel Wilmott had spoken of a visitor, but Lady Jane said nothing to her of any one being there, and, as far as she could see from where she sat, the balcony was empty. Honor felt it was no business of hers; but she could not help feeling that there was a want of confidence in her, and it gave her a little sore feeling at her heart, and reserve and constraint to her manner. There was a half smile on Lady Jane's lips, and her attention was evidently distracted as she talked, which vexed and annoyed poor, sensitive Honor not a little. So it was not so much of a disappointment as it might have been when Lady Jane said—

“You must come yachting with us another day,

dear, for we have been persuaded to alter our plans for to-morrow."

"Yes," said Honor a little stiffly, "it is all the same to me."

There was a sound on the balcony, and Lady Jane smiled and went on.

"Do you think your good Brian would take care of little Duke to-morrow? My boy has set his heart on going, and I am very weak with him, you know."

"I am sure Brian will take care of him, if you like him to go; but Balls is a very rough old man, and"—
Another noise from the balcony.

"I think I will run the risk," said Lady Jane. "One must not hope to keep him under a glass case always."

"I suppose," said Honor, "that if it rains he will not go? I shall not let Molly and Nora go if it is wet."

"Not much chance of rain," Lady Jane replied, glancing at the window. But even though the moment before the moon had been shining serenely, a little scud had come up, and heavy drops were falling on the balcony.

"There is going to be a shower," said Honor. "I had better get back before it gets worse. Brian is just outside with Colonel Wilmott."

"Come in and see Duke asleep," said Lady Jane, linking her arm in the girl's, who had never felt less warmly to her.

So they went into the bedroom, leading out of his mother's, where Duke lay in his dainty little bed, looking very fair and pretty, in spite of his bruised

face. But while they stood there Honor heard the drawing-room door bang, and quick footsteps on the stairs; and she hastened away under pretext of the rain, and was very silent to Brian as they walked home.

As she was undressing to go to bed, Brian tapped at her door.

"Just come and look at Pat, Honor," he said. "His face is as red as fire, and his hair quite wet. I can't think what's the matter with him."

Pat was apparently fast asleep and snoring, and, as Brian had said, his hair was wet and his face flushed.

"Do you think it's the scarlet fever, Honor? Perhaps I had better put Paddy into my bed."

"I don't think it can be that," Honor answered; "he seemed so well to-day. But his breathing sounds odd. Shall we call up Mrs. Hopkins, and see what she says?"

So Brian and Honor debated over Pat's bed with anxious, pale faces; but just as Brian was going off to Mrs. Hopkins, Pat opened his eyes quite wide, after a prolonged snore, and said—

"You see there is no cover to that stupid old balcony at the 'Victoria,' and I had to run so jolly fast to get back before you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

BALLS' TEA-PARTY.

“ARIETY is charming,” as Aunt Bell used to say when she reviewed Peter’s copies of pot-hooks and hangers on the slate.

It is surprising to find what a long list of totally different occupations came, in the children’s dictionary, under the heads “Lark” or “Jolly fun.”

Going to tea with Balls or Lady Jane were equally exciting; a ten-mile drive on the top of a coach, or a scrambling walk through Balls’ glen—raised pie and champagne, or hot lobster and tea—all is grist that comes to the strong, healthy, young mills of such children as the Brights.

I think it was rather a blow to their minds to find that Balls took his tea much like other folk, after all, and that there was nothing especially eccentric in his way of life. I don’t quite know what they had expected, but I do not think any of them would have been surprised at a promiscuous meal out of a seething, black caldron, accompanied by clasp-knives and drinking-horns.

Balls, however, thought otherwise, and prided him

self on showing the young gentlefolk that he knew what was becoming. Molly and Nora even scented out Mrs. Hopkins' assistance in some of the arrangements, though that good lady fortunately did not appear on the scene, and Balls did the honours alone, looking somewhat solemn and abashed in a clean, canvas jacket, with a very shiny face and unnaturally smooth hair.

There was just space enough in the little room for the guests to squeeze in round the table, which was covered with a coarse but very white cloth, and adorned with a fine nosegay of sweet-peas, and southernwood, and marigolds, stuck in a brown jug. They were all provided with very small blue plates and very large black-handled knives and forks, with two prongs, like a pitchfork, which Duke found puzzling and even dangerous when applied to lobsters' shells, and led one to feel that the often-quoted invention of "fingers before forks" spoke little for the progress of civilisation.

As for the cups and saucers, I think they must have been bought on purpose, as they had each of them a very strong black view of the Esplanade on one side, and "A present from Saltgate" on the other.

Hot lobsters formed the main feature of the repast—such great, fierce-looking, scarlet fellows, who but two hours ago had been defying the world with their strong black nippers under the fresh green waters of the cove. It was a sight to make a dyspeptic shudder to behold the mighty piles of shells left after the feast,

and think of the quantity of new bread and butter which had vanished during its progress. But no evil results ensued, and by the time tea was over Balls and his young guests were on the best of terms, and prepared for any adventure that might turn up.

“Now, young masters—begging your pardon, ladies, young misses and masters—I haven’t got nothing to amuse you here, without it’s them old caves—that is to say, if you don’t mind a bit of a scramble. Just what you likes, is it? Very well, then; but mind you, young gents, you mustn’t get up to none of your tricks while I has the charge of you, but just do as I tell you.”

I think if Balls had bidden the children follow him straight up a mast at that moment, they would have done so most willingly; and, indeed, as Balls afterwards observed, “It was surprising how good they could all be when they were in a mind for it!”

The high white cliffs, between Saltgate and Sandhaven, are famous for their curious caves and pretty little coves and creeks, mostly accessible only at low tide. There was Shingle Bay, and then Silver Bay, so called for its smooth, firm, white sand; and, further on still, Smugglers’ Cove, a deep recess shut in by low-lying, slippery, green rocks, and overhung on all sides by the high cliffs, in whose clefts and ledges the sea-birds built their nests in vast numbers. Here was the Smugglers’ Cave, a dark, mysterious place, running far back under the cliff, and full of hidden nooks and corners, where kegs of spirits and bales of cotton and

tobacco had lain stowed safely away in the bygone days of contraband traffic.

Molly and Nora were pleased enough to climb about the rocks, peering and splashing into the little crystal pools, where, over smooth silver sand and many-coloured shells and pebbles, waved mimic forests of feathery pink and crimson seaweed, and sea-anemones spread their dainty plumes and fringes in the clear water. Overhead, companies of sea-gulls caught the evening sunshine on their broad white wings, as they sailed home to their nesting-place, far up among the cliffs, while black cormorants perched on the pointed crags or dived for fish in the shining waves. Duke had so set his heart on possessing a young sea-gull, that Brian began to fear that Balls would feel bound to risk his neck in doing the honours of the place; and it was quite a relief when the boy's thoughts were distracted by the excitement of exploring the wonderful cave.

Balls had brought a bit of candle with him, and it was delightfully awful to penetrate into the gloomy depths, cautiously feeling their way, and seeing the mouth of the cave getting smaller and smaller behind them, like a round bright moon in a black starless sky. Then, when a light was struck, it was strange to see the faint, flickering gleam falling on dark archways and turns, leading no one knew where, and the long gloomy passage still stretching away before them.

Duke got rather frightened, and clung tightly to Balls' arm; and even Pat and Paddy agreed that it

would be no joke to get in there alone, though it was jolly enough exploring the place all together.

Balls told them that at one time there had been an opening at the other end, and that a great part of the smuggled goods was conveyed inland that way; but this entrance had been closed long ago by order of Government, so that there was no exit on the land side.

"Did any one ever get lost here?" asked Duke.

"Well, I never heard tell of any one being lost outright here," Balls said; "but it's surprising how silly some folks is, to be sure. Why, it's just upon three year ago as a young gent took into his head to come here alone, without knowing the place, just for a bit of fun—I think it was a wager, or something of that—but he soon found out his mistake, for he got his light put out someway, and then he was in a pretty pickle, I can tell you. If me and my mate hadn't been watching him, to see what he was after, he might have come to a bad end, for you might shout yourself hoarse in here and no one would be the wiser. He was in a precious mess, to be sure, when we found him! He had lost his hat, and tore his coat, and knocked himself about dreadful. He'd pretty near stunned himself against the rocks, and bruised his face, and cut his knee open with a fall. I reckon he had a pretty smart lesson that time."

It was rather a relief, after this awful warning, when the children found themselves once more, blinking and dazzled, in the open daylight again.

"I wish Honor could see it!" Molly said. "Wouldn't she enjoy painting that big rock, Brian? It is not so very far to walk, and now we know the way we could easily come some evening at low tide—could we not, Balls?"

But Balls did not receive the suggestion with approval.

"You see, Missy, it's easy enough to get here along the sands—and back, too, for that matter—if you keep your eye on the tide. But then you must pitch on the right time, just as we have done to-night, for it's a wonder how soon the place is covered when the turn once comes. Then you might get straying on to the next bay, and that's not safe nohow without you had some one with you; and that's an ugly place to get shut up in, that is; worse even than this, and this is lonesome enough."

"You'll take us round, Balls, won't you?" the boys exclaimed eagerly. "It will be hours yet before the tide is up, and there's a jolly cave there, isn't there? Do you remember reading it out of the Guide-book? Wizard's Cave, isn't it called, Balls?"

"Yes, they do call it so," Balls said; "though I don't rightly know why, unless it is because no common folk couldn't 'bide there. Indeed, I'd like to see any one who could—wizard or no—for it's all covered half the year, and even now it's only for about half an hour you can get to it. It runs down deep, you see, under the rock, so that the farther end is always full of water, and the tide runs in in a few minutes when

it comes. No, Master Pat, I can't take you to-night; we must look sharp and get back as it is. It's not much to see, after all; only some folks seems to think nothing's worth looking at if you don't have to break your neck for it."

"I should like to see it awfully!" Pat said.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHERE IS PAT?

“RS. HOPKINS, please, Brian wants his boots ; and if they're not cleaned yet he says it don't matter, and he'll put them on as they are, for he wants to go out.”

“Hasn't he got another pair? They're not fit for him to put on, what with getting them wet through and cutting them about on them nasty stones.”

Mrs. Hopkins was surveying Brian's boots severely, and when she turned them over and found the soles dilapidated, and one of the upper leathers unsewn on one side, she felt that the time had come for speaking a bit of her mind—“as 'aving 'ad boys of her own, and knowing their ways and 'abits.”

“And you with that nasty cough a-nights, as often and often I've laid and listened to, till I'd 'arf a mind to come in, as did ought to be seen to—which a tallow plaster on the chess is a capital thing, as my poor mother always said, and wore one 'erself the very day she died.”

The application of the corner of her apron to her

eye, in memoriam of her mother, here gave Brian time to put in a word.

"Oh, my cough is all right—only a noisy sort of a bark I often have of a winter; and as for the boots—well"—he looked at them ruefully, rubbing up his hair, "they are baddish; but I suppose they could be patched up a bit just to wear on the beach."

"They'd be best patched up by a new pair, Master Brian," said kind-hearted Mrs. Hopkins, who had a warm feeling for the distracted, anxious, young head of such "a 'owdacious family!"

But Brian shook his head.

"Look here, Mrs. Hopkins, couldn't you get them mended up strong for me by some fellow who would do them quick?—and I'll stop in to-day and coddle a bit."

So Mrs. Hopkins carried off the boots to an obliging cobbler, who promised to make a thoroughly good job of them by that very evening; and Brian established himself at the window with his books and writing so as to command a good view of the beach, where the rest of the family were amusing themselves in various ways.

In the afternoon Lady Jane called, in her little pony-carriage, to fetch Honor for a drive; and Duke joined the children on the beach, as he did almost every day now.

Lady Jane nodded gaily at Brian as he sat in the window.

"Duke enjoyed himself immensely yesterday, and

I am much obliged to you for taking such first-rate care of him. It was that wicked brother of yours, Pat, who coaxed me into it, you know."

And then Honor got in beside her and they drove away, and Brian listened, smiling, till the sound of the ponies' feet and the jingling bells died away. He rather enjoyed his quiet, solitary afternoon, for a change; he wrote a good long letter to Aunt Bell, which always refreshed and did him good; and he was quite surprised at the quickness with which the afternoon had slipped away when the children came clattering in, very hungry, and anxious for their tea.

"We shan't wait for Honor; shall we, Brian? She may be ever so late."

"All right—ring the bell. Where's Pat?"

"Oh, he's gone off along with Duke. He'll turn up all right if he wants his tea!"

So they had tea, and the children rushed out again to a very elaborate model of Scarsbrook Castle which they were constructing, and which was to defy the incoming tide altogether.

Brian got his book, and pushed back his plate, and sat reading among surroundings of spilled tea, crumbs, and smears of treacle, waiting for Honor and Pat.

Honor came in before long, and her first words awoke an uneasy feeling in Brian directly.

"Where's Duke?" she said. "Has he been to tea? Sarah was asking for him at the 'Victoria,' and I thought the children had brought him in. I really

think, Brian, that we might have buns or cake for tea when Duke comes; he is used to everything so different."

But Brian got up and looked uneasily down at his feet, in the worsted-work slippers Molly and Nora had made for him last Christmas.

"Duke has not been in to tea, nor Pat either," he said. "Where can they have gone to?"

The children were still working at their castle in front—Paddy and Peter, Molly and Nora, but no one else; and Brian caught up his hat, and, regardless of appearances as to feet, ran down to question them about Pat and Duke.

"They went off together along the beach almost as soon as Duke came out," Paddy said; "but they are such awful chums that they don't let any one into their secrets."

"Which way did they go?"

"Oh, I don't know! Look out there, Brian, you are knocking down the keep!"

"Which way did they go?"

"Oh, that way!"—with an impatient jerk of the head towards the part of the shore where Brian's fears had already flown long since—the direction of the coastguard station and Balls' Glen, of Smugglers' Glen, and Wizard's Cave, with accompanying dangers and horrors, that turned Brian sick and cold just for a moment even to think of. One glance along the beach was enough to show him that it was no use attempting

to go that way, for the tide was already washing against the point of rock that forms the limit of Saltgate Bay in that direction; and, among the groups of children still on the sands, Pat and Duke were not to be seen.

"They have gone to see Balls again," Brian said to himself, choking down the fear which all the same was urging him on at the top of his speed up the cliff path; sometimes running, sometimes walking, never stopping to take breath or look about. "They are all safe," he kept saying to himself, "and I will give Pat a good thrashing for going, and taking Duke, too. If I didn't know where they are, I should be in an awful fright; and Lady Jane, too! Balls ought not to have kept them—he ought to have sent them straight back; but they are all safe—all safe!"

There is the coastguard station at last, with two of the men sitting out on the bench in front, smoking their pipes, and they wish Brian "Good evening" as he goes by, but he is too much out of breath to answer; and one of them points with the stem of his pipe to the bright colours in his slippers, and the other laughs: but Brian is looking down on Balls' Glen, and all his senses are fixed on that, so he does not notice the joke. There is Balls' cottage, with the blue smoke curling up from the chimney, and Balls himself muddling about among his flowers in front, all by himself.

"They have seen me coming and are hiding," Brian said; and he thought that Balls was in the plot, and

that the start of surprise he gave when Brian came plunging down the steep side of the glen was just a bit of good acting, and that he should hear Pat's chuckle from behind the summer-house, or catch a glimpse of Duke's velvet jacket or curls in the porch.

So Brian forced up a smile as he asked, in rather a gasping voice—

“Where are the boys, Balls?”

“The boys?” said Balls, pushing back his hat and looking straight at Brian. “What boys?”

“Oh, you know well enough!—my brother Pat and little Master Duke. They have been here this afternoon, haven't they?”

“Master Pat and little Master Duke?”

“Yes, yes!”

Brian could have shaken Balls to get the slow words out faster.

“They've neither of them a-been here,” said Balls.

Brian caught at the low wall to steady himself.

“Are you sure,” he said, “that they did not come this afternoon?—while you were out, perhaps?”

“No,” said Balls; “for I've been putting a coat of paint on my old hulk of a summer-house, so I've been out nowhere since noon. Can't you find the young gents, then?”

“I made sure that they had come to you,” said Brian, almost hoping still that Balls might be keeping the boys out of sight for fun.

But no actor could have counterfeited the sudden

look of terror that sprang into Balls' eyes all at once, as he dropped his spade and struck his hand sharply against his thigh.

"Well," he said, "if I didn't think as I" — And then he stopped short. "Now, then, Master Brian, lad, don't you look so scared, for it mightn't have been they two after all—more likely than not."

"Where did you think you saw them?" Brian gasped.

But Balls was pinching up the skin on his blue, bristly chin, and looking beyond Brian at the beach, and in answer to Brian's repeated question he only said, "High tide at nine, and it must be seven by now," and shook his head.

"Tell me," said Brian, "what you saw."

"Well, it mayn't have been them—most like not—but about four, while I were hard at my painting, I heard a call down on the beach, and I says to myself, says I, 'There's them young gents agin, come to try and get over me to take 'em to the Wizard's Cave; but I can't be bothered to-day, no-how.' So I didn't take no notice, and by and by a little pebble came right agin my back, and I grinned to myself, but went on with my painting as if I hadn't a-felt it."

"Well?" said Brian.

"Well, I didn't hear no more of them, and so I set it down to one of the men up there at the station yonder up to a lark."

"If they have gone along, the shore" — said

Brian, trying to speak calmly, and Balls took up his words.

“If they have gone on along the shore, Master Brian, them two babies, as you may say, they’ve got caught by the tide in one of them ugly bays; and please God to save them, for I don’t think man can do it.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

IS IT LIFE OR DEATH?



HE sun was setting over the sea in all shades of gorgeous colour when Brian and Balls set out along the cliffs on their desperate quest. It was in vain that Balls tried to persuade Brian that the boys had gone another way, and that, doubtless, by that time they were safe at home. Brian knew better. He knew that Pat's mind had been entirely engrossed with the caves, and that he could talk and think of nothing else, and that Duke had been infected with the same interest, as he was so easily with any of Pat's whims. He could quite see the two boys making their way along the shore, and stopping at Balls' Glen, undecided whether they would enlist Balls' services as a guide or enjoy the greater excitement of exploring by themselves. Oh ! if Balls had but turned round, they might have been stopped and saved from—what ? Ah ! who could tell ?

Balls shouted to the coastguards before they left the glen, bidding one of them go at once to Saltgate and bring a boat along the shore. But, with the incoming tide, there was such a strong current running into the

bay that it was hard work even for four stout rowers to get round the point, and it would be some time before help from that direction could be hoped for.

So Brian and Balls kept along the edge of the cliff, every now and then throwing themselves flat on the grass, and looking over the edge down the giddy precipices, and calling Pat or Duke, or whistling, or throwing stones down to attract their attention, if they happened to be on any of those crescents or strips of sand or shingle which every wave made smaller and narrower.

Sea-birds flew out screeching and flapping from their resting-places on the cliff below, bits of chalk crumbled and rolled down, and the little waves lapped and rippled, but no answer came to their shouts. Brian was reckless of his own safety, and Balls more than once had to draw him back from the crumbling edge, and remind him that he would not save the boys' lives by losing his own.

Shingle Bay was not so precipitous, and a good climber could make his way down in somewhat break-neck fashion, and Brian half hoped, half feared, to find them there, where escape might have been just possible. But no answer came to his call, and they went on to Smugglers' Bay. No one there, either; and now a faint hope begins to stir in Brian's heart. After all, the boys may not have come, and, indeed, there is very slight reason for being so sure of it. There only remains Wizard's Cave, after which the cliffs gradually sink to the flat shore of Sandhaven.

"They are not there!" Brian cries, after a rapid survey of as much of the bay as he can see from the point where he has thrown himself down on the turf.

But Balls does not answer directly, but keeps still looking down, with his better-accustomed eyes, at something on the shore below. It is neither Pat nor Duke, sure enough; but it is no wonder that Balls looks, for it is not often that you see a velvet cap with an eagle's plume on a ridge of seaweed!

Brian catches sight of it, too, though he does not make out clearly what it is, and he shouts "Pat! Pat! Pat!" as loud as he can.

Is it the cry of a sea-bird that answers? Brian would rather have cut off his right hand than have heard that cry from below, "Brian! Brian! save me!" in Duke's voice. And then something moves from the side of a big rock, and there is Duke, holding up his arms to Brian and safety—so far away still.

"Where's Pat?"

But Duke can only sob out sounds that Brian cannot understand; and Brian shouts again, "I'm coming, Duke! don't be frightened!" and puts his deadly fear for Pat aside to fix all his efforts on saving Duke.

"I'm coming! Don't be frightened!" Easy enough to say and mean it, but how to do it?

When Brian leaped to his feet, and looked at Balls, he found little encouragement from his gloomy, set face.

"How can I get to him?"

Balls shrugged his shoulders and turned away, and Brian caught hold of his arm.

"I tell you I *must* get to him!"

"Look here, young master! you can get to him with a broken neck, if you like, but that won't do the poor little chap no good, nor you neither. If it had been Shingle Bay it would have been different. Please God the boat may get round from Saltgate in time, for it's his only chance."

"You said it would take them an hour."

"Thereabouts."

"And it will be high tide long before that!"

Balls only grunted; but from the beach came the child's shrill cry—"Brian, save me!"

"I must get down somehow, and you must help me," Brian said. He spoke quite quietly, and with a tone of command that was new to him; but in moments of great peril a master-mind speaks out, though, perhaps, never before or afterwards.

"Do you think I want to see the little chap drowned before my eyes?" Balls said almost fiercely. "But if we got down anyhow, we couldn't get up nohow, and we'd only be drowned in company!"

"Couldn't we get him up out of reach of the tide till the boat comes round?"

Balls pondered.

"Let me bide a bit," he said, "and if there's e'er a scheme to be knocked out, never fear but I'll get hold of it!"

It seemed hours to Brian while he thought, and it

needed great self-restraint to resist interrupting his musings; but Brian was rewarded at last.

"Now," he said, "look'ee here! It's a desperate chance, and I don't know as I ought to let you do no such thing, or if you've the pluck to do it—but this is what it is."

And then he suggested the following plan. On the opposite side of the bay to where they stood, about twenty feet down from the top, there was a ledge, called "the Main Bench," where the sea-birds came in large numbers to make their nests. Near this there were some other ledges in the cliffs, by which an expert and fearless climber might make his way downwards, with a fall of some eight feet at the bottom. Balls had a rope with him, that he had caught up as he came away, and with this he proposed to lower Brian on to the Main Bench.

"I'd a deal rather a-gone myself, but I'm near crippled with the rheumatics; and I don't know as you'd be able to let me down safe to the Bench, and you're lighter, too, by a good deal."

But this was not all. Of course it was useless to attempt the ascent, especially with a child, but Balls remembered a ledge a little way up, which the tide only just covered at its highest.

"I left a basket there one night, and it weren't carried away, so if you and the boy could get there, you might bide safe till the boat come—if you could hold him on and stick fast yourself, for there's no sea on to speak of to-night."

Often at night for years afterwards Brian would remember that awful descent of the cliff, and wake with a start, thinking that he was swinging in mid-air, with the rope under his arms, and sea-birds flapping and whirling round him, and the rope straining and twisting. And when his feet stood firm among the old nests and feathers on the Main Bench his perilous journey seemed only just begun, and Duke no nearer than before. He sickened and turned very giddy for a minute; but he shut his eyes and said a prayer that was little more than a sob, and went on, sometimes climbing, sometimes jumping, sometimes dropping, and at last stood—torn, and bruised, and bleeding—by Duke's side on the tiny strip of sand, and shouted the news of his safe arrival up to Balls.

Duke threw his arms round him, and it was some time before Brian could calm him at all, so as to allow of their finding the ledge Balls had described to him; and it was a work of some difficulty to get the trembling, almost powerless, child up to the narrow perch where they were to wait for the boat.

As to Pat, Brian could find out very little. Duke always began to cry again at his name, and all Brian could glean was that he left Duke behind, and that Duke thought he was quite safe, but did not know. So there was nothing for it but patience, while the sunset colours faded out of the sky, and the darkness drew on, and the tide came up—and up—and up towards them, like a hungry monster licking its lips ready to devour them.

The cliff a little overhung the ledge where they sat,

and there was a sharp corner that hid the opposite side of the bay, so they could not see the people on the cliffs, though they heard shouts now and then, and Brian knew that Balls had been joined by other men; but he could not make out what they said, and he got almost drowsy as he sat there, with the sound of the water at his feet. And Duke, too, settled into silence, only broken by a quivering sob, as he clung close to Brian in the twilight. Brian was bruised, and stiff, and exhausted, and his mind seemed as battered and worn out as his body, and it seemed as if he and Duke might have been sitting on that narrow ledge for a lifetime, clinging to the cold, clammy rock, and watching the stars come out, one by one, over the sea.

Duke actually fell asleep at last, worn out by excitement and fatigue; and Brian almost feared he might do the same, and let go his grasp of the rock, and fall off with Duke into the cold, creeping tide, that even now was round his feet and legs, chilling him to the bone.

But just as he was rousing himself with a great effort, something appeared from the overhanging cliff above them; not a sea-gull or cormorant, but something coming slowly down, swaying backwards and forwards, suspended by a rope, which, as it came nearer, he recognised as the cradle of the rocket apparatus. Here were the means of safety at last, instead of that boat which seemed so long in coming!

But on that slippery, narrow ledge, how could he ever catch the cradle, or get Duke safely into it? He

had not much spirit left in him—poor Brian!—and I don't think he was capable of many more efforts, either for Duke's life or his own. But there were strong men and anxious hearts up above—Colonel Wilmott among them—and again and again the cradle swung backwards and forwards, till at last it swung within Brian's reach, and a shout from above told that they felt he had hold of it.

Now he must wake Duke, and persuade the terrified child to get into the cradle. What had frightened Pat when it was done for a joke in broad daylight, must be done now by little Duke in the dark, with sea and precipice beneath him! He refused to leave Brian at first, and clung to him with such strength that they nearly fell together into the dark water; but at last Brian prevailed.

"Your father is up there, Duke," he said; "and he says you must go, for your mother wants you!"

It was only a guess on Brian's part, but it was true nevertheless.

"Shut your eyes, Duke, and say your prayers—the one you say at night—and think of your mother!"

And then Brian pushed the cradle gently away, and it swung into the air, and began slowly—very slowly—to rise. And then Brian, left on the ledge, prayed as he had never done before, listening all the time with strained ears for the splash and scream that might end hope and little Duke together. Instead of this he heard a glad shout from above, and then more shouting to him, the purpose of which he missed; but

he waited on for his turn, wondering that the cradle did not return, and dreading the dreadful passage up to safety.

He did not know that the edge of the cliff had frayed the rope in bringing up Duke, so that they were afraid to try the experiment again, and that they shouted to tell him that the boat was close at hand. He only felt a sickening sense that he had been forgotten and deserted now Duke was saved, and that he was all alone in the darkness, and that the water was all about him—nearly up to his waist, and that his strength was ebbing fast, and that in another minute, if help came, it would come too late.

But at that very moment bright lights flashed in his eyes, and voices sounded in his ears; and the next, strong arms had hold of him and were pulling him into the boat; and then—he did not know anything further, for he fell into the bottom of the boat, fainting and unconscious.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THINE IS THE POWER."

OMETIMES, I think, we learn more of ourselves and our surroundings in a few minutes than in half a lifetime. For years, it may be, we go on like people in a dream, till one day some sudden sorrow comes and plucks the closed book of our own lives from our bosom, where it has lain so long unused, and turns the pages with a sharp, stern touch, while we gaze in amazement at the record written there, ready for the great account, when "the books shall be opened."

So it was with Lady Jane, as she sat alone in her splendid chamber, with her fair, young face all white, and her tearless eyes fixed in an agony of expectation. "I will break down their idols;" "The Lord thy God is a jealous God." Such words seemed to ring in her ears all through those hours of waiting. Presently, too, came thoughts to the young mother's heart as to that other sorrowing woman of old: "If Thou wilt indeed remember the afflictions of Thine handmaid, then will I give him unto the Lord all the days of his life."

So it was, too, with Honor, as she gathered the children round her in the deepening twilight, feeling as she had never done before that these young brothers and sisters of hers were indeed "great possessions," far greater than the young ruler's riches—a very fortune of love which she had been counting as nothing; till now the order was given, and the good gift she had made light of was to be withdrawn.

"O Pat! dear, old, madcap Pat! who could tease and coax, worry and cajole, all at once, the very torment and sunshine of the house! with his bright face, and blue eyes—such audacious, honest, loving, blue eyes! laughing at you like the very spirit of mischief!"

For a time they had all sat huddled up together by the window, Honor and Peter, Molly and Nora, while poor Paddy wandered about between the house and the beach, vainly seeking for tidings.

Presently news came back from Balls, brought by a fisher-boy; and his breathless, confused tidings filled them with dismay.

"Scarce a chance for any of them! One young gent over the cliff—one gone entirely, probably washed away round the point, or drowned in one of the caves—a third in terrible danger—only the barest hope of saving him!"

"I'll go to Balls!" Paddy exclaimed. "Oh, I must go!"

And then the look in Honor's face stopped him.

"Not you, too, Paddy!" she said faintly, catching at the boy's hand.

And then, with one yearning look along the shore, Paddy sat down by Honor's side, laying his curly head in her lap, as he used to lay it in Aunt Bell's when he wished to be comforted.

So they sat for a long time without speaking, only watching, and waiting, and listening for those who did not come — who, perhaps, would never come. Presently Mrs. Hopkins came up with a candle; and it was almost a relief to have the silence broken by her voluble sympathy.

"There, my dears! don't take on so! don't now! You just take little Master Peter to bed, Missy. Why, he's reg'lar wore out, poor little fellow! and we'll try and make things a bit comfortable here against they"——

And here the good soul broke down, feeling almost as if she were mocking the children; for Mrs. Hopkins, like most of the other Saltgate folks, had got hold of the notion that Brian had fallen from the cliff in trying to save Duke, and that both he and Pat had perished.

"Oh, if Aunt Bell were but here!" poor Honor thought.

But in after days she felt almost glad that Aunt Bell had not been there; for, even in the midst of all the trouble, it was a new, sweet pleasure to the girl, to feel Peter's arms clasping her neck, and Molly and Nora clinging about her for comfort and protection; and even Paddy following her upstairs, as she carried the little one to bed.

"You'll stop till I am asleep, won't you, Honor?" Peter entreated. "Brian always does."

So Honor sat still by the side of the bed, holding Peter's hand, till the bright eyes grew heavy with sleep.

"I wish Brian would come in," the little fellow said drowsily. "Why doesn't he come, Honor? I want him to kiss me."

"I must kiss you for him, Peter," Honor said in a choked voice, laying down her face beside the child's round cheek on the pillow.

"You'll tell him I said my prayers all right, Honor. I said 'Our Father,' quite right—didn't I? Brian says I always get wrong at the end; but I said it all right to-night. 'Deliver us from evil. Thine is the kingdom, and the power'—that's right, 'the power.' I always missed it out before: but it's right now; and I can say it all right to Brian to-morrow."

"Yes, Peter darling! Say it again with me for Brian. 'Deliver us from evil; Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.' Now try and go to sleep."

"Thine is the power!" Oh, what a world of comfort there was in those words for Honor just now, as she sat in the half-darkness of the starlit, summer night, listening to the child's quiet breathing, and the regular plash of the waves on the shore, and the murmur of voices downstairs!

She could just make out the things in the room—Brian's things—and each seemed to preach a little

sermon to her, and tell what this brother of hers was. There were the old, patched boots, clumsily mended up, telling of his self-forgetting, self-denial; there were his Latin books and sketching things pushed away in a corner, to make room for account-books, the children's story-books, and the boat he was mending for Pat—self thrust aside again for duty, the future forgotten in the present.

Forgotten? Well, not quite; for there on the open desk in the window lay a letter in Brian's writing, directed to a country-town banker, near their new home, in whose office he had that morning been offered a seat.

"Shall you take it, Brian?" she had said, when he read it to her.

"Oh yes! if he will have me," was the short reply.

"But it's very little pay."

"Little's better than nothing."

"I know you hate that dull sort of work."

"I hate being a drag on father."

"Thirty pounds a-year are not enough to live on, Brian."

"Oh, nonsense! many fellows do with less. And then, don't you see, Honor Bright, if I'm out of the way, and off his hands, perhaps after a time the *pater* can afford a governess for the little ones; and then you will have time to set to work and make the family fortune?"

Out of the way! Ah, how sadly the words came back to her now! How poor and small seemed now

her life of dreaming, compared to the life of doing and suffering that even now, perhaps, was at an end—even now had won the true crown of "Honour Bright."

"They never shall call me that again," the girl said.

And so the time passed wearily on till there came a sound of hurried steps and voices in the passage, and the Colonel speaking in a strange, quivering tone.

"I fancied some one would have reached you sooner, but I thought I must come down to you myself, to say it's all right—at least, that is, Brian is all right, thank God! and he's the bravest fellow that ever lived! You have a brother to be proud of, children!"

They were all clinging about him now; only Honor stood still, looking into the Colonel's face, as if she were trying to read there the dark something that lay still behind the tumult of joy in his own boy's safety and Brian's heroism.

"Pat?" she whispered at last, with white lips. "Pat?"

And then a silence came on them all, while the Colonel spoke low, and turned aside, as if he could not bear to meet all those eager eyes.

"I don't know, children. God knows! Pat is safe in His hands wherever he is, mind that; and please God, we'll find him yet. Come, Paddy, boy, you must do for both to-night, and help get ready for Brian. I said they had better bring him on here while they were about it. There's no room for anything in that little hole of Balls'; and the extra journey here is well worth while, so that he can be properly cared for."

The Colonel had left little Duke safe in his mother's arms, apparently quite unhurt, though, of course, very wet and frightened; and having done so, he could think of nothing but Brian. So Mrs. Hopkins, Honor, and the children were soon under marching orders after the long, weary halt of the last few hours. Peter was carried sleeping into Honor's room, while Brian's bed was made ready for him, a fire lighted, and hot blankets and all sorts of things got ready to receive him. And after what seemed a long time came the cart, stopping at the door, and three stout boatmen carried Brian upstairs, and laid him down on his bed as tenderly as if they had been three old women.

The Colonel had called in a doctor to see to his injuries, and Mrs. Hopkins was soon in her glory, bathing, and fomenting, and binding up; till Brian lay bandaged up like a mummy, with only a very ghastly, little bit of his face visible, but breathing regularly, and sleeping from mere exhaustion.

"Thine is the power!" came back to Honor's mind, as she stood looking at him. Yes, "and the glory," too. The power to save—the glory of great mercy. But oh! where is Pat? Still we must say for him, "Deliver us from evil!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.



AND while little Duke was swinging in the cradle midway between life and death, and Brian knelt on the cold, slippery rock-ledge, with the water creeping round him, while Honor and Lady Jane watched, and listened, and waited, where was Pat?

Not bruised and bleeding among the rocks, or choking and struggling in the rising tide, or floating still and lifeless on the cold waves. No, the same mighty Hand that guided and steadied the rope for Duke, and upheld Brian fainting on the ledge below, was also over Pat, trudging along weary, and sick at heart, away from the treacherous sea and the anxious hearts waiting for him, to the only person who seemed able to help him—to father.

“You see,” Pat said afterwards to Aunt Bell, when she had at last coaxed him into an account of his doings that day, which no one else had been able to get from him; “You see Balls’ tales, and those old caves, seemed regularly to have got hold of me, somehow.

I could not sleep for thinking how I should like to get into the Wizard's Cave, and planning how I could manage it. First I thought we'd try and come round Balls again, to take us all. And then I thought that would be no go, and perhaps Paddy and I could get off on the quiet together some day, and get back before any one missed us. I never thought of taking Duke, nor of going that afternoon at all; but somehow or other everything seemed so slow on the beach, and Paddy and the girls were up to their eyes in that stupid old castle, and I didn't feel a bit in the humour for that sort of thing. It was just low tide, and I thought I'd walk a little way along, and reconnoitre a bit. And then Duke came after me, and somehow or other we got talking and "——

Pat, as is often the case when one has done something unusually silly, found it very difficult to give any explanation of his conduct at this point in any detailed form.

It seemed that the two boys had gone on as far as the nearer side of Smugglers' Bay, without definitely thinking what they were about; and here, as ill-luck would have it, temptation assailed them in the form of a young sea-gull that was fluttering about over the rocks. It had fallen from its nest before it was fully fledged, and seemed to have hurt its wing a little, so that it flapped about among the pools and stones, while the distressed parent birds wheeled about overhead uttering plaintive, wailing cries of anxiety. Here was a chance, indeed! The boys were soon in hot

pursuit, stumbling and slipping over the rocks, while the poor young gull screamed and fluttered just out of their reach.

"Don't let him get out to sea!" cried Pat excitedly. "Only drive him in on the beach, and we'll soon have him!"

Easier said than done, however, for, even in its crippled state, the bird could manage to elude them; and it was with some dismay that they saw it take shelter at last under the dark entrance to the Smugglers' Cave.

"We shan't ever get hold of him now," said Duke. "It wouldn't be safe to go in there without a light, or Balls, or any one. Do you remember the story about the young man who got so much hurt, Pat?"

"Oh, bother the young man!" Pat said. "I'm not such a duffer as he was to get knocked about so. It's not so dark as all that comes to, when you get used to it; and I can feel my way anywhere. And besides, no bird but an owl would go very far into a hole like that. We could soon catch him in such a narrow place!"

"O Pat! don't let us go! I'm sure it's not safe!"

"Well, you need not go. Perhaps you had better stop here and look out for the tide, and give me a call if it seems coming in. I won't go in far."

So Duke sat down on a rock, feeling rather uneasy, as Pat vanished under the black archway; and more and more lonely as the minutes passed away, and the curling waves began coming up all round, and the tall

cliffs frowned down upon him as if he had no business there.

He shouted in vain to Pat, for he did not answer; and once he summoned up courage to go a few steps into the cave, but it was all so black and gloomy he soon came out again.

"Perhaps there is a way out at the other end, after all," he thought. And then, all at once, to his horror, he saw that the water had come up to the point round which they had come, and that his way home was closed in that direction.

The cliff did not run out quite as far on the other side, and Duke tried to remember if Balls had mentioned any path up the cliff that way.

"I know it's dangerous getting into the Wizard's Cave," he thought. "But perhaps there's some opening above it."

So Duke went on to the next little inlet, where the waves were already dancing and throwing up sheets of silver spray round the mouth of the Wizard's Cave. But there was no way out, only the broad ledge of Main Bench, high up on the cliff, and the narrow footholds lower down, to which Brian had afterwards raised him.

And thus it happened that when, not ten minutes later, Pat emerged from the Smugglers' Cave, he found Duke gone.

He had gone much farther than he intended, led on by the gull, which fluttered like a white phantom before him. More than once his hand had almost closed over

its soft, white plumage, and then a sudden stumble caused him to lose it.

"Bother the thing!" he thought; "it's not worth the trouble."

And then one more effort brought him close to it, and the pecking, struggling thing, was safe in his hands.

"Who'd ever have thought of it's being so strong?"

Pat found, as he turned round to retrace his steps, that it was no easy matter to grope his way with both hands occupied in keeping his prize. He had made a wrong turn, too; and though the light reflected through chinks and openings in the rocks showed him he had not really gone very far in, it was some time before the welcome gleam of the true daylight showed him where he was. Then, at the last moment, perhaps inspired by the sight of sea and sky again, the poor gull gave a sudden wriggle, and got free again; so that Pat came plunging out empty-handed after all, to find Duke gone and the sea washing round the point.

"What a duffer not to shout!" he thought. "Wherever can he have got to?"

And then Pat shouted at the top of his voice, unaware that the rising waves drowned the noise entirely.

"He must have gone home without me," he thought uneasily; and then, forgetting all about the sea-gull, he hurried along the rocks to the point.

It was not quite high tide yet, and Pat was not so easily discouraged as Duke had been, being bigger and stronger, and more used to climbing. So it was short

work to pull off his boots and turn up his trousers, and begin wading and scrambling over the rough stones at the cliff's foot.

It was more difficult than he had thought; the waves were rough just there, and the sharp flints cut his feet, and first one boot dropped and then the other dropped, and got washed away, till at last, drenched and barefooted, he stood safe within Silver Bay. No Duke here either; and a cold fear came creeping into the boy's heart like the crawling tide. What if Duke had gone the other way—to Wizard's Cave?

Pat's brown face was white now, and for a moment or two he thought of going back to see if he could find him.

"If he's drowned, I'll be drowned too," he thought, as he looked eagerly in the direction of the cave.

But the point was impassable by this time; and Pat had sense enough to know that his returning could be of no use. It would be much more useful to run home, or to Balls' Glen, and try and get help at once.

The cliffs round Silver Bay were not quite so steep, and a good climber could make his way to the top, though there was no regular pathway. Pat did not think twice about it, and was soon scrambling and struggling upwards, now catching at a bush or tuft of grass, now finding a foothold in a point or hole. His bare feet impeded him greatly, a sharp stone cut his ankle badly, and when he was half way up he twisted his wrist slightly, so that he was nearly giving up the

effort in despair. The pain made him sick and giddy, and when at last he found himself safely at the top he had to sit down and try to bind up his wounded leg with his pocket-handkerchief, and recover his breath a little before going on.

It was a very sorry sort of progress, too, after all. He first determined to make straight for home, and for this purpose struck inland into the high road, knowing it to be more direct than the winding cliff path. But he made such slow progress, and had to stop so often, that, after a long rest at a gate, he resolved to retrace his steps to Balls' cottage, hoping there to gain some tidings.

But Balls' cottage stood empty and silent, and poor Pat sat down well-nigh in despair.

"How can I face Brian? What can I say? What can I do?" the poor boy thought, as he rose at last, and began again his slow, limping walk to Saltgate.

As he turned out of Balls' Glen, on to the road again, he saw a coastguard and a boatman coming quickly along. They were talking eagerly, and hardly noticed the torn, ragged boy among the bushes beside the road; for Pat, he hardly knew why, and contrary to his own intention, had shrunk back into the shade, feeling guilty, and afraid of being questioned about poor Duke.

The men stopped for a minute, looking down the glen to the sea.

"Not a chance, as I can see," one of them said. "Why, the tide must be half way up to the Bench by

now! I wonder how ever the poor little chap got there?"

"Some of the quality, I fancy," said the other. "It's Colonel Wilmott's boy, down at the 'Victoria.' The poor gentleman's half-mad up there on the cliff. And no wonder, too, to see his only child drowned before his very eyes."

"And the other?"

"What, he as went over the cliff? Bright, I think the name was. Mr. Brian Bright, I heard 'em say. Ah, that was pluck, and no mistake! though I can't think how ever Balls let him do it. Brave young chaps like that are not so common that they should throw their lives away."

Then the two men passed on, still talking, and Pat still crouched in the bushes, shuddering with horror, as the words seemed to stab through him like a knife.

Duke drowned—Brian killed—all through his fault!

"I'll go straight to father," the boy thought. "No one else can help: no one else ought to tell him but me."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LIFE IN A CARAVAN.



MINOTTI'S Circus had had a good time at Saltgate; the money had rattled merrily into the tin cup at the doors—not merely the pennies of the inner circle, but the shillings and two shillings of the aristocracy on the red-cloth-covered planks above. Three times, and sometimes four times a-day, did the performance take place: the horses ambled round perseveringly; the clown repeated the same brilliant sallies, received with roars of laughter by relays of the Saltgate youth; Britannia leaped through the hoops, and Dick Turpin pursued his ride to York—but, I need hardly say, never reached his journey's end, seeing that he always rode in a circle.

Signor Minotti put off their departure from day to day when he counted up the receipts at night, and gave at least six last performances. But they were due at Cartminster fair on the 6th of September, so their departure could be no longer postponed; and the yellow vans lumbered away from Saltgate, leaving only the worn, scorched ring on the grass, and the

marks of the tent-pegs in the field behind Seaview, to show where the "Grand Royal Hippodrome" had been.

Packing up is never a very pleasant business, or improving to the temper, and there had been a good many delays in the Hippodrome's arrangements; one of Mr. Colley Poynter's poodles strayed away, and the accomplished piebald had a humour, and was not in good condition for travelling.

"And she's not the only one as has a humour," Britannia said bitterly; "and a 'awful bad humour, too; only he don't keep it to himself, as poor Bess do!"

For Professor Minotti was not so choice in his language in private life as he was in the arena, and for a foreigner, as he professed to be, he had a wonderful fluency of expression in low English abuse. So the departure from Saltgate was not made pleasant to Minotti's company, nor was the dusty highroad enlivened by the running accompaniment kept up by the manager: and they were all relieved when the order to halt for the night was given, on a bit of heath about six miles out of Saltgate, while Minotti declared his intention of going on with Poynter to the next town, to see how the land lay for a performance there.

So the caravan was left under the direction of Minotti's son, who appeared in the bills as "Monsieur Eugène Minotti," but was known in private life as Bill Short, and his wife, Ameliar Ann, otherwise

Britannia, otherwise Mademoiselle Ariel de Montmorenci, with directions to bring it on at first break of day the next morning.

Bill was a mild, inoffensive sort of man, very different from his father, and the camp on Tilsey Heath that night was very peaceful under his rule. The carts and waggons were drawn up in a square, and the horses hobbled and turned out—all except Bess, who required doctoring and attention. Bill was very fond of Bess, and Bess of him, and his wife would say that he would rather both she and the child died than Bess. But this was only in joke, for Bill Short was as good a little husband as any girl need wish for, and she knew it.

Bill Short and his wife were having a late supper that night all to themselves; it must have been getting on for twelve when Mrs. Short began frying the sausages over the gipsy fire. All the rest of the company were asleep—some in the carts, some rolled up in rugs in any sheltered place, and some lying on the open heath, near the smouldering ashes of their camp fires, with the starry sky for their canopy.

The savoury smell of the sausages had penetrated the dreams of two of the poodles, and they had crept near, with blinking eyes, yawning and licking their lips, in hope of stray morsels that might fall to their share. Everything was very quiet, so that the sputtering of the sausages was very audible, and seemed the only noise, except sometimes a snore from a sleeper or a movement of one of the horses near. The baby

was wide awake and cheerful in her father's arms, pulling his whiskers and crowing, as well-brought-up babies do in the morning, and quite ready to join in the sausage supper heartily.

As little unpacking as possible had been done that night, and as no plates had come handy, the sausages had to be landed on slices of bread when cooked, and go straight to their destination without any polite assistance of dishes, plates, or forks; but just a pinch of salt sprinkled over and a dab of mustard.

Father, and mother, and baby, all agreed that they were excellent, according to their different forms of expression. Father said they were "pretty middlin';" and mother, that she had "tasted worse;"—which sounds faint praise, perhaps, to us, but really means a great deal. The baby's remarks were inarticulate, and so were the poodles', who, however, were distracted over the last juicy morsel tossed to them from the blade of Short's clasp-knife by a noise on the heath outside the camp, which made them prick their ears suspiciously, and give a little inquiring bark. Then another of the dogs took up the matter, and then another (for the circus had many canine camp-followers of one sort and another), till there was quite a chorus, and more than one of the sleeping company turned over with a growl to ask "What the row was?" or to kick at the nearest dog.

Short shouted at the dogs to silence them; but one old mongrel who belonged to the clown, and was cross and surly like his master in private life, would not be

quieted, but made his way out to the road, when his barking grew louder and fiercer.

"Some one late on the road," said Mrs. Short. "Call off that brute Fury, Bill, or he'll bite!"

But as Bill was coaxing the baby to sleep she got up herself, and, taking the lantern from the cart near, went out, following the sound of Fury's barking. The barking subsided into an angry growl as she came up, and the offending object appeared to be only a heap at the side of the road; but when she turned the lantern on it she saw that it was a boy crouched down against the bank, and protecting himself from the dog with his hands, one of which was scratched and bleeding.

"Has he bit you?"

"No; but he tried to."

She drove the dog off, and sent it yelping back with its tail between its legs; and then she turned the light again on the boy, made more curious still by the sound of his voice. He was standing up now, and she could see that his clothes were ragged and dirty, and his feet bare, and that he had a pocket-handkerchief stained with blood tied round one of his ankles. His face was very white and wan, and his eyes pitiful to see, they were so hollow and anxious.

"Why, where are you going, child, so late at night?"

"To London," was the answer; and the boy moved on, limping and slowly, but very determined.

"Are your friends there?"

"My father is."

But as he spoke, a great sob choked the words. London and father had seemed to be getting farther and farther away every limping weary mile the boy had gone.

"Why, you'll never get there at this rate!" Mrs. Short said, her kind heart moved to strong compassion. "We're going a goodish way on the London road, and you can come along if you like, and have a ride on the waggon now and then, as long as you keeps out of the guv'nor's sight. But anyhow, you don't go no farther to-night. I'll find you a bit of supper and somewhere to lie down."

She put her hand on the boy's shoulder kindly, if roughly, and Pat (for, as you will have guessed long since, it was our poor Pat) was past offering any opposition, and he followed her into the camp, and at her bidding sat down by the fire, and even ate the bit of bread and the sausage remaining over from the supper. He seemed stupefied with fatigue and sorrow, and he did not pay any attention to Short's grumbling at his presence there, and at his wife's "bringing cadgers into the middle of them!"

"He's no cadger!" Mrs. Short answered. "You let me alone! I know what I'm about!"

So Short went grumbling off to bed, and Mrs. Short sat by Pat, watching him as he ate his supper; and then she got some water and bathed his leg, and bound it up, asking no questions, but stealing a look, now and then, up at the troubled, weary, blue eyes. Then she brought a mattress and blanket, and put them under

the waggon in which she slept, and covered him up with rough tenderness.

"You've got no mother, maybe?" she asked; and, when Pat wearily shook his head, she kissed him.

I do not think that circus baby will ever want a Friend in her need; for, though Pat has no mother to hear of and reward the kindness to her boy, he has a "Father who seeth in secret, and will reward openly."

CHAPTER XXVII.

RULE BRITANNIA.

LEEP is a kind friend to the young, not to be driven away easily by any trouble or anxiety ; and Pat slept as sweetly and peacefully on the mattress under the circus van as if he had been in bed at home, with Paddy's head on the pillow beside him, and all the family safe, and happy, and well. He dreamt that they were at tea in the old schoolroom, and Duke was there, and Aunt Bell was going to tell them a story, only Don would keep licking his face. And then Pat half woke, for something really was licking his face, and he pushed it away, saying, "Get out, Don!" and so saying, opened his eyes, and instead of Don's irritable, black-and-white, hairy face, saw a foolish, solemn, poodle countenance close to his own ; and instead of the white bed-curtains and striped, green blind of the Seaview bedroom, a dingy brown blanket and the spokes of a large yellow wheel. And then memory came back with a rush, and poor Pat closed his eyes again with a shuddering sigh, longing for the schoolroom and happy old days, even if they were only in a dream.

No more sleep for Pat, however, even if the poodle or sad thoughts would have left him at peace, for the whole camp was on the move. The dawn was grey and shivering, as if the day, too, had a painful waking, and the dew lay thick and white on the heath, and gemmed the cobwebs on the gorse-bushes and brambles. Sleepy-looking figures, half-dressed, stretching and yawning, were moving about; and Mrs. Short was standing near, twisting up her hair without any preliminary brushing, and talking to two other women, who were lighting up a fire of sticks and preparing to make coffee. The poodles, knowing by experience that an early start generally involved a good many kicks for them, had taken refuge under the vans out of the way, and three of them were gazing at Pat as they sat shivering, on their poor, shaved haunches.

Pat was stiff and sore all over, and he lay still watching the scene, and wishing that he could lie there out of the way and be forgotten altogether. Mrs. Short, however, remembered her guest, and presently came to him, creeping in under the van on her hands and knees, and bringing him a cup of hot sweet coffee, and a thick slice of bread and butter.

"There," she said, "I wouldn't wake you sooner, for I thought as you wanted as much sleep as you could get; but we're to be off now as soon as the horses can be put to, so you'll have to rouse up! Drink that up—it will warm you a bit! You don't look quite such a scarecrow as you did last night! You can get up behind our van, and don't you take no

notice if the men say anything; they've no call to interfere if I please to take you, but they're pretty sure to give you the rough side of their tongues when they ketch sight of you."

"Couldn't you give me something to do?" asked Pat. "I could run errands, or"—

"You don't look much like running with that leg of yours," said Mrs. Short. "No! I tell you what—you can see after my baby if she cries. She's generally sleepy of a morning, through being wakeful at nights; but if she do wake up, you can mind her."

Mrs. Short's van was rather imposing outside, having a bright green door behind, with a brass knocker, and windows on either side, with little white blinds and muslin curtains. But it was an illustration of the maxim that "appearances are deceitful," for inside it was a sort of compromise between a bathing-machine, and an old clothes' shop, and neither remarkable for neatness nor cleanliness.

Pat took up his position as Mrs. Short directed, on the step outside the green door, and, as she had expected, a good deal of abuse was directed at his devoted head from first one and then another of the men; but when Mrs. Short was near she took up the cudgels lustily on his part, and gave as much and more than she took; and when she was away Pat held his tongue, for he had no spirit then for chaff, and still less for loud abuse.

The progress of the vans along the road was very slow, and the dust and jolting were unpleasant. Pat

was inclined to take to his own legs again, as likely to carry him quicker to the end of his journey and give him something to distract his mind from the thought of little Duke, as he had last seen him, standing at the entrance of Smugglers' Cave, with the wind blowing about his curls, and his whole face glowing, and bright, and full of life. And Brian, too—dear old "B. B."—leaning out of the window at Seaview, calling to Peter to keep out of the way of a horse that was being ridden at a gallop along the sands. When Pat shut his eyes he could see them both, and through the rattle and jolting of the van he could hear their voices.

Mrs. Short thought he was asleep, he gave such a start when she spoke to him. She had opened the green door, and sat just inside it doing some work, seeming not to be hindered by the motion of the van; though, as she told Pat, it was "not work as signified, being only just goblifying up the clown's pantaloons."

"When we comes to Setham," she said, "you'd best get down, for the guv'nor may cut up rough if he's in one of his tantrums, and he don't like hangers-on at the best of times. Haven't you got enough tin to pay your fare up to London?"

Pat shook his head.

"The guv'nor was talking of getting some boy to help with the comic business with the clown instead of Jerry—he's the nigger, you know. He drew first-rate down the country, he did, folks not being used to

blackamoors — not real ones, only them Ethiopian Serenaders as wash off — and they roared at the very sight of his ugly face! But he's such a nasty temper as it's not safe to play tricks with him, and Mulligan said he'd have him bound over to keep the peace before ever he'd go with him into the ring again, as drawed his knife out one day, all of a sudden, and would have struck Mulligan like a pig if he hadn't been stopped. Now if you knowed a little bit about tumbling, and had a face as would black well" (Mrs. Short looked reflectively at Pat), "I might speak a word to the guv'nor for you."

Even in the depths of his sorrow this suggestion had its attractions for Pat.

"I've learned gymnastics," he said, "and I can turn head-over-heels, and walk about on my hands; and I'm sure I could get into the way of it soon. But," he remembered suddenly, "I want to get to London as quick as I can, you know!"

"You can't walk there," said Mrs. Short, "that's pretty certain; but if you was took on for a job you might soon earn enough to pay your fare, and it's all on the way to London too. But I don't think the guv'nor would look at you, for you'd have to be learnt so much before you was worth your salt."

Fortune certainly favoured poor Pat, for when, half an hour later, Minotti met the vans, he was in such a bustle and fuss that Pat quite escaped his observation. He had found Setham ripe for a circus, and had announced a performance for that very afternoon and

evening, and had come off post-haste to hurry on his company, that all the arrangements might be complete. There was a large school at Setham, and he had called on the master, who promised his patronage—"which means, best places for all the young gents at half price!"

Minotti was in a regular gale of wind, for the tent had to be got up, and everything unpacked and arranged, and the town promenaded in the usual imposing style, and all to be done by three, so as to be ready for the first performance. Every one was obliged to put their shoulder to the wheel with a will; and so they all did, with one exception. Jerry, the nigger, had stopped at a wayside public-house more than once already that morning, and was certainly not any the better for his visits, and before the circus reached Setham he and Minotti had come to words, and very nearly to blows, and Jerry threatened to pack up and be off then and there, believing his services to be too valuable to be dispensed with. Minotti, however, in the heat of the moment, took him at his word, paid him his money, and would have kicked him out of the circus with the greatest pleasure in life if he had dared.

When he had cooled down a little Minotti remembered, with dismay, the advertisement, in large yellow and red letters on the posters, of Prince Boriobooloo from Lake Zambesi, and wished he had not been so rash. It was at this juncture that Mrs. Short brought Pat forward, and undertook to turn him out as black

as her hat (which was brown) in time for the procession, if Minotti would let him stay on in the company at a small salary, to make himself generally useful; and Minotti agreed, rather than that the public should be disappointed by the non-appearance of Prince Boriobooloo from Lake Zambesi.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOLLOWING THE SCENT.

“URSE!” Oh, the blessed comfort contained in that word! Comfort to poor Brian, in the shape of a quiet, cool room, well-adjusted pillows, and a strong motherly arm to raise him, and the well-known voice to pet him back into the “Brian, darlint!” or “Honey, dear!” of old days, before his nose had been put six times out of joint.

Comfort to Peter, in the shape of much cossetting when Brian was asleep, much combing and curling of tangled curls and bewailing over spoilt frocks, and sunburns, and scratches.

Comfort to Honor, in a sense of security, which helped her to bear many a sidelong shaft aimed at herself concerning neglect and mismanagement of the children, and unfair labours put upon “poor, dear Master Brian!”

Nurse had arrived about midday in answer to Colonel Wilmott’s telegram to Mr. Bright, with the news that the master would follow by a later train, she being in the meantime invested with full rights to do whatever might be needed for Brian’s comfort.

You would scarcely have picked out nurse on her arrival at Seaview Terrace as a ministering angel. One does not naturally think of such a being in a brown stuff gown and big white apron, with an old-fashioned cap and spectacles; but such she most certainly appeared to the children just now. I am not at all sure, however, that Mrs. Hopkins shared in the general feeling, as she found herself at once turned out of her post as head nurse, which she had assumed.

The two good ladies eyed each other somewhat askance. Nurse regarded the landlady with suspicion, altered her arrangements, and took the cooking of broth and arrowroot into her own hands, in a way that Mrs. Hopkins felt she could not endure, "as was never used to such goin's on, and never did think much of them Hirish, noways."

As time went on, a dangerous tendency appeared to call each other "ma'am," and even to courtesy to each other, which we all know is a very bad symptom, and usually ends in that awful catastrophe, "having words;" which, however, there was luckily no time for in this case.

Mrs. Hopkins found a fellow-exile from Brian's room in Don, who on nurse's arrival had, ignominiously and in spite of much growling, been turned off Brian's bed, where he had taken up a comfortable position, quite regardless of the patient's legs, where he barked at the doctor, and interfered with the beef-tea in a way quite intolerable to nurse's feelings.

Matters being dull in the sitting-room, where the

children, listening for news of Pat, had no heart even for Don's blandishments, this sensible animal betook himself to the kitchen. Here, after a sharp skirmish with the cat, he took up a good position in front of the fire, sitting there with the air of a deeply-injured, though stout martyr, and with half-shut eyes and an attentive nose directed to the joint of roast pork turning in front of him for Mrs. Hopkins' dinner.

Lady Jane also quailed somewhat under severe scrutiny and short answers when she came to inquire after Brian, nurse being impressed with the idea that all the mischief had come "through all this gadding about with these here finefolks, as had best mind their own business." An exquisite basket of grapes, however, and Lady Jane's soft eyes and gentle voice, somewhat soothed the old woman, and she was allowed, as a great favour, to carry off Molly, and Nora, and Peter, to dine with Duke, who was kept in bed to recover himself and take off the effects of the chill. Honor could hardly bear the sight of Lady Jane, and Paddy was far too miserable about Pat to do anything but lie stretched out in the window-seat, hopelessly watching the sea.

So Honor went downstairs alone to receive her father when he came. She had worked herself into a fever of dread about seeing him, exaggerating her own fault, and fancying that all the world must know the selfish neglect of her duty that conscience was making such a stir about within her. It was a wonderful relief and surprise to find herself taken into her father's arms, and look up into the kind face, worn and anxious

indeed, but still full of the strength, and hope, and energy of a good man, who "will not be afraid of any evil tidings, for his heart standeth fast and believeth in the Lord."

A few words and a look at Brian's sleeping face were enough to comfort him for the present on that score, and then Honor and Paddy were made to tell all they had heard of Pat, quietly and distinctly.

Then Balls was sent for, and the other boatmen who had been searching the shore all the morning for the missing boy. Honor saw the patient face flinch, and the broad forehead contract with sudden pain for a moment, as one of the men produced Pat's boots, that he had found washed into the pool near the point, and another his torn blue necktie, which had been caught on a bush half-way up the cliff in Silver Bay. But it was only for a moment, and then father smiled, and laid his hand on Honor's, saying, "Thank God!"

"Why, father?" she asked, with a beating heart; for to her the poor sodden boots and ragged tie seemed like Pat's death-warrant.

"Set your wits to work, little woman," Mr. Bright said. "You ought to know more of it than I do. But as far as I can make it out, Pat was last seen going into the cave with his boots on, and it's not very likely they would have been washed off with those stout laces; and the boy would not have taken them off for nothing. Then the necktie didn't get up the cliff by itself, I suppose. So that, putting two and two together"——

"I think you're right there, sir! and we'll have him back before we're a day older!"

And, without further introduction Mr. Bright and Colonel Wilmott were shaking hands as if they had been old friends.

"I've just come in from Tilsey Heath," the Colonel said. "And I believe I have got on the right track at last; though whatever made the boy run away, beats me entirely."

Then Colonel Wilmott told how, in riding over Tilsey Heath that morning, he had come across some stragglers from the circus, which had been camping out there that night. There was a lonely, little, wayside inn, called the "Dog's Head," where he had stopped to ask his shortest way home, and had listened to the noisy wrath of a half-tipsy nigger, who, it appeared, had some grudge against the circus manager, and was vowing vengeance on Minotti in no mild terms.

It was here that he first heard tidings of a bare-footed lad, looking like a runaway, who had stopped at the "Dog's Head" about ten o'clock the evening before, asking his way to the London road. The nigger added the information that the same boy had, nearly an hour later, come up with the circus encampment, though whether or no he had remained there was difficult to gather from the confused narrative. At any rate Pat (for there could be little doubt it was he) had been last seen and spoken with by the circus people; and Jerry's obscure story left it even possible that he might still be there. The next performances

were probably now going on at Setham; and the Colonel proposed driving father over at once in his dog-cart. It was now nearly six o'clock, and the Colonel's high-stepping, bay mare would get them there just as the evening entertainment was commencing.

"May I go, father?" Paddy said, looking wistfully at the back seat of the dog-cart, as they prepared to start.

But father thought it would be wiser for Paddy to remain at home, as, if they did not find Pat at Setham, they might probably go on in another direction, according to any tidings they might receive.

Neither father nor Colonel Wilmott had bargained, however, for the companion which Providence had assigned to them. The injured Don, having spent a happy day in the kitchen, where pork and petting did much to soothe his ruffled feelings, had been attracted by the noise of the Colonel's arrival to emerge from his retirement. Molly and Nora ever afterwards declared that, from his post under father's chair, this gifted animal took in the whole state of affairs, and resolved to find Pat. It was owing, therefore, to this noble impulse that, just as they drove out of Saltgate, Mr. Bright became suddenly and angrily aware of a fat and breathless follower, with hanging tongue, and starting eyes, and hoarse, gasping barks, in hot pursuit of them.

"Better pick him up, or he'll burst, poor little beast!" the Colonel said, laughing; and before Mr. Bright could remonstrate, Don had been swung up

choking and indignant, and thrust summarily away under the seat to recover himself; a position he found it wiser to retain quietly, as a sharp application of the Colonel's boot was sure to follow any attempt to move.

"Who found Pat?" was often asked among the children afterwards, and the answer always was, "Don." Probably adding, "A dear, darling, clever dog—that he was!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRINCE BORIOBOOLOO.



IN spite of all Colonel Wilmott's efforts to entertain his companion during their drive along the London road, the conversation languished. They could neither of them keep up a decent appearance of interest, even in public matters of the greatest moment to England and the world at large. Political questions, which would have set reasonable men round a dinner-table raging like bulls at a red rag, were touched on and left with languid indifference; and the latest telegram from the seat of war, full of torpedoes, bloodshed, and atrocities, was nothing to the information they might gather from a staring child at the roadside.

Down at the bottom of both the men's hearts (and who can fathom the depths of a father's heart?) lurked the unconfessed dread that, after all, they might be on the wrong track, and that the boots and handkerchief, and the negro's tale, might have misled them; and that, even now, the searchers on the shore might have found the poor, drowned body, in which Pat had passed his happy, careless, young life.

After they crossed Tilsey Heath they could get no further clue to the wandering, ragged boy, they had fondly hoped was Pat. The dwellers in the wayside cottages and little public-houses were full of the circus that had passed by in the morning, but they had not noticed any boy with it answering to Pat's description, nor had they observed such an one pass at any other time.

This questioning was very trying to the two gentlemen, and very much delayed their progress, for the dwellers on the Setham road, like most English country people, were utterly unable to answer simply a plain question, and generally echoed the question and asked another in return.

"Seen a boy? Were it this side of Setham, now, or t'other?" or "Seen a boy, sir? Were it a man with a wooden leg as you might be wanting?" And so on, till the patience of Colonel Wilmott was well-nigh exhausted, and he touched up his mare sharply, and suggested to Mr. Bright that they should drive straight on to Setham, and find out the rights of the story from the manager of the circus, as the dusk was coming on and a drizzling rain falling. They had followed a false lead, too, after a boy who turned out to be a shepherd-lad at a farm; and had got into winding, devious lanes, full of ruts and rough places, so it was nearly eight, and quite dark, when they reached Setham.

Setham is never a very enlightened place; and that night it looked particularly dull and unattractive as

the dog-cart made its way slowly up the steep High Street to the "Hare and Hounds." Gas is a luxury only indulged in for four months in the winter at Setham, so the only light was from the dim oil lamps in the shops, shining through misty, wet glass. The "Hare and Hounds" looked more cheerful, and the waiter stared in surprise when both the gentlemen refused any refreshment, or even to take off their wet coats, and get warm and dry, but, having handed over the mare to the hostler, asked to be directed at once to the circus.

"I thought they must be something to do with the concern,—riders, or tumblers, or such,—but they were gents, and no mistake!" So he set them down as swells with a craze for equestrian exhibitions, and directed them up the town to the field by the railway, where the circus was going on.

If Setham itself looked dull and dark, it was quite another thing in the railway field. There was a large, illuminated transparency over the entrance, representing two huge heads of surprising and fearful ugliness, which were at once recognised by admiring spectators as faithful portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and underneath, in large letters, "Minotti's Royal Hippodrome."

In spite of the rain, crowds of Setham children were gathered round the entrance, unable, perhaps, to produce even the necessary penny which would procure their admittance into the magic precincts; and so

obliged to content themselves with their Royal Highnesses over the door, and with but brief glimpses through the openings in the tent of bright lights, and the backs of happier mortals within, and with listening to the clash, and clang, and bray of the band, playing, "Tommy, make room for your uncle," with more spirit than tune.

Mr. Bright and Colonel Wilmott had quite to push their way to get to the entrance; and when they got there they could get no attention, as the woman who took the money was quite absorbed in watching the contortions of one of the acrobats, who was perilling his neck, and delighting the audience; and the trombone was blaring away close by, so as to drown any voice softer than a railway whistle. There was no help for it but to wait till the din was over; and this they did, Mr. Bright's eye closely scanning every face in the circle of gaping, open-mouthed spectators, seeking for one face which he could not find, and hardly expected to find, among them.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the other entrance, through which the performers entered the arena. The triumphant strains of music were working up to a final crash, and the acrobat having concluded his evolutions without having a fit or otherwise misconducting himself, was retiring backwards, panting and purple, with a graceful bow to the delighted spectators, when he suddenly tripped over something, and then drew up one leg with an expression of pain and anger, and at

the same time the manager bustled forward, without his usual arena smile, and motioned to the band to stop playing.

"I declare," said Colonel Wilmott, "it's that dog!"

And sure enough, as the intervening people moved aside for a minute, Mr. Bright beheld Don, whom he had entirely forgotten, standing in the middle of the ring, wet, dirty, and growling defiance at the manager and his whip.

"Who does this dog belong to?" inquired Minotti angrily.

"To me," said Mr. Bright, stepping forward. "Here, Don! Come here, sir!"

"Will you take your dog away, then, at once, sir? I can't have the performance interrupted."

Mr. Bright whistled and called to Don; but that annoying animal paid no attention, having caught sight or scent of one of the performing poodles, and being naturally anxious to improve the acquaintance.

"Do you know, sir, that the brute has bitten one of my company severely, already?"

"I am very sorry, I am sure!" said Mr. Bright.

"Call him off!" said the Colonel, used to well-trained pointers and setters.

"You see," explained Mr. Bright, "he is more used to the children; I have never had much to do with him."

Luckily, however, for the manager's temper and the progress of the performance, the poodles were under better discipline than Don, and a sharp whistle from

Mr. Colley Poynter put an end to the stately interview that was taking place between Don and one of his troupe, and sent both of the dogs out of sight in a jiffey.

"I will go round to the other side and catch him," said the Colonel, while Mr. Bright followed the manager.

"I want a word with you," he said.

"After the performance, sir! as many words as you like," said the irritated manager; "what with you and your dog, we shan't get done till midnight! Stand back, if you please, sir, out of the way!"

The clown's performance with his pony, Joe, was the next thing on the programme, and one of the chief attractions of the entertainment, and the young gentlemen from the Setham Grammar School were getting impatient at the delay; so Mr. Bright stood back, very sick at heart and impatient, while roars of laughter greeted Mr. Merriman's appearance, with his toes very much turned in, and a large carrot in his hand. Following after him came Joe, a little, rough, obstinate-looking pony; and another burst of laughter received him, for he was led by a little black boy, who had figured in the procession as Prince Boriobooloo from Lake Zambesi.

He was certainly a very grotesque, little object, with a tight-fitting scarlet-and-gold-striped garment, and a yellow sash round his waist. His neck, and arms, and legs to the knees, were bare, except for a plentiful adornment of strings of beads; and he had a white

turban on his head, and tattoo marks on his cheeks and forehead; and out of the black, disfigured, little face, looked two wistful, blue eyes, strangely light for his complexion.

Mr. Bright had no heart to watch Joe's antics, or listen to the clown's broad jokes, and he was making his way out of the tent, when a loud cry stopped him and made him turn again. Another interruption had occurred, and again it was Don who caused it. Don, who had been successfully caught by Colonel Wilmott, and kept prisoner till the clown and his pony passed by, when a sudden frenzy seemed to seize the dog, and he struggled in the Colonel's arms with such violence that he made his escape, and there he was again in the ring: not angry and defiant as before, but in ecstasies of excitement and delight, leaping up on the little black boy, Prince Boriobooloo, licking the black, bead-adorned legs, making frantic jumps at the tattooed face. Do you think that black paint, or tattooing, or beads, could deceive Don? He would have known Pat through a dozen such disguises.

Pat has got him in his arms now, and the two are rolling together on the ground in the ring, oblivious of time and place, with the clown and his pony looking on in the utmost bewilderment. The spectators think this is a part of the programme and applaud; but they are rather puzzled at the scene that follows, for a gentleman starts forward from the entrance, pushing aside such of the audience as come in his way, without any regard for politeness, and picks up Prince Bori-

booloo and the dog in his arms, and carries them both straight out, without a word or look of explanation to any one.

There is a moment's pause of uncertainty and expectation, and then the band, with great presence of mind, strikes up "Bonny Dundee," and the clown begins his tricks with Joe. Outside the tent, Colonel Wilmott is explaining matters to the manager, who is easily pacified when he finds out that Colonel Wilmott is a swell, and Mr. Bright sits on the grass in the rain, with two black-beaded arms clasped round his neck, and a tattooed cheek pressed to his, comforting a very broken-hearted, sobbing, little Prince Boriobooloo, with Don circling round them like a stout, black-and-white, good genius, expressing his feelings by short, excited barks at intervals.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHANCE FOR BRIAN.



S Mr. Brian in? Can I see him?

"Yes, sir, I think he's at home; but I think he's asleep just now. I persuaded him to lie down a bit this evening. He do try terrible hard to keep about and doing; but he's pulled down more than any one thinks for."

Colonel Wilmott stood at the door, parleying with nurse, with whom, spite of her prejudices, both he and Lady Jane had become fast friends during the ten days that had passed since Pat's loss and recovery. Mr. Bright's first inclination was to carry them all off from Saltgate at once; and I do not think the children would have regretted it much, for they were beginning to feel rather shy of their old playfellow the sea, who could so easily, it seemed, turn into a cruel, treacherous enemy; and they had all had enough of caves and cliffs, rocks and rockets, for some time to come. But after a little consideration he resolved to leave them there another fortnight, by which time the old house near Aunt Bell would be ready to receive

them, and they would thus be saved the expense of a double move. Living at Saltgate was cheap enough, and with nurse to look after them, and the severe lesson they had received, they would be as safe there as anywhere.

Mr. Bright had stayed over Sunday with the children, and I don't think Pat ever forgot a stroll along the beach, alone with his father, after evening service. Father wanted to see the scene of the accident, and as the tide was low (and they had no temptation now to forget it), they had ample time to explore Smugglers' Bay, and even to take a peep at the old Wizard's Hole, too.

If Pat had needed more reproach he had it now, I think, in his father's painful interest in every inch of sand and rock, every crag and bush on the cliff which he had scaled—where he had tried wading, where he made the ascent, where he stumbled, where he lost his footing. Then, as they turned homewards, he laid his hand on Pat's shoulder, and kept it there all the way, as if he could not bear to lose hold of him.

"I'm awfully sorry!" the boy said at last, with a great sob rising in his throat.

"I think you ought to be awfully glad to be here at all, Pat."

"Yes, so I am. But—but—but—well, I'm only a trouble and bother to every one, I believe. I think I'd best have"—

"What?"

"Well, I mean I don't think I'd have been much

loss, sir, with such a lot of us besides, and ever so much else to worry you just now."

Mr. Bright walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then he stopped suddenly, looking down into the boy's quivering face.

"Now, look here, Pat, once for all. You are old enough to think a bit now. Don't ever let any one make you think you seven young ones are a burden and trouble to me. 'A heritage and gift,' that's what the Bible says. I'm a poor man, it is true, as far as money is concerned; but you boys and girls are my fortune, and I can't spare any of you; so don't talk any more about being a trouble to every one."

When Mr. Bright had gone back to London, and in the days that followed, while Brian was getting better, Pat was wonderfully good and quiet; indeed, some people said that he was never the same boy again. Perhaps it was the fear, and pain, and danger that had changed him; but I think, after all, it was the quiet, patient father's love that had spoken to his heart, like the still small voice speaking to Elijah, after the wind, and the earthquake, and the fire.

Brian mended rapidly under nurse's care, and in less than a week was able to leave his room, or even take a little turn on the shore; but he soon got tired, and nurse shook her head over him, and gave dark hints of more mischief than met the eye.

"Them coughs and night perspirations don't mean nothing," she would say to Mrs. Hopkins, when the two were friendly enough for a chat. "And don't no

one tell me as a fine-growed, hearty, young gent like that, couldn't shake off a bit of a chill quicker than this. It's not like children as is brought up in cotton-wool, and takes cold at the leastest damp or draught. I shall tell Miss Bell—leastways, Mrs. Keith—about it; for I don't like to be bothering the master just now, with so much on him already. But it won't be my fault if it's not seen to."

It was the evening when Colonel Wilmott came to see Brian that nurse and Mrs. Hopkins had been having a talk, and they exchanged sympathetic and significant glances as the tall, languid, stooping figure came slowly up the stairs, stopping half way to cough, and sinking down wearily on the sofa as he came into the room.

"Oh, it's all right!" he said cheerfully, in answer to nurse's inquiries. "I thought I'd take it easy for a bit. We went farther than I thought; and the children are safe enough on the Pier with Lady Jane and Duke, so they can't be in much mischief."

"There, Master Brian! whatever should you be worriting yourself about them for? Bless you, they're right enough! So you just let me pull off your boots and get you a drop of cocoa, and then you can have a nice rest."

Brian submitted, nothing loth, and lay so still, with his eyes closed, that even nurse's vigilance was deceived, and she thought he was asleep. He was not, though; only thinking, thinking, thinking—as he was much given to doing just now.

As he lay there, the low talk between nurse and Mrs. Hopkins in the next room reached him through the open door, and mingled curiously with his thoughts.

"Do without Master Brian!" nurse was saying. "Why, I don't know what things would be without him! I does what I can; but, in course, that's not much."

"Little Missy don't seem able for much," Mrs. Hopkins remarked. "She don't seem to have it in her as some do."

"Miss Honor! Why, she's no more use than a baby! I suppose, as you say, it's not in her. I'm sure, as Mrs. Keith was saying to me the other day, 'I'm sure, nurse,' says she, 'it's a mercy as Master Brian is going into Mr. Grinder's office, where he'll be near enough to live at home. Not,' she says, 'as it's what we could wish for him: but maybe, in a year or two, Miss Honor will be better able to manage, and he might be for getting something better.' And I'm sure," nurse concluded, "it's not for me to say so, but I do believe it's Providence as put that place at Mudford in Mr. Brian's way, for it's him as keeps things going, and no one else."

Brian lay thinking of these things when Colonel Wilmott came to the door, and hearing himself asked for he opened his eyes and sat up, so that nurse found him, not only awake, but ready to receive his guest. Colonel Wilmott had taken a wonderful fancy to

Brian; and Duke, too; indeed the little fellow seemed to watch and follow him everywhere.

"I thought I should find you alone," the Colonel said, as he sat down; "so I thought I would risk disturbing you, as I wanted to have a talk."

Brian wondered what would be coming next, and the Colonel went on—

"The fact is, I have a proposal to make to you, which Lady Jane and I—and, indeed, my little boy too, will be very glad if you will accept. Perhaps I should have sounded your father first, but I wanted to know what you would say. You see, Lady Jane is not very strong, or the little boy either, and the doctors have taken it into their wise heads to say that our place at Tufton is damp, or cold, or something; and as we have been vegetating here so long this summer, my lady fancies that wintering abroad would make a change, and perhaps suit her and Duke better than home. Some friends of ours have a charming villa just above Sorrento; and a little yachting about the coast there would be a variety, when they have had enough of pictures and statues. You know Lady Jane has a craze that way, and I dare say she will get on to Rome for a week or two."

Brian listened placidly to these plans, wondering vaguely what it all had to do with him, when suddenly his heart gave a great bound as the Colonel continued—

"Well, the long and short of it is, that we want you

to go with us. It would do you no end of good, and nothing we should like better. There—not a word, please, till you have heard me out. You come as my guest, of course, unless you would prefer tutoring Duke. It is high time the young monkey learnt something, and I tell his mother I shall pack him off to school if he does not buckle-to a bit soon; so you see it would be a charity to her to ward off such a blow.”

Brian was sitting in the window-seat, with his head turned away, so that Colonel Wilmott could not see his face. If he had done so, I do not think he would have been so disappointed as he was at the quiet answer that came after some minutes’ silence.

“Thank you, sir. It’s awfully good of you and Lady Jane to think of it; and I’m very much obliged to you. But I couldn’t manage it anyhow, thank you.”

“Why not, my good fellow?”

“Well, you see, Colonel, I’m due at Mr. Grinder’s next month; and I couldn’t expect him to keep the place open for me.”

“Oh, never mind Grinder’s! A case of ‘nothing a-week and find yourself,’ isn’t it? I dare say we could find something equally eligible next year for you. Is that your only objection?”

Objection! Brian had to set his teeth before he could steady his voice to speak again.

“Well, sir, it’s not only that, but—but—I should not care to be away from home this winter.”

"Oh, well, of course, it is as you please!" the Colonel said, feeling rather annoyed. "We thought you would have liked it. I think you are rather soft to throw away a good offer, though perhaps it is not for me to say so. I shall speak to your father. Perhaps you would not mind going to oblige him, if he wished it?"

Poor Brian! It was as much as he could do to keep from breaking down altogether; and it was a good thing for him that the gathering twilight hid his face.

"I'm afraid you must think me a surly sort of fellow, sir; but if you'd be so good as not to speak about it to father, I should be very glad."

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"Why, you see, he's had no end of trouble lately, and he'd be worrying himself to let me go, thinking I should like it, and it's being so awfully kind of you, and all that. Perhaps he'd think I cared more about it than I really do, and make a push to manage it, and then it would not be a bit of good or pleasure either."

Brian's voice was beginning to shake painfully, and another minute or two might have altered the course of events, had not the voices of the children, returning from the Pier, cut the interview short.

"Well, I've no doubt you are right. I will tell Lady Jane what you say," the Colonel said, rising rather abruptly, and in another minute he was gone, and Brian sat still in the window-seat, with his head buried in his arms, crying like a baby.

When Honor and the children came in, nurse said that Master Brian was gone to bed, as he was rather tired, and they had better not disturb him that night.

“Good night, Honor Bright!” he called out as she knocked at his door. “I’m all right, only a bit sleepy. I shall be up to anything in the morning.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CHANCE FOR HONOR.

T was a pouring wet day, the first of the sort there had been since the Brights had been at Saltgate ; too wet even for the boys to venture out, too wet for the donkeys to appear on the stand, or the bathing-machines to go down.

The children stood at the window, watching the rain splashing on the deserted pavement, and the grey, misty sea, that seemed to mix at the horizon with the grey, misty sky, like Peter's painting when he did not wait long enough for one colour to dry before putting on another. Brian was in bed all the morning, and nurse in a bad temper, so what could be more gloomy ?

Matters had come to a climax the night before. Brian's "barking," as he called it, had gone on so persistently that at last nurse had appeared, awful in her nightcap, and removed Peter sternly from Brian's bed to her own, a change which disturbed that young sleeper as little as Brian's cough. She then administered a concoction of her own, with honey in it and various unpleasant herbs, and shook up the pillows in a vicious manner, as if they were the culprits and answerable for

Brian's cough, and declared that, as sure as her name was Bridget Sullivan, she would send for the doctor the very first thing in the morning, let Brian talk till he was tired!

However, next morning it was so wet, and Brian appeared so much better, and was so submissive about stopping in bed, that she allowed herself to be coaxed into putting off sending for the doctor; but she kept all the rest of the family in the deepest disgrace, so there was no relief from the wet weather to be got out of her. She even suggested that she should have a general head-washing, as a nice occupation for a wet morning; a thing, as Molly and Nora knew to their cost, which was very painful at the best of times, but simple torture when nurse was out of temper and so reckless in her use of the comb.

Honor, however, provided occupation for the morning by turning out a heap of old "*Illustrated London News*" and "*Punches*," and allowing each of the children a good rub off her own paints to colour them with. She knew by experience what wild havoc occurred in her paint-box if the children were allowed to work their will with it; how the gamboge might be found in a soft daub at the bottom of the cup of water, and both ends of the Prussian blue might appear a lively green by being rubbed into the ochre. So, thanks to Honor, a very quiet morning was passed, enlivened by the children's firm conviction that the weather was certainly clearing, and that they would be able to go out in the afternoon.

After dinner, however, the rain still fell steadily, and some fresh amusement was required to pass away the afternoon indoors. Brian was up by that time, but he was not very suggestive, and they were debating what could possibly be done, when a man brought a note from Lady Jane, asking Honor to wrap herself up and come round to spend the afternoon with her, as she had something very particular to talk to her about.

If this had happened a fortnight before, I do not think Honor would have hesitated to take this chance of escape from the hurlyburly of home, and the smell of Irish stew lingering after dinner, to the quiet comfort of the "Victoria" and the pleasant society of Lady Jane; but, though nurse did not give her credit for it, Honor was a good deal changed since that night of terror and anxiety, and she tried hard to take her share in the pig-minding, though she was not always very successful in her efforts. So now she wrote a little note to Lady Jane, saying that Brian was not very well, and she did not like to leave him to be bothered by all the children; and twisted it up with a sigh, and then tried to devote herself to a very quarrelsome game of Loto that was going on.

But before a quarter of an hour had passed another very welcome interruption occurred. This time it was caused by a procession of four Bath chairs coming along the Esplanade, which, to the children's great surprise, stopped in front of Seaview, and out of the foremost appeared Duke.

"Oh, I say, how jolly! Here's Duke come to tea!"

But Duke had not come to tea, but had brought the Bath chairs to convey all the children to tea at the "Victoria."

"Mother says," said Duke, "that you must all come, as she's so dull. She's so sorry that Brian is not well, but hopes he will feel well enough to come, too."

However, Brian thought he would rather stop at home, and Pat begged and entreated to be allowed to stop, too. Pat was a little shy of Duke since their adventures, and when they played together was unnaturally gentle and polite, and anxious to please him; so that it was not half such fun as in the good old times, when Duke got pushed about, and teased, and laughed at. As for punching his head, Pat could not have done it now under any amount of provocation.

But Brian would not let any one stop with him; and nurse said it was "a good riddance of bad rubbish," and Pat felt that a ride in a Bath chair in the pouring rain, was not a chance that happened every day; and when Duke unfolded a further plan for their amusement, there was no further reluctance. Duke displayed ten shillings which he had coaxed from Colonel Wilmott, and suggested that, before returning to the "Victoria," the Bath chairs should make a round into High Street, to the bazaar, and spend it, which received the unqualified approval of the party.

It was an unusually cheerful procession of Bath chairs

that started from Seaview, for these vehicles are generally associated with invalids or old people, and not young faces and loud laughter. Honor went first, in solitary state, and she went straight on to the "Victoria," not being interested in the judicious spending of the ten shillings. Then came Pat and Duke, with a red pocket-handkerchief tied to a stick, with which they were to signal to those behind. Then came Molly and Nora, and then Paddy and Peter. Paddy felt that music of some kind was needed for such a gallant procession, and so had provided himself with a comb and a piece of soft paper, through which he performed all sorts of brilliant fantasias when Honor was out of hearing.

At the bazaar they tried the patience of all the young women sorely, by their close inspection of everything on the premises. They made every woolly lamb squeak; they turned the handles of all the movable toys; they played tunes on all the harmonicons; they looked through all the kaleidoscopes, and peep-shows, and stereoscopes with views of Saltgate; they sent the tumblers head over heels; they made the tops spin on the ceiling; they blew all the whistles and trumpets;—and, after all, they came out without buying anything, and the stately procession moved on to a toy-shop further on, where they all agreed on the beauty of a large box of leaden soldiers, Russians and Turks, on foot and horseback, with trumpeters and standard-bearers all complete, and cannons that discharged a raking fire of peas.

Now the great object was to get back to the hotel as soon as possible, so as to get a good time for a game before tea; and the chairmen, all of them old and feeble, were incited to race, and the three Bath chairs went up to the Esplanade in fine style, under the envious eyes of many weather-bound families of children.

Meantime Honor had been talking to Lady Jane by the fire. Yes, there was actually a fire, though it was only September!

"And why not at midsummer, if you are cold?" Lady Jane said.

Honor sat on a low footstool by the sofa, looking into the glowing caverns among the coals, with her great eyes growing larger and brighter as she listened, for, surely, the four-leaved shamrock was coming very near little Honor Bright!

That same offer which Brian rejected so coldly, wounding Colonel Wilmott and pretty nearly breaking his own heart in doing so, was being made now to Honor by Lady Jane.

"I wish you to come, dear," she said, stroking the girl's fair head, that was resting against the velvet cushion of her sofa, "for I have grown very fond of you, little Honor. You seem like a young sister or big daughter to me, and I can talk to you as I cannot always to Harry. One seems to want something of womankind now and then, and you and I suit each other very well. Don't we, dear?"

And then she painted fair Italian scenes before the

girl's ready imagination—blue, blue seas and skies, vineyards and olive-gardens, sunlight, and warmth, and beauty; another world altogether to that outside the window, where the grey sky wept into the grey sea, and still more different from the November fogs and gloom that were coming on apace. Then she told of the riches of art, as well as nature, in that favoured land; of Rome, and Florence, and Venice, of pictures and sculpture, the very names of which set Honor's heart beating.

"But I shall not let you be idle, signorina," she said. "You shall have your fill of beautiful scenery and pictures first, and then you shall set to work in old Calaresi's studio at Naples. He is a grand old man, a master to be proud of, and I think he will see the talent in—we won't say who. I shall be very strict with you, Honor, and keep you hard at work."

So Lady Jane ran on, while Honor sat silent gazing into the fire, till the sound of the children's return broke in on them, and then Lady Jane caught sight of Honor's face.

"My dear," she said quickly, "don't decide in a hurry. Think it over, and tell me what you decide to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THINKING IT OVER.



AND Honor did think it over, sitting in a dream while peas rained like hail from the mimic Russian batteries, and tin Turks lay prone on the tablecloth. And after they were at home again she sat still at her bedroom window, looking out across the quiet sea, rippling silver in the moonlight after the rain.

The four-leaved shamrock, the leaves blown from Paradise gardens for those whom the angels love—the wonderful gift borne on the breeze of heaven—what did it mean but just such a bright vision as Lady Jane's words had opened before her? and yet no vision, but a reality which needed only a word to make her own. Honor had forgotten just now that part of Aunt Bell's story about the seeds sown in common, wayside places, round the old potato-patch, close beside the low door of the little shanty—happiness springing out of duty—Honor Bright crowning the brows of Patience.

In the room below her own (little did Honor or any one else guess it) Brian, too, sat looking out on the

moonlit sea. He was restless and could not sleep, and so, throwing his dressing-gown round him, he came out of his hot, dark room, into the sitting-room, flooded with pale light. All that day he had been trying manfully to put away Colonel Wilmott's offer, and turn his thoughts steadily to his home-life and his work in Grinder's office. And yet, in spite of all his efforts, a wondering question would come stealing into the boy's mind, why the good God had given him such a strange sense of a power within him if he was never to use it?—such an almost painful thirst for beautiful sights, and forms, and colours, such a keen love of everything fair and noble in the world, if it was only to be a snare and a sin to him?

To-night as he sat drinking in the loveliness which was more than rest to him, Aunt Bell's story came back to him too. "The shortest way to Paradise garden is by the potato-patch," and in Paradise grows the four-leaved shamrock, even for those who cannot find it here. "His servants shall serve Him." The fettered hands shall work then in the full joy of service, with all the powers and faculties that are never given for nothing.

Brian went back to bed comforted, and slept quietly and dreamlessly like a child, and woke refreshed.

Honor wandered all night long in a dreamland of beauty, and work, and success, and woke with a headache.

There was a sad complication at breakfast time, owing to Honor being late and nurse refusing to wake Brian, which resulted in Paddy undertaking to preside

at table, a process better imagined than described. Very full cups, lots of milk and sugar, tea poured out in saucers, sugar spread thickly on bread and butter, Don allowed to sit up to the table and drink out of the slop-basin, Peter's thumb cut, and the crust neatly shaved off all round the loaf: such were Paddy's notions, and they did not agree with nurse's views of life, any more than the sight of Honor dawdling slowly downstairs when breakfast was half over. Nurse's feelings, which had been a little soothed of late by the improvement in Honor, fairly exploded.

"I do declare it's past all bearing, that it is!" she said indignantly. "Use, indeed! Why, it's ten times less trouble to have no one at all than some folk! We should know what we were about then, and I make no doubt we should get on well enough—better than we do now, anyhow—when them as ought to think don't trouble their heads about nothing, and are no use to nobody as I can see!"

Honor took in accurately the drift of this somewhat involved outburst of feeling; but knowing from long experience that silence was the best policy on such occasions, she sat down to the distracted breakfast-table without a word, and made her escape as soon as possible afterwards.

To do Honor justice, she would have willingly tried to repair her misdoings by taking the children off nurse's hands that morning. But this, she knew, was the last thing that would be allowed; and that her punishment for the day would take the form of en-

forced idleness, while nurse took everything on herself with the air of an ill-used slave. Molly was deputed to take care of Peter, and Nora to wait on Brian, while Pat and Paddy were sent off to see Balls painting his boat.

So Honor had nothing left to do but steal away to her old place on the Pier steps, out of the way of every one. I think, if Lady Jane had once more found her there, the question of last night's proposal would have been very easily settled, for the girl's mind was full of troubled and humbling thoughts.

No doubt nurse was right. She was not, and never would be, any use at home; and if she were of no use, she must, of course, be a burden, and, therefore, better out of the way. It was not a pleasant way, but still it led to the same conclusion. She would be of more use studying and improving herself with Lady Jane, using the opportunity to the utmost which had been so wonderfully offered her.

But once more her reflections were interrupted. Not, however, to-day, by Lady Jane's gentle voice, but by Dr. Smith, the medical man who was attending Brian.

"Good morning, Miss Bright."

And looking up, Honor saw the little man leaning over the rails at the top of the stairs.

"I'm glad I happened to see you," he continued. "I've just been to see your brother, and have a chat with old nurse about him."

"I hope he is better this morning, doctor?" Honor

asked, looking with a sudden pang of alarm into the doctor's grave face.

"Well, I wish I could say so more decidedly. Were you going home? I will walk a little way with you, if I may. To say the truth, Miss Honor, I don't feel at all comfortable about your brother. No, you need not look so frightened. I don't think there is anything seriously wrong at present, but there may be, you see, if it is not attended to in proper time. I wouldn't talk to you about it, my dear," the little man went on kindly, seeing Honor's white face; "you are not old enough to be worried; but there seems to be no one else, and nurse thought you should be told. Your brother has been overdoing himself altogether, it seems, both in body and mind. He is below par in every way, and will have to be very careful through the winter. If he were my boy I should send him off on a sea voyage, or to the south of France, or anywhere out of the east winds, for a few months, and he'd soon pick up again. But if, as it seems, he must stay at home for the winter, we must try and build him up in other ways."

"Does father know?" Honor asked in a low voice.

"I mean to write to him to-night. But, in the meantime, I wish you to be a very good nurse to your brother. I don't mean pulling a long face and fretting, or any of that nonsense. But keep him cheerful and amused, and don't let the youngsters plague him more than can be helped. I can't stay now; I will look in

again to-morrow. Mind what I say, and remember I leave you in charge."

Honor walked on rapidly to the house, more briskly than she had done for a long time. Her heart was sore and aching still; but it was for Brian, and not for herself. As she came in, she heard the voice of Colonel Wilmott talking to Brian in the sitting-room, so she passed on quickly to her own bedroom.

There, on the table, stood her paint-box open, with an unfinished sketch beside it. For a moment the girl knelt down by the window with her hands pressed tightly together, and then, softly, she closed the paint-box: rose, azure, gold, emerald, the dull brown cover shut them all out of sight, like the bright dreams of last night. Honor put away the box out of sight, quite at the bottom of a trunk, and then went downstairs, as she heard the Colonel take his leave.

"I'm come in, Brian. May I stay with you?" she said, trying to look bright, as she came into the room.

"Oh, that is jolly!" Brian said, looking up with real pleasure. "I thought you were off with Lady Jane. Can you really stop?"

"Of course I can. Here, I'll just run after the Colonel: he has left his pocket-book."

And Honor ran down to the door, rather glad of an excuse to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes as Brian spoke, laying his thin, hot hand on hers, and looking up so gratefully into her face.

"Any message for Lady Jane?" the Colonel asked,

as Honor gave him the pocket-book. "I hear she has been offering you Brian's leavings."

Honor stared, wondering what he could mean.

"Lady Jane was so kind as to ask me. I dare say you know about it. Please give her my dear love, and tell her I should like to go—oh, so much! No one knows how much! But Brian is ill, and I could not bear to leave him."

Colonel Wilmott did not seem so vexed at Honor's refusal as he had been at Brian's. Perhaps he felt more sure that she was doing right. He only said, laughingly, "Well, upon my word, you are a nice pair of you! Why, when I was your age, I should have jumped at such a bit of fun. As to Brian, I cannot help thinking he was wrong about it. I'm half inclined to speak to your father, after all, and carry him off, whether he likes it or no."

"Brian! O Colonel Wilmott! it's just what Dr. Smith said would do him most good!"

"Did he? Well, you and I must lay our wise heads together, and circumvent that obstinate young man. We'll make him feel he's not half so much use at home as he fancies, and that his room is worth more than his company. Eh, Honor?"

Honor laughed, and promised to do what she could; and at the very first chance she began operations, by writing a long letter to Aunt Bell.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AUNT BELL TO THE RESCUE.



HONOR'S letter was answered in the most satisfactory way possible—that is, by Aunt Bell coming herself to Saltgate. Honor had got to hate the postman by that time most unjustly; for how could the poor old man deliver letters at Seaview that were never written? And she half agreed with Molly and Nora, who maintained that he kept back letters for them in his bag, just because Don always barked at him when he came. They none of them knew why Honor was so specially anxious for a letter, but they all felt aggrieved at Aunt Bell's unusual silence, and turned their resentment on the poor postman.

"I tell you what," said Paddy, "if that thundering old ruffian comes again without a letter, I shall be under the painful necessity of pulling his nose."

"I daresay," said Nora, "he found out it was us who posted the lobster's tail at the pillar-box; but it's very ill-natured of him to remember it such a long time afterwards."

"Well, we shall see to-morrow, for Aunt Bell and father are sure to write for Brian's birthday, so he can't have the impudence to pretend he's not got a letter anyhow."

They were talking thus in the dusk on the evening before Brian's birthday; the children had just come in from the beach, and Brian had not been out since tea, for Dr. Smith made a point of his not being out after sunset, and Honor was very watchful over him. The paraffin lamp had not been lighted yet, for they were glad to do without it as long as possible, from the unpleasant smell, and from the dreadful sacrifice of lamp-glasses, which fell victims to Pat and Paddy turning up the wick on the smallest excuse.

While they were talking, a fly drove up and stopped in front of the house, and the children rushed to the window to see.

"New lodgers next door," said Molly: "that horrid old man, who made such a fuss when Peter dropped a plum stone on his hat, went away yesterday."

"And that grey parrot, who uses such awful language in the dining-room, has gone too," said Nora: "for I saw the woman who belongs to him in a fly, going to the station."

"No! they're coming in here!"

"Some one to see the lodgings, I expect!" said Honor. "How late!"

"I suppose they won't want to see these rooms?" Brian suggested. "They must be after the dining-rooms."

"Oh, I say, they're coming up!"

"Here! pick up those spades, Molly, do! and make Don get out of the arm-chair. And don't let him fly at the people, Pat; for I'm sure that old lady would have taken the dining-room last week if Don had not behaved so badly."

Then came a tap at the door, and Mrs. Hopkins came in smiling, and said, "Here's a lady to see the rooms, Mr. Brian," and a lady in a long travelling-cloak stood at the door, looking round on them.

"What a blessing it's so dark!" thought Brian. "She won't see what a muddle the room is in."

But the next moment there was a scream of delight from the children, and the lady was flown at, and dragged violently into the room, and down on to the sofa, and Peter was on her lap, and all the others pressing round, kissing, and talking, and laughing all together, which was an odd way of receiving a new lodger.

Of course it was Aunt Bell who had come; and she had come all by herself, too, and had left her husband behind, though it was only two months since the wedding-day. She had taken Honor's letter, and had put it into John Keith's hands without a word.

It was a very touching, little letter, full of loving anxiety for Brian, and humble distrust of herself; and John Keith (good fellow!) when he had read it, said, "Go to them, my dear; it is Aunt Bell they need. . . . No! I'll not go, too; they would rather have you by yourself, and I should only be in the

way." And then, no doubt, he added a good deal that Pat and Molly might have described as "bosh," as is the manner of husbands of two months.

"Everything goes right when Aunt Bell is here," said Nora.

And so, indeed, it seemed. The very paraffin lamp burnt brightly, and did not smell, or suddenly crack its glass; every one dropped into their proper places, the boys were not rude or ill-mannered, the girls were not noisy and unladylike. Brian laughed and talked like a schoolboy as he was, instead of a careworn man, with all the weight of the family on his shoulders; while Honor, on the contrary, seemed older and more dignified, and far more capable in Aunt Bell's encouraging presence than she had done under her own, and nurse's disapprobation and distrust.

"And Peterkin," said Aunt Bell, looking down on a curly red head, "is just as great a baby as ever."

As for nurse, she overflowed with good nature; and even Don was as mild as a moonbeam, or as the mangy terrier in the Happy Family.

Of course all the children sat up to supper, and all wished to talk at once, they had so much to tell, and each wished to be the one to tell it. Honor and Brian declared they could hardly ever see Aunt Bell, much less edge in a word, in the general hubbub; but they knew that their turn would come when the younger ones were in bed, so they waited with tolerable patience, while the little ones nearly devoured her. Talk of Lady Jane's beauty, and elegance! It was

nothing, after all, to Aunt Bell's, in the children's eyes.

But Brian was disappointed of his talk that night, for Aunt Bell declared herself to be very tired, and in need of a good night's rest after her journey. The truth was, that she could hardly keep the tears from her eyes when she looked at the lad—he had grown so pitifully like his mother; but she bravely forced them back, and tears driven back into the heart are apt to turn into prayers.

“You and I, Brian asthore! will have a good long talk to-morrow. We will pack the small fry out of the way, and have a good crack together like old days. I'm afraid you've been working too hard at the pig-minding, my poor old Brian! You must go to bed now, and sleep away those hollow eyes, and be the old Brian again on your birthday to-morrow.”

Nurse had much to say to Aunt Bell before Honor could get her turn, but at last the bedroom door was shut, and nurse had gone clumping upstairs, and Honor had Aunt Bell all to herself.

And then Aunt Bell told her that she had seen father as she came through London, and had told him about Colonel Wilmott's offer to Brian, and the boy's refusal.

“Honor, I think we should be very proud of Brian.”

“Yes, that was just what Colonel Wilmott said when he saved Duke: he said he was a hero.”

“A true hero, following the path of duty straight-forward, if it takes him down a precipice, or just day

after day to dull work at Mr. Grinder's office. It's not fear and it's not pleasure that will tempt him out of it."

"Is it his duty, Aunt Bell, to go to Mr. Grinder's?"

Aunt Bell was silent a minute. She had just been in to see Brian as he lay asleep, and the feeling was very strong and sore in her, that the boy's path of duty was not to be very long, and that the short, uphill road, would soon end in the rest and pleasure for evermore.

"No, Honor. I hope, and father thinks so, too, that it is his duty to accept Colonel Wilmott's offer. It will be good for his health, and for his prospects in life, please God; and the situation at Mr. Grinder's is not good enough to be thought of in comparison."

"Did you tell father that Lady Jane had asked me?"

"Yes, dear; and he and I agreed with you, that your right place was at home; and he said, 'Thank God, my little girl can see the path of duty, and has grace to choose it!' There is nothing half so beautiful or bright in Italy, little Honor, as that common old path of duty! I pray God we may all follow it to its glorious end."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BRIAN'S BIRTHDAY.



THE Brights held strong opinions on the subject of keeping birthdays. They believed firmly in the maxim, "The more the merrier," though not in its selfish and gluttonous conclusion "The fewer the better cheer." They inherited their notions from father, who had been as proud and pleased when baby Peter's little, soft, red poll had been for the first time exhibited to an admiring nursery circle, as when Brian the first-born had been laid in his inexperienced arms. Every birthday was a family festival; and even now, by father's wish, one day was kept among the other holidays when he seemed specially to like to have the children about him, and to make it a happy day, because it was "Mother's birthday."

Aunt Bell's marriage, and the giving up of the old home, had somewhat upset the usual observances this year. And now Brian's birthday coming upon them in lodgings, without pocket-money, or anything wherewith to observe it, put the children in some difficulty. Brian himself, too, did not seem at all in a state either of body or mind for the occasion;

and, indeed, appeared to be tending towards the condition of the

“ Old man of Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born.”

So out of spirits did he appear, in spite of all his efforts to be cheerful.

Aunt Bell's arrival, however, as Molly said, “ like a splendid, big, birthday present herself,” seemed to set everything right, and the family spirits rose with a bound. Nurse and Mrs. Hopkins made up their latest differences, and buried the hatchet in a huge plum cake, frosted and frilled, rich and heavy as heart could desire.

Molly and Nora gave Don a bath, and extra brushing and combing—a feat of much danger. It was performed in the girls' bedroom, whence issued screams growls, laughter, splashing, scolding, coaxing, and finally Don himself, silky and sulky, fluffy and fatigued by the conflict, with a new pink ribbon tied by main force round his unwilling neck.

Presents there were none, except a daintily-finished, little sketch of Honor's, which she had been working at in secret for some time. The children looked rather ruefully at the empty breakfast-plate, which ought to have been filled with sealed packets. Aunt Bell's present was not given till the evening, and later in the day came a basket of hothouse flowers and fruit from Lady Jane, and a little gold hunting-watch from the Colonel, with an inscription inside the case, which made Brian get very red and uncom-

fortable: but these things did not make the children feel their poverty the less.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Pat, "we'll have a procession of penitent, pauper pilgrims!"

So in the middle of Brian's breakfast, which Aunt Bell had insisted on taking up to him, the bedroom door was thrown open, and the procession of pauper pilgrims appeared in newspaper cocked hats and great-coats, with pocket-handkerchiefs tied on to sticks, and other signs of woe and distress.

"We've come to tell you, Brian," Peter said, who was generally spokesman on these occasions, and now headed the train in Aunt Bell's waterproof, and a cocked hat large enough to extinguish him; "we've come to wish you many happy returns of the day, and say that we couldn't get any presents because we've no money to buy anything with."

"We thought," went on Molly, speaking from the depths of Brian's greatcoat, with the collar turned well up over her head, "we had better have a procession, so that you should know how it was."

It might not have seemed very clear to an outsider what connection there was between no presents and a procession, but Brian did not seem at all surprised, and nurse submitted mildly to this invasion of her patient's bedroom, which would not otherwise have been allowed on any consideration.

"You see, I'm not up to much to-day," Brian said, when the motley crew had distributed itself on and around the bed; "but I don't see why we should not

do something jolly all the same. Couldn't we go out somewhere and show Aunt Bell the lions? We could take some cake and stuff with us, and have tea on the beach, you know. What do you say, nurse?"

Nurse did not answer, feeling painfully that the clearest answer to any such proposal lay in the speaker's tired face and dark-ringed eyes, and yet being loth to spoil the children's holiday.

I do not know what would have happened if Aunt Bell had not, as usual, come to the rescue, with a delightful succession of plans, including a special regatta of all the children's boats on the big pool left at low tide in front of Seaview in the morning, a donkey-ride over Tilsey Heath in the afternoon; a shrimp and periwinkle tea with Duke; winding up with a grand ghost-story in the evening. This programme was somewhat suggestive of the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out; but being Aunt Bell's proposition, they were both received and carried out with glee, as being jolly in themselves and also in honour of Brian.

The hero of the day, meanwhile, gave himself up, nothing loth, to a quiet morning of rest, watching the regatta from the open window, and extracting a good deal of amusement from the evolutions of the various craft, which capsized, and foundered, and came into collision, in a way that would have discouraged any less intrepid captains than the young Brights.

After dinner, when with much shouting of donkey-

boys and vigorous applications of sticks, the tail of the last donkey had vanished round the corner of Sea-view, Aunt Bell slipped her hand through Brian's arm, and they strolled out together to a sunny corner of the beach, where there was a bench, and they could sit at ease, with the wide sea stretching away before and around them, sunny, and calm, and smiling to-day like the hope of a bright future.

"Brian, I wish to talk to you," Aunt Bell began, laying her hand on his as he sat with his great eyes gazing out dreamily into the distance.

"Isn't it splendid?" he said, as if he had not heard her words. "It's a pity it's not always so."

"Yes, storms and dull grey days will come often enough. But surely it would be ungrateful not to enjoy the sunshine when it comes? You know what is in my mind, Brian. I wish to talk to you about this charming Italian scheme of Colonel's Wilmott's."

Brian was silent for a minute or two, and then broke out, quite fiercely—

"Look here, Aunt Bell, I can't bear talking of it! One must just look at the plain common sense of things, and do one's duty, without crying over what can't be helped."

"That is just what I want you to do. Look at the plain common sense of it, and your duty is clear enough."

"Well, that is, to my thinking, that we are all of us poor now, and must turn to and work as hard as we can to get a living."

"Just so : doing the best you can for yourself, and, therefore, for the others."

"And that seems to be Grinder's," Brian went on, rather bitterly.

"Suppose you are not up to Grinder's, what then?"

"Well, Aunt Bell, I know I'm not a genius ; but at least I can try it."

"Yes, and make every one miserable about you ; and probably break down in a fortnight, and cost no end in doctor's bills."

Brian looked up, rather startled at Aunt Bell's sharp, plain way of speaking.

"Oh, nonsense ! I'm not so bad as all that !"

"It is three miles to Mudford every morning ; and you must start before eight o'clock, all through the winter, and in all sorts of weather, when the roads are bad, unless you mean to keep a horse out of your thirty pounds ; and there is the same walk back every evening after dark. You must make haste and get up your walking, Brian, if you mean to begin it next month."

Brian did not reply, and Aunt Bell went on—

"Now look here, my dear. You know as well as I do that it would be the death of you, and that a winter abroad would be the making of you."

"And in the meantime Grinder's place"—

"Is filled by a young fellow I know, who will be very glad of it, and admirably suited to the work."

"Oh, well, Aunt Bell, of course, if you are interested elsewhere"—

"Yes, I am; and when your letter goes to Mr. Grinder, I shall ask you to put in a good word for young Pearce; he is a great pet of mine."

"And I, being successfully turned out"——

"Will accept Colonel Wilmott's offer, and come back in six months fit for something."

The boy's eyes had been brightening up as Aunt Bell talked, but the light died out again, and he spoke, sadly——

"Ah, it's all very well! but what are they to do at home, with no one to box the boys' ears and keep the peace?"

Aunt Bell looked grave, too.

"Yes, there is that to think of too. I want to talk to you a bit about Honor. It seems a great charge to come on one so young and childish. I think nurse is rather hard on her sometimes."

"Yes, that's just what I say. How can you expect a child of fifteen to turn into a old woman?"

"Like a boy of seventeen has been trying to do," Aunt Bell said laughing. "You see, the one must be a work of time, while the other is an impossibility. We must have patience; and I don't think we shall be disappointed in her. I suppose it would be breaking confidence to show you her last letter; but the child knows her duty, which is the first step to doing it."

"I don't know how she can."

"God knows, or He would not have given it to her to do. We must not wrong her by taking away her work from her, Brian."

"I never thought of it in that way before," he said thoughtfully. "I suppose you mean that I ought to clear out of the way, and trust to things going right?"

"Yes. It needed a lot of faith to see that it was right to marry John; and it needs a lot of faith in you to see that you ought to go abroad and do your work, and leave Honor to do hers."

Brian sat still a long time, and then rose up slowly stretching out his hand to Aunt Bell.

"I'm awfully slow at thinking out things, but I will think of it."

But even as he spoke, there was a look of brightness in his face that made Aunt Bell very glad.

Nothing more was said; but before Brian went to bed, Aunt Bell gave him her birthday present.

"It's a present to myself, after all," she said, "as she laid a beautiful travelling sketch-book in his hand. "I want you to fill it for me."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW HONOR AND BRIAN FOUND THE SHAMROCK.



THREE months have passed since my last chapter, and the Brights have been settled for some time at Kelburn Lodge, which is the fine sounding name of the unpretending, little house, which, small as it is, quite as satisfactorily represents home to the children as the more imposing and spacious house in London. Pat and Paddy had attended the Mudford Grammar School regularly for a quarter, but now it was the Christmas holidays, and just the proper weather for Christmas holidays, too—a thorough hard frost, with the snow on the trees and hedges, as hard as the sugar on a wedding-cake, and the ice on the ponds as thick, Pat said, as a dining-table. They nearly lived out on the great pond at the Grove, where John Keith, when the frost first set in, had set them all tottering on their skates, and had, more than once, beheld the whole Bright family (always excepting Brian) stretched at full length on the ice.

Aunt Bell came down to the pond one afternoon

and missed Peter and Honor from among the flying figures on the ice playing at cross-touch.

"Peter! Oh, he has got a cold, and he's as cross as two sticks."

"Poor old man!"

"He cried because Molly said little boys were made of slugs, and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails, and Honor is cosseting him up at home. And oh, Aunt Bell! do have your skates on, and let's dance a quadrille!"

But Aunt Bell turned her back on the pond and skaters, and made her way across the frozen, crisp grass of the park, and along the road leading to Kelburn Lodge. It was hardly ten minutes' walk from the Grove to Kelburn Lodge, but the early January dusk was falling as she reached the house, and entered, as she always did, without ringing.

The two sitting-rooms, called out of compliment dining-room and drawing-room, were on either side of the door; and as the drawing-room door was partly open, Aunt Bell could see into the room as she stood in the passage, and she had come in so quietly that Honor had not heard her.

It was a very ordinary-looking room, small and square, and scantily furnished, and it was littered about with the various signs of children's employments, which are never very ornamental; but the warm glow of the fire, by which alone it was lighted, gave a pleasant, genial, home-like aspect to the room, as fire-light will, like loving memory.

Honor was sitting in a low chair, drawn full into the

glow in front of the fire, with Peter asleep in her arms. She was such a little slip of a thing still, and Peter such a big boy, that I do not think an artist would have chosen the scene for a picture, even though the light on Peter's ruddy curls and the rich shadows on Honor's brown dress might have pleased his eye. But to Aunt Bell no picture could have seemed more lovely and pleasing, and she stood for a minute at the door, till Honor looked round and saw her. Her cry of pleasure and welcome half roused Peter; and he turned his head fretfully, put up one hot hand on Honor's neck and slept again.

"Don't move, Honor; what's the matter with the poor little man?"

Aunt Bell drew a chair up by the fire close by, and they talked in low tones.

"Nothing much, I think, only a cold; but the others teased him, and he needed a little comforting."

"And so you stopped with him?"

"Yes, he asked me to. And do you know, Aunt Bell, I really think the children are getting a little bit fond of me?"

"Are they really, Honor Bright?" said Aunt Bell, smiling at the girl's serious face.

"Peter has come to me often lately, when he has been teased, or hurt, or got in the wars, somehow; and he's getting into quite a habit of creeping into my bed early in the morning to have a story told him. And it's not only Peter, Aunt Bell, but Pat came to me yesterday (he is such a good boy, Pat, you can't

think), and asked me to help him with his holiday task. Wasn't it nice of him, Aunt Bell? You know I'm not stupid over arithmetic—Monsieur Le Brun says that—so I can help him at that; and I can work on at my Latin of an evening, after the little ones are in bed. Do you know, Aunt Bell, I was silly enough to cry when he asked me! I was so pleased; but I didn't let him see it, of course.

"Dear little Honor! I am so glad!"

"I can't tell you, Aunt Bell," the girl went on, "how wretched it made me, when Brian first went away, to see how the children all missed him; and I thought it would break my heart when Peter used to cry himself to sleep night after night, and sob for Brian in his dreams."

"Ah! that's all past and over now, dear! But Peter is heavy for you, Honor; he's such a big boy. Don't your arms ache sometimes?"

"I think I like my arms to ache, Aunt Bell; and it keeps my heart from aching."

"And so, little Honor, the path of duty is a happy place after all; and the four-leaved shamrock grows all round the shanty and the potato-patch, where the children pass every day?"

"I think I understand better, now," said Honor. "But oh, Aunt Bell! talking about four-leaved shamrocks, there's such a letter from Colonel Wilmott about Brian! I opened it because father said I might open any letters that came for him in the week; and it's on the table just behind you, if you can reach it there—behind Molly's workbox, with Paddy's catapult on it."

While Aunt Bell is reading Colonel Wilmott's letter, I will tell you a little of Honor's new life. She is not a perfect housekeeper yet, by any means—what little maiden of fifteen ever was? And I rather doubt if there is the making of such a useful article in Honor Bright, even though she try her hardest. But nurse, who has turned into the most wonderful maid-of-all-work, with the help of a frightened girl in a pinafore from the National School, who courtesies if you look at her (and nurse is certainly not prejudiced in favour of Honor's household virtues), is bound to confess that "Miss Honor does her best." And when she is in a good temper she does not add, "And bad's the best."

Aunt Bell's kindly help is always to be relied on in any difficulty: and to her Honor goes when butchers' books and boys' socks weigh too heavily on her young mind to be borne alone. Father comes every Saturday to spend Sunday with his children; and the boys complain that Honor thinks anything good enough for dinner all the week, and nothing good enough on Sundays. But they sympathise, at any rate, in the latter part of the sentiment, even while they grumble.

Pat and Paddy (as I have said) go to Mudford School; and on three mornings in the week an old Frenchman, Monsieur Le Brun, comes out to teach Honor, Molly, and Nora, French, Latin, and arithmetic; and in the intervals Honor gives Peter his lessons, and helps and reads with Molly and Nora, besides preparing her own lessons for Monsieur Le Brun; so she has plenty to do, though Aunt Bell takes the music lessons

off her hands, for which Honor has no talent whatever.

"And how is the drawing getting on, Miss Honor?" old friends would ask.

And the girl would shake her head and say, "I have no time."

"Got tired of it, eh? Taken up some other study? I thought you were to be a Rosa Bonheur?"

Only Aunt Bell and father knew that the paint-box and all the drawing materials were put away on a high shelf, where she could not even see them; and that she would always use pen and ink instead of pencil when correcting Molly's exercises or setting Peter's copies, to keep her rebellious fingers from temptation.

"It is a snare to me, Aunt Bell," she said; "and I will put it quite away."

"I think you are right, dear," Aunt Bell said; "and I believe you will lose nothing by putting it aside now, and that some day God will let art and duty go together for you."

Meanwhile Aunt Bell has been reading Colonel Wilmott's letter by the firelight. The beginning was taken up with an account of a week's stay in Rome with Brian, which was to be repeated before long; and he went on to say, "You need have no anxiety about his health, for he looks better, and stronger, and brighter every day, and really beats me in walking and climbing; and Lady Jane is always looking after her 'big son,' as she calls him. But we have made a discovery about him which was quite a surprise to us, whatever it may

be to you. Let Miss Honor look to her laurels, or Brian will put her nose out of joint.

"I am no judge of such things, but I am told that the boy has a wonderful talent in drawing. Signor Calaresi, who is reckoned something out of the common in the art-world here, and who is an old chum of my wife, came on the sketch-book, in which Brian has been drawing a few little things for Mrs. Keith, and he went off raving on the spot. I did not understand half he said, for their lingo is not in my line. But the long and the short of it is, that Brian is a genius, and that nothing will do but that he must turn to at Signor Calaresi's studio; and no one is to be surprised if some fine morning the Thames is found on fire, having been set alight by a certain talented young artist, Brian Bright; and we may see him an R.A. yet before we have done with him. He is an odd lad too; for when I told him what Calaresi said, he was quite put out about it. 'It is Honor,' he said, 'who has the talent and not I.' But the cat is out of the bag, now: and it will not be Calaresi's fault, or Lady Jane's, or mine either, if his talent is not cultivated."

"O Aunt Bell! isn't it glorious?" said Honor, with her face all aglow, and her chin resting on Peter's curly head.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

N the last chapter we jumped over three months; now we must put on our seven-league boots and step over three years, and take a peep over Honor's shoulder, as she stood at the breakfast-table, reading out a short but very interesting passage, from the "Art Journal," which Lady Jane Wilmott had sent her that morning. It was an account of the opening of a new gallery of modern paintings in London, with a notice of the best pictures. The passage Honor was reading was :—

"Mr. Brian Bright's charming little study of a head deserves especial commendation, as the work of a most promising young artist. The meaning of the title put to it in the catalogue, 'Honour Bright,' is not apparent to the uninitiated, but we may at least say confidently that the two words cannot but come appropriately together, where genius is so clearly indicated; and we hope great things for the future."

I do not know if the critics ever found a clue to the name in the face of the tall, fair girl who, not many

weeks later, stood with a train of eager-faced boys and girls before the picture in question.

It was only a child's head; and Brian had worked it out of that little rough sketch which had lain hidden for years among Aunt Bell's treasures. A little, pale-faced girl, with great, dreamy eyes, and a glory of fair hair round her head.

I suppose the art judges, looking through critical spectacles, saw the inspiration of genius in the lines and tints of form and colour. But there were other critics nearer home who saw, perhaps through tears, Brian's truer inspiration in the young sister, reigning like a queen in the kingdom of home, and wearing on her quiet brows the true crown of "Honour Bright!"

THE END.

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON, & CO.'S

Catalogue of Books.



ADAMS.—WORTHIES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND:

A Series of Biographies. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Crown 8vo. extra, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'Mr. Adams has spared no pains to give an impartial view to his "Worthies," and his work will be a very useful addition to the parish library and the home book-shelf of the young Churchman.'—PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

AINSLIE.—INSTRUCTION FOR JUNIOR CLASSES IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By the Rev. A. C. AINSLIE, M.A., LL.D.,
Vicar of Langport, Somerset, Prebendary of Wells. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. each.

A packet of Lesson Leaflets for a class of ten, price 5s.

Vol. I. THE STORY OF THE GOSPELS IN FIFTY-TWO LESSONS.

Vol. II. FIFTY-TWO LESSONS ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

'Clear, concise, and graphic.'—GUARDIAN.

These books are specially designed to help those who have not been trained as Teachers.

For more advanced scholars, see Bishop Carpenter's 'Outline Lessons,' and Canon Daniel's 'Daily Offices.'

ANDERSEN, HANS.—THE SNOW QUEEN. See PYM.

THE ARTIST: A JOURNAL OF HOME CULTURE.

Monthly, price 6d. ; post free for a year, 7s. The yearly Volumes form a complete history of the Art World. 4to. cloth boards, 8s. 6d.

'The only newspaper of the Art World published; and a very good one too.'

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISM.

BAIRD.—Works by the late Rev. WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A.

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST: A Manual of Early Church History. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

BAIRD.—*Works by the late Rev. WM. BAIRD, M.A.*—(Continued.)

THE INHERITANCE OF OUR FATHERS: Plain Words about the Book of Common Prayer. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

WATCHING BY THE CROSS: Prayers, Readings, and Meditations for Holy Week. Royal 32mo. 6d.; cloth boards, red edges, 1s. [Fourth Edition.]

BELL.—**FROM PHARAOH TO FELLAH.** By C. F. MOBERLY BELL, Author of 'Egyptian Finance,' &c. With upwards of 130 Illustrations from Drawings by GEORGES MONTBARD. Engraved by CHARLES BARBANT. Crown 8vo. fancy cloth boards, 16s.

'Few will resist reading to the end when they have begun it. Mr. Moberly Bell has one knack which not a few historians would be thankful to possess; he knows how to put the facts of Egyptian history into true perspective.'

ATHENÆUM.

'Written with singular and most captivating brightness and humour. Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Georges Montbard have made as bright and readable a book as has ever been written upon Egypt past and present.'

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

'At once original, fresh, and amusing.'—STANDARD.

'Mr. Moberly Bell has a minute knowledge of Egyptian history and affairs; he does not let slip the opportunity to convey a deal of interesting and valuable information.'—SCOTSMAN.

BIDDER.—**WESTMINSTER CLOISTERS:** The Story of a Life's Ambition. By M. BIDDER. With Illustrated Frontispiece, Title-page, and Initial Letters. Crown 8vo. appropriate cloth boards, 5s.

'The pictures of ecclesiastical life are wrought with a good deal of force and picturesque realism, and the principal historical characters are clearly depicted Decidedly interesting and well told.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

'A very graceful and touching story of life in the great monastery of Westminster, during the time when Richard Cœur de Lion was held captive in Germany. The book will certainly be a favourite, both with girls and boys.'

GUARDIAN

BIRLEY.—*Tales by Miss CAROLINE BIRLEY.*

THE LINEN-ROOM WINDOW ; or, 'What the Snow conceals the Sun reveals.' Illustrated. Square 16mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

WE ARE SEVEN. A Tale for Children. Illustrations by T. PYM. Imperial 16mo. extra cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'The children are real children, many-sided little mortals, and their joys and sorrows are such as children can understand.'—MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

'This is a tale for children and children's occupations, which children will like. Poor little Birdie and her wonderful dolls are sure to be favourites.'

THE QUEEN.

BLOOMFIELD.—**THE FAKENHAM GHOST.** By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. With numerous Illustrations by J. L. WIMBUSH. Small 4to. cloth bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

The Illustrations have been drawn on purpose, and are not a reproduction of the Illustrated Edition published by Darton and Harvey in 1812.

BLUNT.—A THOUSAND YEARS OF THE CHURCH IN CHESTER-LE-STREET. By the Rev. WILLIAM O. BLUNT, M.A. Rector ; Hon. Canon Durham. Illustrated, crown 8vo. paper boards, 7s.6d.
'A model of parish history.'—CHURCH BELLS.

BOEVEY.—TOPSY TURVY. By S. M. CRAWLEY BOEVEY. With numerous Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. 4to. extra cloth boards, 3s. 6d.
 [Second Edition.]

A most original tale for children from ten to fourteen ; full of adventures and teeming with fun and humour.

'The illustrations deserve particular mention, as they add largely to the interest of this amusing volume for children. Jack falls asleep with his mind full of the subject of the fish-pond, and is very much surprised presently to find himself an inhabitant of Water-world, where he goes through wonderful and edifying adventures. A handsome and pleasant book.'—THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOURDALOUE.—EIGHT SERMONS FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER. Translated from the French of the Rev. FATHER LOUIS BOURDALOUE by the Rev. G. F. CROWTHER, M.A., of St. John's College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'His [Bourdaloue] style is exceedingly clear and flowing ; his reasoning—granting his premises—is often powerful ; his appeals to the conscience of his hearers are fervid and impassioned. The sermons here reproduced are mostly as though they had been written in English.'—THE SCOTSMAN.

BRADLEY.—A SELECTION FROM THE SERMONS BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES BRADLEY. Edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. G. J. DAVIES, Author of 'Successful Preachers,' &c. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'The prince of sermon writers.'—CANON HAVERGAL.

'May be thought to be the flower of evangelical preaching.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

BROOKS.—LECTURES ON PREACHING. By the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, U. S. A. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

BULLEY.—*Works by* ELEANOR BULLEY.

GREAT BRITAIN FOR LITTLE BRITONS. With numerous Illustrations of Places and People. Large crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s.6d. [3rd Edition, thoroughly Revised, with additional Illustrations.]

'A very pleasant device for making geography agreeable.'—GUARDIAN.

'Great pains have been taken with this book, and it contains abundance of information.'—SPECTATOR.

'It will give "Little Britons" a better idea of their native land than they will obtain from a dozen dry geographies.'—LITERARY WORLD.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

A popular Life of the Queen.

BURNE AND MILES.—TILES FROM DAME MARJORIE'S CHIMNEY-CORNER AND CHINA FROM HER CUPBOARD. By F. S. T. BURNE and H. J. A. MILES. A new and original book for Children. Printed in various shades of blue. Oblong paper boards, 3s. 6d.

'They form a charming collection, very delicately executed.'—THE TIMES.
'The figures in the large Tiles are done with character, sweetness, and grace, and the reproduction in tints resembling the old Dutch tiles could not be surpassed for delicacy and softness of rendering.'—THE DECORATOR.

BURROWS.—*Works by the Rev. H. W. BURROWS, B.D.,
Canon of Rochester.*

THE EVE OF ORDINATION. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, 1s. 6d.
[Third Edition.]

LENTEN AND OTHER SERMONS. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.
[Third Edition.]

'They are striking, simple, brief, and impressive.'—CHRISTIAN WORLD.
'A brevity, born not of poverty, but of fulness.'—CHURCH TIMES.

CALTHROP.—*Works by the Rev. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury.*

THE BRAZEN SERPENT, and other Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s.

**MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE
REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A.,** late Vicar of St. James's, Holloway. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo. cloth boards, 6s. [Second Edit.]

'His distinctiveness lay in the piety of his personal character, the devotedness of his pastoral consecration, and the simplicity, earnestness, and success of his preaching.'—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CARPENTER.—SHORT OUTLINE LESSONS FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By the Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. 16mo. 8d.; cloth boards, 1s.

CASPARI, K. H.—THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON; or, The Thirty Years' War. Illustrated by J. FINNEMORE. Crown 8vo. elegant cloth binding, 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—A Monthly Record of the Work of the Universities' Mission. 8vo. Monthly. 1d. Volumes, cloth boards, 2s. Cloth cases for binding the year's numbers, 8d.

CHATTERBOX.—Weekly, One Halfpenny; Monthly, in Wrapper, 3d. Annual Volumes, containing about Two Hundred Full-page Illustrations, Illustrated paper boards, cloth back, 3s.; extra cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 5s. Cloth cases for binding the year's issue, 1s. each.

A few copies of the following Volumes are still in print:—
3s. Edition—1883, 1884, 1885, 1886. 5s. Edition—1883, 1885, 1886.

This is the most popular children's magazine ever published. In a review of children's books the TIMES says of the volume edition: 'Chatterbox is one of the best children's books we have seen.'

CHATTERBOX CHRISTMAS-BOX.—The latest issue contains five fully coloured Pictures, besides Stories from Fairyland, Tales, Sketches, Songs, &c. Price 1s.

CHILD-NATURE.—By One of the Authors of *Child-World*. Illustrated. Small square 16mo. cloth boards, gilt edges, 6*d*.

CHILD'S OWN STORY-BOOK.—In Short Words and Large Type. With Coloured Plates by T. PYM. Square 16mo. extra cloth boards, 1*s*. 6*d*. [Third Edition.]

'Six dozen capital stories. Will amuse little ones who are just beginning to feel an interest in reading to themselves.'—LITERARY WORLD.

CHORISTER'S ADMISSION CARD.—Contains Reasons and Motives for joining the Choir, with space for name, &c. On Card in Red and Black. 2*d*.

CHURCH CONGRESS REPORTS.

NOTTINGHAM, 1871.

[*Out of print.*]

BRIGHTON, 1874. 8vo. paper covers, 5*s*. 6*d*.; cloth boards, 6*s*. 6*d*.

STOKE-ON-TRENT, 1875. 8vo. paper covers, 5*s*. 6*d*.; cloth boards, 6*s*. 6*d*.

PLYMOUTH, 1876. 8vo. paper covers, 5*s*. 6*d*.; cloth boards, 6*s*. 6*d*.

CHURCH WORK.—A Record of Home and Foreign Church Work. Monthly, 6*d*. Post free for a year to all parts of the World, 7*s*. Cloth cases for binding six months' numbers, 1*s*.

The following Volumes of *Mission Life* are still in print:—

1867–1870, reduced to 3*s*. 6*d*. each; 1871 (Part II. only), 1872–1886, 3*s*. 6*d* each vol. of six months. 1887 and 1888, 7*s*. each.

'A well-edited repository of news from every part of the Mission field.'

NONCONFORMIST.

CLARKE.—COMMON-LIFE SERMONS. 'By the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., Vicar of Battersea, Hon. Canon of Winchester. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, 2*s*.; cloth boards, 2*s*. 6*d*. [6th Thousand.]

Works edited by the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

CHILDREN'S HOME HYMN-BOOK. Royal 32mo. 1*d*.; cloth, 2*d*.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK. Royal 32mo. 1*d*.; cloth, 2*d*.

GOOD STORIES. The earlier numbers, consisting of 180 Complete Stories. Illustrated, in an Ornamental Cover, 3*d*. each. A List forwarded on application.

The following Volumes, strongly bound in cloth boards, 1*s*. 3*d*. each, will be found most useful in Village and Lending Libraries:—

ALICE AND HER CROSS, and Other Stories (Temperance).

COLONEL ROLFE'S STORY (Soldiers).

CONSULTING THE FATES, and Other Stories (Young Women).

FOUR LADS AND THEIR LIVES, and Other Stories

(Confirmation).

GREGORY OF THE FORETOP, and Other Stories (Sailors).

JACK STEDMAN, and Other Stories (Young Men).

MARTIN GAY THE SINGER, and Other Stories (Temperance).

NETHER STONEY, and Other Stories (Temperance).

CLARKE.—*Works edited by Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.*—
(Continued.)

RHODA'S SECRET, and Other Stories (Young Women).

THE FORTUNE-TELLER, and Other Stories (Young Women).

THE RAINHILL FUNERAL, and Other Stories (Tradesmen).

THE PARISH LIBRARY. Illustrated. 18mo. cloth boards, price 1s. each.

CAN SHE KEEP A SECRET?

DEB CLINTON, THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

LUCY GRAHAM.

OLD ANDREW THE PEACEMAKER.

THE CLOCKMAKER OF ST. LAURENT.

THE PARISH MAGAZINE. Illustrated, Monthly, 1d.; cloth cases for binding the year's numbers, 8d.; post free for a year, 1s. 6d.

The following Volumes are still to be had, and will be found very popular for School Libraries, Prizes, and for Lending to Sick Folk :—

1s. 6d. Edition—1861, 1864, 1866, 1879, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

2s. Edition—1859, 1861, 1862, 1864, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1873, 1874, 1877, 1879, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

This was the first and the most popular Magazine adapted for localisation. Both the Archbishops, and nearly the whole of the Bishops, have from time to time contributed to its pages. 'Hints on Localising the Parish Magazine' will be forwarded on application.

THE PRIZE. For Boys and Girls. Monthly, 1d.; illustrated with numerous Engravings and one Coloured Picture. Cloth cases for binding the year's numbers, 1s. Post free for a year, 1s. 6d.

Each Volume contains about One Hundred Illustrations.

Volumes, 1s. 2d. paper cover; 1s. 6d. Illustrated paper boards; 2s. cloth boards; 2s. 6d. extra cloth boards, gilt edges.

Some copies of the following Volumes are still in print :—

1s. 2d. Edition—1881, 1882, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

1s. 6d. Edition—1871, 1877, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

2s. Edition—1874, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

2s. 6d. Edition—1868, 1879, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

A New Series, with Coloured Illustrations, commenced with the January issue for 1882. The Volumes are most attractive, and contain Thirteen Coloured Plates and numerous Engravings.

'A well-illustrated monthly serial of such literature as is calculated to please and benefit the younger boys and girls of our Sunday-schools. "The Children's Prize" is a meritorious and useful publication. For its special purpose—the reward and encouragement of industry and intelligence in the classes of schools for poor children—no better work lies upon our table.'—ATHENÆUM.

COBB.—*Works by JAMES F. COBB.*

MARTIN THE SKIPPER. A Tale for Boys and Sea-faring Folk. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [8th Thousand.

'We should imagine those queer folk indeed who could not read this story with eager interest and pleasure, be they boys or girls, young or old. We cannot sufficiently commend the style in which the book is written, and the religious spirit which pervades it.'—CHRISTIAN WORLD.

COBB.—*Works by JAMES F. COBB.*—(Continued.)

OFF TO CALIFORNIA. A Tale of the Gold Country. Adapted from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience. Illustrated by A. Forestier. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [3rd Edition.

'The scene of this story is laid in exciting times. The adventurers go through the greatest perils; and though they find a wonderful treasure in the pool of a mountain . . . This is a good story of its kind, told with spirit, and admirable in tone and moral.'—SPECTATOR.

'This is a capital story for boys, full of adventure and stirring incident, but of excellent tone and good moral tendency. There are half-a-dozen spirited illustrations, and the book is attractively bound.'—NONCONFORMIST.

THE WATCHERS ON THE LONGSHIPS. A Tale of Cornwall in the Last Century. Illustrated by Davidson Knowles. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [16th Edition.

'A capital story, and one we heartily commend to boy readers, both gentle and simple.'—GUARDIAN.

COOKE.—**WHAT THE GOSPEL HAS DONE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.** By A. R. COOKE. Small crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

THE CONFIRMATION SERVICE.—With Prayers for Candidates, to be used during the Service. With Commendatory Note by the BISHOP OF BEDFORD. Fcap. 8vo. 1d.; 6s. per 100. [30th Thousand.

It is believed that this will supply a long-felt want, and will be very helpful in supplying the Candidates with suitable thoughts during the pauses in the Service.

COPELAND.—**BRIDEWELL ROYAL HOSPITAL.** Past and Present. A short account of it as Palace, Hospital, Prison, and School, with a collection of Interesting Memoranda hitherto unpublished. By ALFRED JAMES COPELAND, F.S.A. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'Mr. Copeland has told the unvarnished tale of his Hospital from the unimpeachable records of contemporary documents.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONVOCATION REPORTS.

THE SALE OF ADVOWSONS AND THE AUGMENTATION OF SMALL LIVINGS. Second Report of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury, July 1879. 4d.

THE RELATIONS OF CHURCH AND STATE.—A Full Report of the Committee of Convocation of Canterbury, July 1879. 4d.

THE RUBRICS OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. The Report of Convocation of Canterbury, as presented to Her Majesty the Queen, in obedience to the Royal Letters of Business, on July 31, 1879. 1s.

THE CORAL MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.—A Record of Missionary Work among the Working Classes and in the Church Missionary Schools and Stations abroad. Monthly, 1d.; Post free for a year to all parts of the World, 1s. 6d.; Volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d. each; cloth cases for a year's numbers, 8d.

COWPER.—**HELP AT HAND**; or, What shall we do in Accidents or Illness? By COUNTESS COWPER. Numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. paper cover, 3d.; cloth, 6d. [Second Edition.]

'The directions are adequate, concise, and unmistakably clear.'—THE WORLD.
'Thoroughly sensible and practical in tone.'—THE SCOTSMAN.

CROMPTON.—**A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.** By SARAH CROMPTON. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

Sir W. Scott's 'Talisman' in Short Words.

CUTTS.—**THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD: An Explanation of the Holy Communion, with Notes on the Communion Service.** By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, B.A., D.D., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Haverstock Hill. 18mo. extra cloth boards, red edges, 2s.

'A valuable aid to the pastor in preparing lectures to communicants.'

THE LIVING CHURCH.

DANIEL.—*Works by the Rev. EVAN DANIEL, M.A., Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea; Hon. Canon of Rochester.*

THE DAILY OFFICES AND LITANY. Being an Introduction to the Study of the Prayer-Book. Specially designed for the Use of National Schools and Sunday Schools. Fcap. 8vo. 8d.; cloth boards, 10d. [8th Thousand.]

THE PRAYER-BOOK: Its History, Language, and Contents. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 6s. [Twelfth Edition.]

An Appendix dealing with the Preface, 2d.

'So large, wide, and speedy a circulation is proof at once of the interest which the subject possesses, and of the high merit of this treatise on it. . . . The "glossarial notes" on the Prayer-book version of the Psalms are a peculiar and valuable ingredient in this serviceable volume; so also are the condensed, but pregnant, remarks upon the "Propria" for each of the Sundays and festivals, which will often furnish most valuable hints and references for the Sunday-school teacher and the preacher.'—GUARDIAN. Second Notice.

DE TEISSIER.—**THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST PRACTICALLY SET FORTH.** By the Rev. G. F. DE TEISSIER, B.D., Rector of Church-Brampton. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, 2s. 6d.; cloth boards, 5s.

DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

'Besides containing much information, ecclesiastical and historical, is also of considerable practical utility. The writer is impartial and trustworthy.'

SPECTATOR.

DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.—A Daily Text-Book. 18mo. cloth boards, 9d.

DIX.—*Works by the Rev. MORGAN DIX, Rector of Holy Trinity, New York.*

SERMONS, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL AND PHILOSOPHY. Six Lent Lectures. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'A book calculated to be eminently useful. . . . Space will not allow us to give any more quotations, as we should gladly do, but we most earnestly recommend this work for general use.'—GUARDIAN.

THE DRIVER'S BOX, and Other Stories. With Ten Full-page Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

This volume contains the following Stories :—

THE DRIVER'S BOX.
ST. CHRISTOPHER.
MRS. MILSOM'S SUPPER
PARTY.
SIR ARNOLD.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.
THE ESCAPE.
THE LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT.
ROCK COTTAGE.

A SUPERIOR GIRL.
THE OLIVE GLEANERS.
GUY'S SECRET.
CONSCIENCE MONEY.
JOHN'S MISTAKE.

DUMBLETON.—*Works by the Rev. E. N. DUMBLETON, M.A.*
Rector of St. James', Exeter.

FORMS OF PRAYER to accompany Sermons and Instructions, for use in Churches and Mission Rooms with the approval of the Ordinary. Crown 8vo. 9d.

PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS FOR THE MORNING AND EVENING OF EACH DAY OF THE WEEK. Chiefly in the Words of Holy Scripture. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE CHURCH SEASONS, for use in Churches and Mission Rooms with the approval of the Ordinary. Advent, 2d.; 6s. per 50. Lent, 2d.; 6s. per 50. Easter, 2d.; 6s. per 50. Ascensiontide and Whitsuntide, 2d.; 6s. per 50.

EDITH VERNON'S LIFE-WORK.—By the Author of 'Harry's Battles,' 'Susie's Flowers,' &c. &c. Crown 8vo. extra cloth boards, 3s. 6d.
[Twelfth Edition.]

'A very pretty story, very well told.'—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

EDMUNDS.—**SIXTY SERMONS:** Adapted to the Sundays and Principal Holy-days of the Christian Year. By the Rev. JOHN EDMUNDS, M.A., formerly Fellow of the University of Durham. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

ELLISON.—**HOLY MATRIMONY:** the Married Life of the Christian Man and Woman. By the Rev. HENRY T. ELLISON, M.A., Rector of Haseley, Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. [New Edition.]

'Just the thing to put into the hands of a newly-married couple. The chapters are simple and to the point, and the book is prettily got up.'

ECCLESIASTICAL GAZETTE.

EWING.—**A WEEK SPENT IN A GLASS POND**, by the Great Water-Beetle. Written by the late Mrs. EWING, Author of 'Six to Sixteen,' &c. With Illustrations in Colours by R. ANDRÉ. 4to. Pictorial Cover, cloth back, paper boards, 3s. 6d.

'A clever little fantasia on the keeping of an aquarium, by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, than whom a better qualified author on the subject could not have been found.'—MORNING POST.

FAMILY WORSHIP FOR BUSY HOMES. On Folding Card, in plain type, 2d.

FARRAR.—**THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY:** A Manual of Church Doctrine. By the Rev. THOMAS FARRAR, Rector of St. Paul's, Guiana. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 6s. [Third and Enlarged Edition.]

'Mr. Farrar's book is one which we would gladly see in the hands of all Readers, District Visitors, Teachers, and young men preparing for Holy Orders; for the selections have, for the most part, been made from writers who are both learned and clear.'—CHURCH TIMES.

THE FAMILY LESSON-BOOK.—Being a Selection of Morning and Evening Readings for the Christian Year. Based upon the Church's Lectionary. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, with silk registers, 1s. 6d. ; leather, 3s. 6d. Upwards of 450 pp.

Each Reading is complete in itself, and affords a simple subject for meditation. Every Holy-day will be found to be conveniently noted, and the Readings to correspond with its proper teaching. The cheapest book of the kind ever published.

'Those who read portions of the Scriptures in family devotions could not have a better book to guide them. The Festivals of the Church are taken into account, which is not a common feature in books of Daily Readings. It has also another great advantage—it is cheap.'—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

THE FAVOURITE STORY-BOOK.—A Book for the Little Ones. Profusely Illustrated with Large Pictures, and Easy Reading. The Illustrations are printed in Sepia. Small 4to. cloth boards, 2s.

'A most attractive volume for juvenile readers. The stories would do very well to read out in school as exercises in composition. The book is handsome enough, however, to deserve a place on the drawing-room or parlour table, where even the older folk might dip into its contents with satisfaction.'

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

FIELD.—Works by Mrs. E. M. FIELD.

BRYDA. A Tale of the Indian Mutiny, by Mrs. E. M. FIELD, Author of 'Ethne,' 'Mixed Pickles,' &c. With numerous Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. Large crown 8vo. elegant cloth, 3s. 6d.

ETHNE.—Being a truthful Historie of the great and final Settlement of Ireland by Oliver Cromwell, and certain other noteworthy Events, from the Journals of Ethne O'Connor, and of Roger Standfast, Captain in the Army of the Commons of England. Edited by Mrs. E. M. FIELD. Etched Title and Frontispiece. Large crown 8vo., appropriate cloth boards, 6s.

'The interest of the story is admirably kept up from beginning to end.'

STANDARD.

'Mrs. Field has succeeded very well; and what is more, she has produced a very attractive and interesting book . . . delightfully fresh and picturesque.'

GUARDIAN.

'Mingled with a certain amount of romance, the story is full of historical detail, skilfully woven together; the interest is maintained throughout. The reader, whatever his religious views, is bound to be charmed with the character of Ethne . . . But beyond all this we can recommend the book, as being of great merit.'—CHURCH TIMES.

'This is, without exaggeration, one of the most beautiful stories of ancient Irish life that has ever come under our notice. The character of Ethne is a masterpiece.'—PUBLIC OPINION.

MIXED PICKLES; A Story-Book for Children. With Illustrations by T. PYM. Square 16mo. fancy cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'One of the prettiest records of juvenile pranks.'—GRAPHIC.

FLORAL FANCIES.—A Book of Designs, with Mottoes for Colouring or Drawing. From Designs by G. W. RHEAD. 4to. fancy boards, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

'An ingenious and useful attempt to provide a quiet and rational entertainment for the busy fingers of children.'—SPECTATOR.

'A novelty among children's books.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

FLYING LEAVES.—With Prefatory Note by the Rev. the EARL OF MULGRAVE. 32mo. fancy cloth boards, 9d.

'These little leaves are sent out into the world with the earnest prayer that one of them at least may be wafted to some weary soul, and carry with it one little ray of comfort and hope.'—INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

FOLLOWING CHRIST: Short Meditations for Busy People.

Adapted from the French. 18mo. cloth limp, 1s.

'Thoroughly practical.'—SPECTATOR.

FORDE.—THE OLD SHIP; or, Better than Strength. By H. A. FORDE. With Full-page tinted Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

FOSTER.—*Works Written and Illustrated by WILLIAM FOSTER.*

THE TRUTH WILL OUT; or, The Yolk Laid on the Right Shoulders. Printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Crown 8vo. oblong, daintily bound, 1s.

THE BITER BIT; or, The Sad End of a Tail. Printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Crown 8vo. oblong, daintily bound, 1s.

FULTON.—*Works by the Rev. JOHN FULTON, D.D., LL.D. Rector of St. George's Church, St. Louis.*

INDEX CANONUM. The Greek Text, an English Translation and Complete Digest of the entire Code of Canon Law of the undivided Primitive Church. Impl. 8vo. cloth boards, 10s. 6d.

'We do not know any book on the subject to compare with this in fulness and completeness.'—GUARDIAN.

THE LAWS OF MARRIAGE: Containing the Hebrew Law, the Roman Law, the Law of the New Testament, and the Canon Law of the Universal Church, concerning the Impediments of Marriage and the Dissolution of the Marriage Bond; Digested and Arranged with Notes and Scholia. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

GILLY FLOWER. A Book for Girls. By the Author of 'Honor Bright,' &c. Illustrated Title and Frontispiece by GORDON BROWNE. Large crown 8vo. elegant cloth binding, 3s. 6d.

GOOD STORIES.—New Series. Each with a Coloured Frontispiece, Monthly, 3d.; Series, containing four numbers, bound in extra cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; Seven Volumes, extra cloth boards, gilt edges, 5s. each.

The 'Series' are most popular in Village and School Libraries. The 'Volumes' as Prizes or Presents. A complete list forwarded on application.

GORE.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, PAST AND PRESENT. By the Ven. Archdeacon GORE. Crown 8vo. paper cover, 8d. [Second Edition.]

'Both interesting and helpful . . . with an entire absence of controversial temper.'—GUARDIAN.

GRUNDY.—FOUR OF OUR LIVES ON EARTH. By the Rev. C. H. GRUNDY, M. A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley. Small crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL MISSIONARY.—Containing Missionary News, Anecdotes, and Verses suited for Young People. Illustrated. Monthly, One Halfpenny. *Published under the Direction of the S. P. G.*

THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED; or, Woman's Work in Foreign Parts. Monthly, 1d. Cloth cases for binding a year's numbers, 8d. Post free for a year to all parts of the World, 1s. 6d.

Published by the S. P. G. Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Female Education among the Heathen.

HARRIS.—GOLDEN STEPS: Lectures to Communicants' Classes. By the late Rev. G. C. HARRIS, M.A. Royal 32mo. 6d.; cloth boards, red edges, 1s. [Third Edition.]

HAPPY SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.—A Series of Bible Outlines, printed on Superfine Lined Paper, for the Little Ones to colour and write about. Crown 4to. 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'The publishers improve on the educational idea, which is at the root of the Kindergarten system, of making children teach themselves in their amusements. In "Happy Sunday Afternoons for the Little Ones" this firm, so pleasantly associated with a long history of juvenile recreation, supplies the means of self-improvement by a series of simple Bible outlines, to colour or write about either from memory or by reference to the Scriptures themselves.'

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

HAPPY SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.—SECOND SERIES. Crown 4to. 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

HELEN MORTON'S TRIAL, AND TIMID LUCY. With Coloured Illustrations. 18mo. extra cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

HELPS BY THE WAY,—

I. MY MORNING HYMN.

II. MY DAILY RULES.

Printed in red and black, 8vo. 1d.

III. MY WEEKLY QUESTIONS.

IV. MY CONFESSION TO GOD.

[Second Edition.]

HER GREAT AMBITION.—A Story for Little Boys and Girls. With Thirty Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

'A delightful story delightfully told. A little orphan girl comes to live with her uncle, a widower with several boys. At first her cousins dislike the idea of Dolly coming to live with them, because she is a girl. But she makes herself so pleasant and useful that they soon can do nothing without her help. Dolly's "great ambition" is to do something heroic for her uncle, whom she loves very much. At last the occasion she so ardently desired comes,' etc.—SATURDAY REVIEW.

HOBART.—Works by the Hon. Mrs. C. HOBART, née N. P. W.

THE CHANGED CROSS. With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

[Twentieth Edition.]

THE CHANGED CROSS. Set to Music by GEORGE CARTER. 4s.

THE CLOUD AND THE STAR. With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d. [Second Edition.]

HOBSON.—AIDS TO THE STUDY OF THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL. By the Rev. EDWIN HOBSON, M.A., Principal of St. Katharine's College, Tottenham. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each, or 1 vol. complete, with Map, 2s. 6d.

'No difficulty is left unexplained, and the contents of the book are admirably summarised.'—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD; The Character of the Christian Priest. Adapted from the French of the ABBÉ DUBOIS for the use of the English Clergy. With an Introduction by the BISHOP OF CARLISLE. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

'A volume of practical teaching, which every member of the Church will be the better for applying practically.'—JOHN BULL.

HOME.—THE WRATH OF THE FAY. By F. WYVILLE HOME, Author of 'Songs of a Wayfarer,' 'Lay Canticles,' &c. Illustrated. Small 4to. cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d.

'The great charm of this pretty little gift-book lies in the choice of the simplest words. It is one of the purest specimens of English rhyme.'—SCHOOLMASTER.

HONOR BRIGHT; or, The Four-Leaved Shamrock. By the Author of 'One of a Covey,' 'Robin and Linnet,' &c. Illustrated Frontispiece and Title-page. Large crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Fifth Edition.]

'A cheery, sensible, and healthy tale.'—THE TIMES.

HOPKINS.—Works by the Rev. W. B. HOPKINS, B.D., Vicar of Littleport, Cambridge.

HOLY SCRIPTURE: Temperance and Total Abstinence. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. [Third Thousand.]

'It will repay study either by the total abstainer or moderate drinker.'

DAILY REVIEW.

THE POSITION AND DUTY OF NON-ABSTAINERS WITH REFERENCE TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE. 8vo. 4d. [Second Edition.]

HOW TO ENSURE A HAPPY NEW YEAR. On Card, 1d.

HOW.—Works by the Right Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW, D.D. Bishop of Wakefield.

THE BALLAD OF THE CHORISTER BOY. Illustrated by H. J. A. MILES. With Floral Decorations by E. C. GARDNER. Small 4to. Illustrated cover, delicately bound with silk ribbon, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

THE BOY HERO. A Story founded on Fact. Illustrated by H. J. A. MILES. Oblong, paper boards, 1s. 6d.; fancy cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s.

'A pathetic story, founded on fact, of a boy of six . . . The incident occurred not long ago at Bristol.'—SPECTATOR.

'The illustrations are very well drawn.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

A PRAYER FOR THE PARISH. On Card, in red and black. 1d.

A SERVICE FOR THE ADMISSION OF A CHORISTER. In red and black. 2d.

CANTICLES POINTED FOR CHANTING, WITH APPROPRIATE CHANTS. 4to. paper covers, 1s.

CONFIRMATION SERVICE. Directions for the Clergy and Churchwardens. Free on application.

DAILY FAMILY PRAYER. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

[Twelfth Edition.]

A A Sixpenny Edition, in large type, cloth boards, is now ready. This volume will be found most suitable for parochial distribution, and is the cheapest book of Family Prayers yet published.

HOW.—*Works by Right Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW.*—(Continued.)

HOLY COMMUNION. For those who need Encouragement. 6d. per Packet of Twenty. [185th Thousand.]

HYMNS. Complete Edition. Fcap. 8vo. paper cover, 6d.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER FOR A CHILD. Cloth, 1d.

NOTES ON THE CHURCH SERVICE. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 9d.

LETTER BOOKLETS.

CROSSES.

DESPONDENCY.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A FRESH START.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Each in Packets, 20 per 6d. A specimen set, 3d.

PASTORAL WORK. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

'The Bishop of Bedford's long and varied experience as a clergyman gives him a right to publish a volume on "Pastoral Work." . . . The volume contains some practical suggestions which have the merit of freshness, and some practical hints about preaching; and as they are given with the homely simplicity which is part of the charm of the Bishop's character, they are likely to stick in the memory. We refrain from giving extracts because the book is short, and cheap, and worth buying.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

'There is not a dull page in "Lectures on Pastoral Work."'—GUARDIAN.

PASTOR IN PAROCHIA. With the Appendix. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, red edges, 3s. 6d.; leather limp, 5s.; calf limp antique, 10s. 6d. Also morocco plain, and best flexible morocco, red under gold edges, 12s. 6d. [Fifteenth Edition.]

PLAIN WORDS. First Series. Sixty Short Sermons for the Poor, and for Family Reading. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, turned in, 2s.; cloth, bevelled boards, red edges, 2s. 6d. Large-type Edition, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Forty-ninth Edition.]

PLAIN WORDS. Second Series. Short Sermons for the Sundays and Chief Holy-days of the Christian Year. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, turned in, 2s.; cloth, bevelled boards, red edges, 2s. 6d. Large-type Edition, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Thirtieth Edition.]

Vols. I. and II., in one vol. cloth boards, 4s. 6d.

PLAIN WORDS. Third Series. Forty Meditations with a View to the Deepening of the Spiritual Life. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, 2s.; cloth, bevelled boards, red edges, 2s. 6d. Large-type Edition, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Seventeenth Edition.]

PLAIN WORDS. Fourth Series. Forty Readings for those who desire to Pray Better. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, turned in, 2s.; cloth, bevelled boards, red edges, 2s. 6d. [Seventh Edition.]

Vols. III. and IV. in one, cloth boards, 4s. 6d.

PLAIN WORDS, as Tracts. Series I.—III., in Large Type, 2s. 6d. each Series.

A Selection from 'Plain Words,' for Parochial Distribution, in smaller type, 1s. per packet: three kinds.

PLAIN WORDS TO CHILDREN. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, turned in, 2s.; crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d. [Third Edition.]

POEMS. Complete Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. Without the Hymns, 3s. Tree calf, or calf half extra, 7s. 6d.

HOW.—*Works by Right Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW.*—(Continued.)

PRIVATE LIFE AND MINISTRATIONS OF THE PARISH PRIEST. Royal 32mo. cloth, 6d.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THOSE RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS. On Card, in red and black, 12 copies in packet, 6d.

REVISION OF THE RUBRICS. An Historical Survey of all that has been done since the issue of the Ritual Commission in 1867. Demy 8vo. 1s.

SCRIPTURE READINGS. Selected Passages for Reading to the Sick. The Appendix to 'Pastor in Parochiâ.' Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

SEVEN LENTEN SERMONS ON PSALM LI. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, turned in, 1s. [Thirteenth Edition.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OBSERVING THE DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. 1d.; 6s. per 100. [10th Thousand.

THE EVENING PSALTER POINTED FOR CHANTING. Oblong cloth limp, 6d.

TWENTY-FOUR PRACTICAL SERMONS. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, turned in, 2s.; cloth boards, red edges, 2s. 6d. [Twelfth Edition.

TWO ADDRESSES ON HOLY MARRIAGE. 1d.

VESTRY PRAYERS WITH A CHOIR. On Card, in red and black, 1d.

'WAS LOST, AND IS FOUND.' A Tale of the London Mission, 1874. With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

'A really spirited religious ballad, artistically, yet gracefully illustrated.'
THE TIMES.

WORDS OF GOOD CHEER. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, 1s. 6d.; small crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d.

HOW.—**WEEK-DAY SERVICES IN COUNTRY CHURCHES.**

By the Rev. F. DOUGLAS HOW, M.A. 6d.

HOW TO PRAY THE LORD'S PRAYER.— 1d. 32mo. 6s. per 100. [10th Thousand.

'In the plainest type and language. We can earnestly commend it for distribution, as likely to be most useful.'—GUARDIAN.

HUTTON.—*Works by the Rev. VERNON W. HUTTON.*

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS: Meditations on the Earlier Ministry of our Lord. Cr. 8vo. cloth boards, 5s. [Second Edition.

THE CORN OF WHEAT: Meditations on the Later Ministry, Passion, and Resurrection, of our Lord and Saviour. Cr. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

INGELOW.—*Works by JEAN INGELow.*

MOPSA THE FAIRY. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Third Edition.

STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [New Edition in the press.

STUDIES FOR STORIES FROM GIRLS' LIVES. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Sixth Edition.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.—A Collection of Stories, Poems, and Illustrations. Edited by Mrs. TYSEN AMHERST. Fcap. 4to. bound in white, 5s. net.

"In a Good Cause" they will find Mr. Quaritch enlisted with a pleasant little tale; Mr. Oscar Wilde with a poem in which philanthropy accompanies agreeable fancy; Mr. Anstey with a comically distressing tale about a kitten; Mr. Rider Haggard with a hunting story from Zululand; and other writers. All illustrated by Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Carter, Mr. Tristram Ellis, and other artists.—DAILY NEWS.

'The literature includes stories by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Mr. Anstey, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Lady Augusta Noel, Lady Constance Howard, and others. Mr. H. Rider Haggard tells a capital hunter's yarn of the most thrilling description, and Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic poem.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

JACKSON.—**BALLADS OF LIFE AND HOME.** By the Rev. E. STANWAY JACKSON. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

JENYNS.—**ABOUT BEES.** Their History, Habits, and Instincts; also the First Principles of Modern Bee-keeping, for Young Readers. By the Rev. F. G. JENYNS, M.A., Rector of Knebworth. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d. School Edition, 1s. 6d.

'As a reading-book we may call it excellent. It is written in the most interesting style, full of information, and well graded. It should be in all our country schools especially, for the knowledge obtained can be turned to practical account there. Mr. Jenyns has done service, both to the School and the State, in bringing out this book, and we wish it a very wide circulation, not only for its intrinsic value as a reading-book, but for the benefit it is capable of conferring upon our agricultural labourers.'—SCHOOLMASTER.

'The style is simple and clear, and Mr. Jenyns' pages have that indescribable charm sometimes met with in books on natural history, which is the outcome of a deep and real sympathy on the part of the writer with his subject. The book is abundantly supplied with good engravings. It is educational in the best sense of the term, and will be found no less interesting to the general reader than to those for whom it is particularly intended. A capital reward-book for Day and Sunday-school Scholars, and we trust that it will find a place on the shelves of many a parish library.'—SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

JONES.—*Works by C. A. JONES.*

COUNT UP THE SUNNY DAYS. A Story for Boys and Girls. Illustrated. Large crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

FOUR LITTLE SIXES: A Story for Boys and Girls. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

LITTLE JEANNETON'S WORK: A Chronicle of Breton Life, with upwards of Thirty Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

'This "Chronicle of Breton Life" is a story of the old régime. Jeanneton is a farmer's daughter, and being taken up by the great people at the Castle of Kerléonik, is not a little spoiled by their favour. . . . It is a pretty little story, well put together, and brought round at last to a satisfactory ending.'

SPECTATOR.

'The little woodcuts scattered about the text increase the attractions of the volume.'—DAILY NEWS.

JONES.—*Works by C. A. JONES.*—(Continued.)

ONLY A GIRL: A Story of a Quiet Life. A Tale of Brittany. Adapted from the French. With upwards of Forty Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

'We can thoroughly recommend this brightly written and homely narrative.'

SATURDAY REVIEW.

UNDER THE KING'S BANNER. Stories of the Soldiers of Christ in all Ages. With Introduction by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD. Outline Illustrations by JOHN SADLER. Imperial 16mo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

'Miss Jones has hit upon an excellent idea, and quite deserves the commendation bestowed on her design by the Bishop of Bedford. . . . The book is one which the children will read, probably with interest, and certainly with edification.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

JOSA.—**'THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS OF GUIANA.'**

A Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. W. H. Brett, B.D. For Forty Years a Missionary in British Guiana. By the Rev. F. P. L. JOSA, Rector of Holy Trinity, Essequibo. With Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 6s.

KELLY.—**EWIN LLOYD**; or, How we all got on. By ELLINOR J. KELLY. Illustrated Title and Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

KETTLEWELL.—**AN INQUIRY INTO THE BASIS OF TRUE CHRISTIAN UNITY.** By the Rev. SAMUEL KETTLEWELL, M.A., author of *'Thomas à Kempis, and the Brothers of Common Life.'* Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 6s.

KING.—**ADDINGTON VENABLES, BISHOP OF NASSAU.** A Sketch of his Life and Labours for the Church of God. By the Rev. W. F. H. KING, M.A., Commissary to the late Bishop. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

'His life was one of utter self-denial and sheer hard work for God and His Church.'—JOHN BULL.

KIP.—**THE DOUBLE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH.** By the Right Rev. W. INGRAHAM KIP, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of California. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

This edition of Bishop Kip's popular Lectures on the Principles of the Church is the authorised reprint of the 22nd American edition.

THE LAND OF LIGHT: A Transcript from the Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix. With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

Uniform with 'The Changed Cross.'

'We have seldom seen a more beautiful little booklet.'—CHURCH TIMES.

LAMB, RUTH.—**CAPTAIN CHRISTIE'S GRANDDAUGHTER.** Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

LAMBETH CONFERENCE, 1888.—Full Report of the S. P. G. Meeting and Welcome to the Bishops. Containing a Photograph of the Bishops, 8vo. 1s.

LAY.—STUDIES IN THE CHURCH; Being Letters to an Old-fashioned Layman. By the Right Rev. HENRY C. LAY, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Easton, U.S.A. 18mo. cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d.

'Full of clear sound common sense and manly piety, which cannot but enlist the reader's sympathy. The Bishop deals with his subject from an intellectual, doctrinal, and practical point of view. . . . Laymen cannot but appreciate his broad sympathies.'—GUARDIAN.

'LEFT TILL CALLED FOR.'—By the Author of 'From Do-nothing Hall to Happy-Day House.' With Outline Illustrations by J. SADLER. Oblong, cloth boards, 1s.

The story of a little boy left at a railway station on Christmas Eve.

LEFT TO OUR FATHER.—By the Author of 'Clevedon Chimes.' Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

LETTER OF COMMENDATION: A Card in Red and Black for giving to Parishioners on leaving a Parish. 6d. per packet of 12.

LETTERS TO OUR WORKING PARTY.—By the Author of 'Miss Toosey's Mission,' &c. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'Whether hopeful or the contrary, they show genuine feeling and deep sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, and a desire to excite the sympathies of others in their behalf.'—MORNING POST.

LEWIS.—YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASSES AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM. By M. A. LEWIS. Paper covers, 6d.

LITTLE HELPS FOR DAILY TOILERS.—By a Working Associate of the Girls' Friendly Society. With Prefatory Note by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD. Royal 32mo. fancy cloth boards, 9d.

LITTLE LAYS FOR LITTLE LIPS.—With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.
[Seventh Edition.]

LITTLE PAINTER'S TEXT-BOOK.—Simple Outlines to Colour or Illuminate. 4to. coloured boards, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

A LOST PIECE OF SILVER. By the Author of 'Edith Vernon's Life-Work,' &c. Illustrated. Large crown 8vo. cloth boards extra, 3s. 6d.

'This is a simple, pathetic little story, which has the look of being true; true, that is, in the sense of being faithful to life. . . . Told without exaggeration, without any fine writing, but with very considerable power.'—SPECTATOR.

LOVING COUNSELS TO A YOUNG FRIEND: Before and After Confirmation. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

MACLAGAN.—WORDS OF COUNSEL ADDRESSED TO CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES ON THE EVE OF CONFIRMATION DAY. By the Right Rev. W. D. MACLAGAN, D.D., Bishop of Lichfield. Fcap. 8vo. 3d.

MACLEAR.—ST. AUGUSTINE'S, CANTERBURY: Its Rise, Ruin, and Restoration. By the Rev. G. F. MACLEAR, D.D., Warden of St. Augustine's, and Hon. Canon of Canterbury. Illustrated title and frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s.

MACRITCHIE.—BY THE SEA OF GALILEE. A Poem. By MARGARET S. MACRITCHIE. Tinted Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

MARRIAGE SERVICE.—Printed in Red and Black with Illustrations, and a Marriage Chorale. Bound in white and gold, 6d.; or white silk, 5s.

MAY.—THE CHRISTIAN COURSE; or, Helps to the Practice of Meditation. By the Rev. THOMAS MAY, M.A., Vicar of Leigh, Tunbridge. With Preface by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD. Royal 8vo. cloth boards, 5s. [Fourth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.]

MILES.—*Works Illustrated by H. J. A. MILES.*

OUTLINE PICTURES FOR LITTLE PAINTERS. 4to. in chromo-lithographic wrapper, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Printed in sepia on grey paper specially made for the purpose.

'The idea is excellent, and the style of work good. Some of the pictures are thoroughly well drawn.'—JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

TILES FROM DAME MARJORIE'S CHIMNEY-CORNER, AND CHINA FROM HER CUPBOARD.—See BURNE, p. 3.

MISSION FIELD.—Containing a variety of Missionary Information, with a Record of the Proceedings of the S. P. G. Monthly, 2d. Post free for a year to all parts of the World, 3s.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCES.—REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE HELD AT LONDON, 1875. Crown 8vo. paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.

REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE HELD AT OXFORD, 1877. Crown 8vo. paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.

MISSIONARY PRAYERS FOR THE EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S CHURCH AT HOME AND ABROAD. For Private and Family Use. 18mo. paper covers, 6d.; cloth boards, 1s.

MITCHELL.—THE SUFFERER'S GUIDE. By ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL, Author of 'The Beautiful Face,' &c. Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

This Volume consists of Three Parts:—On Suffering in General—On Spiritual Sufferings—Suffering a Means of Perfection. [Second Edition.]

MONTH BY MONTH.—Poems for Children. With Twelve Illustrations by T. PYM. Sq. 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

'We hardly know which to praise most, the quaint little illustrations or the poetry'—CHURCH TIMES.

MOORE.—SIMPLE GUIDE TO CHURCH DOCTRINE: Being an Explanation of the Church Catechism in Question and Answer, with Notes and Scripture Proofs. By BLANCHE MOORE. 16mo. 4d. [Third Edition.]

MORNING STAR: Daily Texts for Little Children. Printed in red and black, 32mo. extra cloth boards, 9d.

The texts selected are specially simple and plain.

MOTHER'S UNION.—Containing Morning and Evening Prayers and Four simple Resolutions, in red and black. 1d.; 6s. per 100.

N. OR M.—By the Author of 'Honor Bright,' 'Peas-Blossom,' 'One of a Covey,' &c. With numerous Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Large crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'It is possible that objection may be taken to the somewhat touching end with which the author of "Honor Bright" closes her new story. If so, it will be the only fault that is likely to be found with a most thoroughly charming and delightful tale . . . Nolly and Molly are two bright, happy girls, full of fun and merriment, and not too good to be altogether acceptable to youthful readers. . . . The illustrations are plentiful, and are of a quality that will prove entirely satisfactory to young readers. In every way an acceptable gift-book.'—GUARDIAN.

NORTON.—*Works by the Rev. J. G. NORTON, M.A., Rector of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.*

HEARTY SERVICES: or, Revived Church Worship. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d. [Third Edition.]

WORSHIP IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH: Responsive, Congregational, Reverent, Musical, and Beautiful. Demy 8vo. cloth boards, 12s. 6d.

'Canada has just afforded us, in Mr. Norton's "Worship in Heaven and on Earth," a good instance of Evangelical Churchmanship, united with learning and toleration. His work will prove attractive to those who take an interest in liturgical studies. It is certainly very thorough, as it deals with the worship and ritual of Greeks, Romans, Jews, Buddhists, and Devil-Worshippers, as well as of Christians of every church and denomination.'—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

O'BRIEN.—*Stories by Mrs. CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN.*

MOTHER'S WARM SHAWL. With Illustrated Title and Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

OLIVER DALE'S DECISION. With Illustrated Title and Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. By the Author of 'Heart to Heart,' &c. With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

ONE OF A COVEY.—By the Author of 'Honor Bright,' 'Peas-Blossom,' &c. With numerous Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Large crown 8vo. extra cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'Full of spirit and life, so well sustained throughout that grown-up readers may enjoy it as much as children. This "Covey" consists of the twelve children of a hard-pressed Dr. Partridge, out of which is chosen a little girl to be adopted by a spoiled, fine lady. . . . It is one of the best books of the season.'—GUARDIAN.

'We have rarely read a story for boys and girls with greater pleasure. One the chief characters would not have disgraced Dickens' pen.'

LITERARY WORLD.

O'REILLY.—*Works by Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.*

CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH: or, Short Lessons on the Church Catechism for Infant Children. 18mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. [Eighth Edition.]

CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH. Second Series. Lessons on the Collects. 18mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. [Second Edition.]

SUE AND I. Illustrated Frontispiece and Title. Large crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d. [Third Edition.]

'A thoroughly delightful book, full of sound wisdom as well as fun.'

ATHENÆUM.

OUR FRIENDS IN PARADISE ; or, Sanctorum Dulcis Memoria. With Introduction by the Right Rev. W. D. MACLAGAN, D.D., Bishop of Lichfield. Sm. 4to. fancy cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Second Edition.] Cheap Edition without Floral Border, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'Constructed after the model of a birthday text-book, and designed to recall the memory of those who have entered into their rest, and thus assist in realising more fully the doctrine of the Communion of Saints.'

THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE CHURCH.

'A very elegant volume externally and internally. To every page three days are allotted, those on the left bearing dates, texts, and choice quotations, the opposite pages being spaced for records and remarks.'—THE QUEEN.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, GOOD AND BAD.—Edited by the Author of 'Great Britain for Little Britons.' With Thirty Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

OWINDIA: A Tale of the Mackenzie River Indians. With Frontispiece. Square 16mo. bound in white cloth boards, 1s.

PANTON.—**LISTEN!** Poems for the Children's Hour. By J. E. PANTON. With Frontispiece by W. P. FRITH, R.A. and Outline Illustrations by HELEN MILES and T. PYM. Square 16mo. fancy cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'The pretty little poems in this pretty little book will be sure to find ready listeners.'—MORNING POST.

THE PAINTED SAIL, and Other Stories. Each Story has a Full-page coloured Plate. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

This volume contains the following Stories:—

THE PAINTED SAIL.
THE TURNING-POINT OF LIFE.
RICH AND POOR.
WRONG IN HIS HEAD.
THE MIDNIGHT SUMMONS.
NOBODY'S DARLING.
MOTHER HOLFORD'S LADDER.

THE MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.
ON THE HAZEL.
LITTLE BRAVA.
ROSALIE'S LOVERS.
'IN KEEPING.'
KATHLEEN'S CHOICE.
NEEDS MUST.

PALMER.—*Stories by Mrs. PALMER.*

DOGGED JACK. Illustrated Title and Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. [Second Edition.]

TRUE UNDER TRIAL. Illustrated Title-page and Frontispiece. Large crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d. [Fifth Edition.]

'A well-written story.'—THE TIMES.

'One of the best boys' books we have seen for a long time. The adventures of little Edward Forbes, who was "true under trial," are written with such knowledge of the details of London life among the destitute orders; with such rare combination of religious spirit with a perfect abstention from cant, and so well put together, that we believe no reader who once took up the book would put it down without finishing it.'—STANDARD.

PAPAL CLAIMS CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF SCRIPTURE AND HISTORY. With an Introduction by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s.

'This short treatise provides valid arguments enough to satisfy all who really desire to understand the right and wrong of the case. Its tone is calm and dispassionate: it is free from anything like flippancy or prejudice. It ought to be a useful book to the parochial clergy.'—GUARDIAN.

PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM.—Our Lord's Parables Simply Told for Children. By the Author of 'Voices of Nature,' 'Earth's Many Voices.' With 46 Illustrations in Outline by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d.

'Teachers will find this a valuable help.'—CHURCH BELLS.

THE PARISH GUIDE.—A Complete Hand-book, giving Information concerning every kind of Parochial Institution and Organization, in both Town and Country Parishes, for the use of the Clergy and Lay-Helpers. Edited by the Rev. THEODORE JOHNSON, Diocesan Inspector of Schools for Rochester, Author of 'The Clergyman's Ready Reference Register,' &c. Demy 8vo. cloth boards, 6s.

'Most useful.'—SRECTATOR.

'We cannot spare space to review the book at length, but we may find space to approve it without stint.'—THE FIELD.

'One of the most marvellous and most useful hand-books we have ever met with.'—JOHN BULL.

PAROISSIEN.—PLAIN SERMONS Preached to a Country Congregation. By the Rev. CHARLES PAROISSIEN. Fcap. 8vo. boards, 1s. 6d.
*The same book can be had as Tracts.***PEAS-BLOSSOM.**—By the Author of 'Honor Bright,' 'One of a Covey,' &c. With numerous Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Large crown 8vo. cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"Peas-blossom" may be described as a rollickingly respectable Irish story, the names of the juvenile pair of heroes being Pat and Paddy. Like the young Anthony Trollope, they are sent to a school five miles away from their home, across country, and are even more regardless than he of personal appearance. On one occasion they swim a river when a bridge has been washed away, and walk onwards in their wet clothes . . . and so we are carried on to the end of the chapters, through an exceptionally readable volume.'—THE TIMES.

'A delightfully written book for boys about twelve. The best book of the season.'—STANDARD.

PENNY.—TEN YEARS IN MELANESIA. By the Rev. ALFRED PENNY. With Chart and Illustrations by the Author and H. J. RHODES. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 5s.

[Second Edition.
'A most interesting and charmingly written description of Melanesian life.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

'A distinct contribution to our knowledge of Melanesia.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.
'Freshly written . . . Full of interest.'—GUARDIAN.

PLAIN TEXTS FOR DAILY USE.—With Introduction by the BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD. 64mo. cloth boards, 4d.; Persian limp, 9d.; calf limp, 1s. 6d.

PLUNKET.—*Works by the Hon. EMMELINE M. PLUNKET.*

MERRIE GAMES IN RHYME, FROM YE OLDEN TIME.

Printed in red and black. Crown 4to. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

Each Rhyme is accompanied by a rubric indicating how the game is played, and a musical score of the traditional tune to which it is chanted.

'A collection of value, and a work of art as well. Many of the rhymes are very ancient, as are not a few of the melodies to which they are set; and the quaint and graceful illustrations chime in harmoniously with the venerable music.'—THE TIMES.

'It will supply amusement to children for many an evening. This book would be a treasure indeed at a party for little children.'—STANDARD.

'Miss Plunket will be welcomed, and her book be voted prime—

There's a fund of rare amusement in her "Merrie Games in Rhyme."

PUNCH.

VERY SHORT STORIES IN VERY SHORT WORDS.

With numerous Illustrations by T. PYM. In large type. Square 16mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

POTTER.—A PRESENT CHRIST: Daily Ten Minutes' Readings for Four Weeks on the Incarnation. By the Rev. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

[Second Edition.

Specially suited for use at Daily Services or Family Prayer.

POTTER.—SERMONS OF THE CITY. By the Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., Secretary to the House of Bishops, U. S. A. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

PRESCOTT.—*Works by the Rev. G. F. PRESCOTT, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Paddington.*

COUNSELS ON PRAYER. Royal 32mo. 6d.; cloth boards, 1s.

HINDRANCES TO SPIRITUAL LIFE: A Course of Lent Lectures. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. [Fourth Edition.

PYM.—*Works Illustrated by T. PYM.*

A. B. C.

A new Children's Alphabet, beautifully printed in colours. Each letter is accompanied with an explanatory verse. Square 16mo. fancy boards, 2s. 6d.

'Such graceful drawing and delicate colouring are not often expended on an

A. B. C.'—DAILY NEWS.

'The prettiest alphabet we have ever seen.'—SCHOOLMASTER.

'One of the very best picture-books of the season; there is a refined delicacy about the drawing and colouring of these pictures which makes this a really charming and artistic little book.'—NONCONFORMIST.

PYM.—*Works Illustrated by T. PYM.*—(Continued.)

**CHILDREN BUSY,
CHILDREN GLAD,
CHILDREN NAUGHTY,
CHILDREN SAD.**

With Stories by L. C. An Illustrated Book of Child-life, printed in the best style of Chromo-lithography. Bound in an Illustrated cover, paper boards, cloth back, 3s. 6d.

'A most charming book for children. The pictures are very pretty, and the children represented in them look like real children as they are seen in nurseries, which is not always, nor even often, the case in books of this sort. The stories display a delicate fancy, and will be read with real pleasure for their literary merit by grown-up people as well as children.'—THE TIMES.

**OUTLINE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES
TO COLOUR.** Fcap. 4to. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

MORE OUTLINES for the LITTLE ONES TO COLOUR.
Fcap. 4to. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

These Outline Picture-books are printed in sepia, on tinted paper expressly made for the purpose.

PICTURES FROM THE POETS. A Book of Selected Extracts from Ancient and Modern Sources, illustrated by Child-life, carefully printed in Chromo-lithography in brown and red tints. Oblong 4to. Illustrated cover, cloth back, 3s. 6d.

'This volume will afford pleasure to every one who can admire good artistic work.'—SCOTSMAN.

THE SNOW QUEEN. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Beautifully printed in the best style of Chromo-lithography. Fcap. 4to. Illustrated cover, cloth back, coloured edges, 5s.

THE 'PRIZE' BIBLE.—Numerous Illustrations. Large-type Letterpress, and printed on Toned Paper. 4to. extra cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 12s. 6d.

RAMSAY.—THE GOTHIC COMPENDIUM. Being an Introduction to the History of the Goths, and to the Study of the Gothic Tongue. By WALTER MARLOW RAMSAY, M.A., Rector of Wyfordly, and CLIFFORD DALHOUSIE RAMSAY, M.A., Vicar of Broughton, and Diocesan Inspector of Schools, Lichfield. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d. [In the press.]

READINGS AND DEVOTIONS FOR MOTHERS. With Introduction by the late BISHOP OF SALISBURY. Fcap. 8vo. cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

'This little book certainly seems to supply a want which has not exactly been supplied before, and as the Bishop of Salisbury observes, it has done it in a way most likely to prove useful.'—CHURCH TIMES.

A REMEMBRANCER OF MY SPONSORSHIP FOR MY GODCHILDREN. Printed in red and black, with blank spaces for names. 2d.

RIDGEWAY.—FOUNDATION TRUTHS: A Course of Instructions, by the Rev. C. J. RIDGEWAY, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Small crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. [Second Edition

'We rejoice to see these useful Lectures have come to a second edition. They will be useful not only for private reading, but as helps in giving addresses at missions and the like.'—CHURCH BELLS.

ROBIN AND LINNET. By the Author of 'Honor Bright,' &c. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. Imperial 16mo. extra cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'The adventures are very amusing, and the story will be a favourite with children, who will delight to fancy themselves roaming on the beach, or dabbling in the pools in such liberty.'—GUARDIAN.

'It requires a special talent to describe the sayings and doings of very little children, and the author of "Robin and Linnet," and "Honor Bright," &c. possesses that talent in no small degree.'—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

ROCHESTER DIOCESAN DIRECTORY FOR 1889.

Published by Authority. Small crown 8vo. paper boards, cloth back, 1s. 6d. net.

A ROUGH DIAMOND and other Stories. — Each Story has a Full-page coloured Illustration. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

This volume contains the following Stories :—

A ROUGH DIAMOND.
THREE HEROINES.
A HARD MAN.
STRANGE LANDLADY.
IN A CHALET.

WOVE WIRE.
YES OR NO.
THE RING OF FIENDS.
WANTED—A GARDENER.
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ROWLEY.—Works by the Rev. HENRY ROWLEY.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE AFRICANS. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

TWENTY YEARS IN CENTRAL AFRICA. The Story of the Universities' Mission, from its Commencement under Bishop Mackenzie to the Present Time. With Map. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

'The volume abounds in thrilling incidents.'—AMERICAN CHURCHMAN.

RULE.—THE PARENTS' MANUAL. By the Rev. U. Z. RULE. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 1s. [Third Edition, Enlarged and Revised.

'By far the best book of the kind we know; so simple are its earliest prayers, hymns, and instructions.'—GUARDIAN.

RUTH HALLIDAY; or, The Adopted Daughter. A Tale founded on Fact. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

SHADOWS OF TRUTH; or, Thoughts and Allegories in Prose and Verse. By G. M. C. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.
[Third Edition.]

SHELFORD.—**TWENTY YEARS AT S. MATTHEW'S, UPPER CLAPTON, 1866-86:** A Record and Sermons. By the Rev. LEONARD E. SHELFORD, M.A., Rector of Stoke Newington. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

SHERLOCK.—**THE AMETHYST:** A Selection of Temperance Readings in Prose and Verse. By FREDERICK SHERLOCK. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.
[Second Edition.]

SIDEBOTHAM.—*Works by the Rev. H. SIDEBOTTOM, M.A., Canon of Gibraltar and Chaplain of St. John's, Mentone.*

THE DISCIPLINE OF TEMPTATION, and other Sermons. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.
[Second Edition.]

'A wholesome, thoughtful, and right-hearted little book, fit for those who call a halt in the swift march of life, and "consider their ways" as soldiers of Christ.'—CHURCH BELLS.

OUR DAILY BREAD: A Preparation for Holy Communion, Devotions to be used in Church and Thanksgiving after, with a Short Instruction. Paper, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

SISTER LOUISE. The Story of her Life-Work. With Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.
[Second Edition.]

THE 'SISTER DORA' OF AMERICA.

'The memoir of Sister Louise shows what a self-denying woman can do in the way of helping those who are incapable of helping themselves. . . . she would not be happy unless she was engaged in practical philanthropy. Her religion was that of faith working by love. The story is full of practical suggestions.'
THE ROCK.

SKEY.—**DOLLY'S OWN STORY.** Told in her Own Words. By L. C. SKEY. Illustrated in Outline by J. SADLER. Square 16mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

SLATTER.—**STUDENTS' GOSPEL HARMONY.** Being the Four Gospels in the Original Greek, arranged in parallel columns so as to show the consentient portions together, with a Preface and Analytical Tables. By the Rev. JOHN SLATTER, M.A., Vicar of Streatley, Berks, and Hon. Canon, Christ Church, Oxford. Demy 8vo. cloth boards, 12s. 6d.

'Although, in many cases, the assignation of a passage to a particular place in the "Harmony" must involve a choice of difficulties, there is evidence throughout that all the conditions of the problem have been fully considered. In short, a student who follows Canon Slatter will hardly go wrong.'—DAILY NEWS.

SNOWDON.—*Works by the late JASPER W. SNOWDON.*

DOUBLE NORWICH COURT BOB MAJOR. Crown 8vo. paper covers, 1s.

SNOWDON.—*Works by the late JASPER W. SNOWDON.*—
(Continued.)

ROPE-SIGHT: An Introduction to the Art of Change-Ringing.
Crown 8vo. paper cover, 1s. 6d. [Second Edition.

'Very much wanted. . . . Mr. Snowdon is peculiarly fitted for the post of teacher.'—CHURCH BELLS.

STANDARD METHODS in the ART of CHANGE-RINGING.

With a Book of Coloured Diagrams. Crown 8vo. paper cover, 2s. 6d.

'In each of the methods selected instructions and examples of the different calls used are given, and to render the book more complete when in the hands of six-bells ringers, a peal of each of the five and six-bells methods is given.'

CHURCH BELLS.

A TREATISE ON TREBLE BOB.

Crown 8vo. paper cover. 2 vols. 3s.

GRANDSIRE: The Method, its Peals, and History. With Portrait and Memoir. Edited by his brother, WILLIAM SNOWDON, President of the Yorkshire Association of Change-ringers. Price 2s.

SONGS AND LYRICS FOR LITTLE LIPS. With Musical Contributions by W. H. CUMMINGS and others. Illustrated. 8vo. cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 6s.

'A collection of some of the choicest little poems for children that we possess—some old, some new—with appropriate music and charming "pictures." We can imagine no more delightful present to a child six or seven years old.'

GUARDIAN.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

SPECIAL SERVICE OF INTERCESSION FOR THOSE AT SEA. 1d.; 6s. per 100.

Approved by the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR USE IN CHURCHES AND MISSION ROOMS.

Advent, 2d.

Lent, 2d.

Easter, 2d.

Ascensiontide and Whitsuntide, 2d.

} 6s. per 50.

A SPECIAL SERVICE OF PREPARATION FOR HOLY COMMUNION. 50 copies for 2s.

Many churches have adopted this Service for use on a week-day evening. It is now published with the view of an extended circulation, and is sanctioned by the Bishops of London, Winchester, and others.

FORM OF INSTITUTION AND INDUCTION. 3s. per 100.

As prepared by a Committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury.

FORM OF SERVICE FOR THE DEDICATION OF CHURCH BELLS. 2s. 6d. per packet of 50 copies.

AN OFFICE FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE. 1d.; 6s. per 100 copies.

Approved by the Bishop of Winchester.

STEVENS.—LOVE IS OF GOD, and other Sermons. By the Right Rev. W. BACON STEVENS, D.D. LL.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

STOKES.—THE TEACHERS' GRADUAL: Lessons on the Church Catechism. By the Rev. LOUIS STOKES, M.A., late Assistant Diocesan Inspector for London, and Campden Lecturer of St. Lawrence, Jewry. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

'There is no better work published.'—CHURCH TIMES.

'Teachers will find it most useful.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

'He has made the Catechism as clear as words can make it.'—GUARDIAN.

STONE.—DEARE CHILDE. A Village Idyll. By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerston. With Outline Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Square 16mo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d. [Third Edition.]

STORIES & EPISODES OF HOME MISSION-WORK. With a Preface by the late ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.; paper, 2s.

'As both the Archbishops and several of the Bishops write to commend this book, it does not seem to need other patronage.'—SPECTATOR.

THE STORY-TELLING ALBUM.—For Our Boys and Girls. With an Illustration on every page. Crown 4to. coloured pictorial paper boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth boards, 5s.

A very elegant book for children from five to eight.

STRACHAN.—FROM EAST TO WEST; or, Glances at the Church's Work in Distant Lands. By the Right Rev. J. M. STRACHAN, M.D., D.D., Bishop of Rangoon. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

SUNDAY.—Weekly, One Halfpenny; Monthly, in Wrapper, 3d. Annual Volumes, with upwards of Two Hundred Illustrations. Illustrated paper boards, cloth back, 3s.; cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 5s. Cloth cases for binding a year's issue, 1s.

A few copies of the following Volumes are still to be had:—

5s. Edition—1882, 1884, 1886, 1887.

3s. Edition—1882, 1883, 1884, 1886, 1887.

'Well written, well illustrated, well printed.'—MORNING POST.

'We know of no better magazine of its kind, and we imagine no handsomer gift at Christmas time to bestow upon a child.'—CHURCH TIMES.

'There are no fewer than 240 Illustrations in the volume, and they do great credit to Mr. Gordon Browne and his fellow-artists. The sketch of the children and their pets is exceedingly clever and spirited. Many of the little girls, whether rich or poor, are very pretty and engaging; and now and again, in a tiny vignette or initial letter, is a dash of humour that is irresistibly droll. As for "Sunday" itself, with its blending of stories, poems, "Good Words" in simple language, it seems well suited to the little people for whom it is written.'

TIMES.

SWAYNE.—THE MINISTER OF CHRIST IN THESE LAST DAYS. Five Addresses to Candidates for Ordination. By the Rev. ROBERT S. SWAYNE, M.A., Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s.

'It will, we think, be a welcome volume to the Bishops of the Church, who will desire to place it in the hands of their young men who are looking forward to the sacred ministry.'—NEW YORK CHURCHMAN.

TAYLOR.—Works by Miss H. L. TAYLOR.

LITTLE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE. The Story of the Pilgrim's Progress simply told. With numerous illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. Large crown 8vo. elegantly bound in cloth, full gilt, 2s. 6d.

OUT OF THE WAY. A Village Story. With numerous Illustrations by A. H. Collins. Large cr. 8vo. extra cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

'A favourable specimen. . . . We were half way through the book before we found out that it was a Temperance tale at all.'—GUARDIAN.

'The book deserves warm praise; we wish there were more Temperance tales like it.'—CHRISTIAN WORLD.

TEMPERANCE HYMNS AND SONGS. With Accompanying Tunes. To which is prefixed a short Opening Service. Demy 8vo. paper covers, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, 2s. 6d. Words only, paper covers, 2d.; limp cloth, 3d. [New and Enlarged Edition.]

Published under the Direction of the Church of England Temperance Society.

This is the most comprehensive and the cheapest book of its kind yet issued.

THOMPSON.—THE WORLD AND THE KINGDOM. By the Right Rev. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., Bishop of Mississippi. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. LLA

A volume of Lectures delivered by the Bishop of Mississippi, in accordance with the richly endowed Lectureship in America, answering to the Bampton Lectures in England. They are striking, eloquent, and learned.

THORNE.—A SELECTION OF SINGLE AND DOUBLE CHANTS. Selected and Edited by E. H. THORNE, late Organist of Chichester Cathedral. Oblong, cloth limp, 1s. [Twenty-fourth Edition.]

THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK AND INFIRM ON THE DAY OF INTERCESSION. With Commendation by the BISHOP OF BEDFORD. 1d.; 6s. per 100.

THROUGH LENT.—Thoughts for Busy People on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for the Forty Days of Lent. Edited by the Rev. W. KERR-SMITH, M.A. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, red edges, 3s. 6d.

'Sound in doctrine, simple and practical in application.'—ROCK.

TITCOMB.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH BURMA. By the late Right Rev. J. H. TITCOMB, D.D., First Bishop of Rangoon. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. half cloth, 2s. 6d.

TROYTE.—CHANGE-RINGING. An Introduction to the Early Stages of the Art of Church or Handbell Ringing, for the Use of Beginners. By CHARLES A. W. TROYTE, of Huntsham Court, Devonshire; Member of the Ancient Society of College Youths, London. Crown 8vo. paper covers, up to 'Six Bells,' 1s. Complete Edition, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

THE CHANGE-RINGERS' GUIDE TO THE STEEPLES OF ENGLAND. With an Appendix, containing information on many subjects interesting to the Exercise. Compiled by Rev. R. ACLAND-TROYTE and J. E. ACLAND-TROYTE, Members of the Ancient Society of College Youths, the Oxford University Society, &c. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

TUCKER.—*Works by the Rev. H. W. TUCKER, M.A., Secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*

MEMOIR of the LIFE and EPISCOPATE of EDWARD FEILD, D.D., Bishop of Newfoundland, 1844-1876. With Prefatory Note to the Author by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. With Map of Newfoundland. Cr. 8vo. cloth boards, 5s. [Third Edit. 'A record of a devoted life.'—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

MEMOIR of the LIFE and EPISCOPATE of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN, D.D., Bishop of New Zealand, 1841-1869; Bishop of Lichfield, 1867-1878. With Two Portraits, Map, Facsimile Letters, and Engraving of the Lady Chapel of Lichfield Cathedral. Two vols. 8vo. 800 pp., cloth boards, 24s.

Popular Edition, 2 vols. crown 8vo. cloth boards, 12s.

'Of more than ordinary interest.'—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

TURNOCK.—ONE BODY: The Story of the Church of England. By the Rev. J. R. TURNOCK, Vicar of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, Hon. Canon of Norwich. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

TUTTIETT.—*Works by the Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT.*

COUNSELS OF A GODFATHER. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 2s. 6d. *Or in Five Parts.* [Second Edition.

HOUSEHOLD PRAYERS FOR WORKING MEN. 18mo. cloth, 6d. [10th Thousand.

PLAIN FORMS OF HOUSEHOLD PRAYER for Four Weeks. Chiefly for those Engaged in Necessary Business. In large type, fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d. [Seventh Edition.

THE TRUE PENITENT: Reflections on the Penitential Psalms. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

TURNING-POINT OF LIFE, and **THE DOUBLE WARFARE:** Two Confirmation Stories. Illustrated. 18mo. cloth boards, 1s.

UNDER MOTHER'S WING. By L. C., Author of the Stories in 'Children Busy.' With Coloured Illustrations on every page by J. K. 4to. Illustrated Cover, 4s.

'The letterpress is full of originality.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

'One of the most charming of the Christmas books is "Under Mother's Wing," by L. C., illustrated remarkably well by J. K. The stories are more than usually piquant and graceful.'—GUARDIAN.

VENABLES.—CHURCHMAN'S MANUAL. By the Rev. GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., late Vicar of Great Yarmouth. 32mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. [Third Edition, enlarged.

VERNON.—KALENDAR NOTES: Short Devotional Comments for Every Sunday and Holy-day of the Christian Year. By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A., Rector of St. Audrie's, Somerset. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s.

'Brief readings—terse and thoughtful.'—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

VIDAL.—Stories by Mrs. VIDAL.

LUCY HELMORE. Coloured Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. extra cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

RACHEL CHARLCOTE. Illustrated.
Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

VOICES OF NATURE. By the Author of 'Parables of the Kingdom,' 'Earth's Many Voices,' &c. With Illustrations. Square 16mo. extra cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

WAYNE.—OLD PATHS: Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. E. F. WAYNE, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 3s.

WHITINGTON.—AUGUSTUS SHORT, First Bishop of Adelaide, S. Australia. The Story of a Thirty-four Years' Episcopate. By the Rev. F. T. WHITINGTON, L.L.B. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo. cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

WHITWORTH.—*Works by the Rev. W. ALLEN WHITWORTH, M.A., Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street.*

A BIBLE-CLASS MANUAL—Offices, Prayers, and Intercessions for Members of Bible Classes. Royal 32mo. 4d.; extra cloth, red edges, 6d.
[Third Edition.]

THE CHURCHMAN'S ALMANAC FOR EIGHT CENTURIES (1201 to 2000), giving the Name and Date of every Sunday. Small folio, 2s. 6d.

A HELP TO SELF-EXAMINATION. Fifty copies in packet, 1s. 9d.

THE DIVINE SERVICE. Holy Communion according to the Use of the Church of England, with Explanatory Notes and Helps to Private Devotion. Fcap. 8vo. paper boards, 8d.; cloth boards, 1s.

[8th Thousand.]

The same book, in cloth boards, bound with MY PRIVATE PRAYER-BOOK, containing spaces for notes of Special Intercession, 1s. 6d. complete.

'The office is printed in larger type at the top, and the notes and helps in smaller at the bottom of each page. There is careful instruction on preparation and thanksgiving. A book we can recommend.'—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

IS IT PEACE? Words of Encouragement for Anxious Souls. 16mo. 6d.; extra cloth, 1s.

'A rousing little book.'—GUARDIAN.

MY PRIVATE PRAYER-BOOK. Containing spaces for notes of Special Intercession. Fcap. 8vo. 3d.

'The best thing of the kind we have seen.'—CHURCH BELLS.

SEVEN PRAYERS ON THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS. For Distribution on Good Friday, or for Use during 'The Three Hours.' Fifty copies in packet, 1s. 9d.

WILBERFORCE.—**SPEECHES ON MISSIONS.** By the Right Rev. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D. Edited by the Rev. HENRY ROWLEY. 8vo. cloth boards, 7s.

[Second Edition.]

'This book may be considered an instruction-book. It teaches the speaker or the preacher how to provide himself well with materials, and then how to infuse life and warmth into them.'—CHURCH BELLS.

WILKINSON.—*Works by the Right Rev. G. H. WILKINSON, D.D. Bishop of Truro.*

ABSOLUTION: A Sermon. 8vo. paper covers, 1s.

BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD. 1d.; 6s. per 100. [New Edit.]

CONFESSION: A Sermon. 8vo. paper covers, 1s.

WILKINSON.—*Works by the Right Rev. G. H. WILKINSON, D.D.*
Bishop of Truro.—(Continued.)

- FIRST STEPS TO HOLY COMMUNION.** The Substance of Four Simple Instructions after Confirmation. Fcap. 8vo. 6d.; leather, 1s. 6d. A Superior Edition in Old Style, bound in white, 1s.
- FOUR MISSION PRAYERS.** 1d. ; 7s. per 100.
- HINDRANCES and HELPS to the DEEPENING of the SPIRITUAL LIFE AMONG CLERGY and PEOPLE.** 3d.
- HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.** Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.; leather, 1s. 6d. [17th Thousand.
- HOW TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE.** Fcap. 8vo. paper covers, 6d.; leather, 1s. 6d. A Superior Edition in Old Style, cloth, bevelled boards, 1s.
- HOW TO KEEP LENT.** Notes on Quinquagesima Sunday Address. 3d. [11th Thousand.
- HOW TO DEAL WITH TEMPTATION.** A Lenten Address. Fcap. 8vo. 3d.
- INSTRUCTIONS IN THE DEVOTIONAL LIFE.** Fcap. 8vo. price 6d. Cloth boards, 1s.; leather, 1s. 6d. [54th Thousand.
- INSTRUCTIONS IN THE WAY OF SALVATION.** Fcap. 8vo. price 6d. Cloth boards, 1s.; leather, 1s. 6d. [30th Thousand.
- LENT LECTURES.** Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.; leather, 1s. 6d. [18th Thousand.
- MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.** On Card, 1d.
- PENITENTIARY WORK: Its Principles, Method, Difficulties, and Encouragements.** Fcap. 8vo. price 6d.
- PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.** 32mo. 2d.
- PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.** On Card, 1d.
- SOME LAWS IN GOD'S SPIRITUAL KINGDOM.** Fcap. 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.
- 'THE CHASTENING of the LORD.'** Four Bible Readings given at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.; leather, 1s. 6d. [13th Thousand.
- 'THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.'** A Help to the Higher Life of Communicants. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.; leather, 1s. 6d. [Eighth Edition.

WILKINSON.—*Works by the Rt. Rev. G. H. WILKINSON.*—
(Continued.)

THE POWER OF SUFFERING: A Thought for Holy Week.
6d. per Packet of Twelve.

THE POWER OF WEAKNESS: A Thought for Good Friday.
Fcap. 8vo. 3d.

THOUGHTS for the DAY of INTERCESSION.
1d.; 6s. per 100. [15th Thousand.

THOUGHTS ON CALVARY. The Substance of Two Good
Friday Addresses. Fcap. 8vo. 3d.

TWO ADDRESSES TO COMMUNICANTS. Fcap. 8vo. 6d.;
leather, 1s. 6d.

WILKINSON.—*Edited by the Rt. Rev. G. H. WILKINSON.*

BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND. A Help to Self-
Examination. Price 3d.

SELF-EXAMINATION QUESTIONS. Founded on the Ten
Commandments and the Church Catechism. Price 2d.

**SIMPLE PRAYERS FOR DAILY USE FOR YOUNG
PERSONS.** Price 2d.

WILLIAMSON.—*Works by the Rev. ARTHUR WILLIAMSON,
M.A., Vicar of St. James', Norlands.*

THE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS: Good Friday Addresses.
Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s.

DISESTABLISHMENT; or, The Crisis in Church and State.
Four Sermons. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

*'Deals with the subject exhaustively, and yet he does not go into details which
would be out of place in the pulpit. He very properly avoids politics.'*—FIGARO.

IN THE KING'S SERVICE. A First Manual of Instruction on
Confirmation and Holy Communion. Fcap. 8vo. 6d.

WORDS OF CONTRITION AND PEACE; or, The First
Elements of Spiritual Instruction. Crown 8vo. bevelled boards,
1s. 6d.

THE WONDERFUL VOICE, and other Stories. With
Ten Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

This volume contains the following Stories:—

THE WONDERFUL VOICE.
NO BALLAST.
MY WIFE'S WORK.
A SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.
A FATAL CHOICE.
A WRONG AIM.
BANK HOLIDAY.

THE LAST LETTER.
'NO FOLLOWERS!'
UNDER GROUND.
CRUEL KINDNESS.
FROM NIGHT TO MORN.
JACK'S REVENGE.
THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

WOOD.—NUMBER ELEVEN, and Other Stories. By FRANCES H. WOOD. Illustrated. 18mo. cloth boards, 1s. 6a.

WOODHOUSE.—*Works by the Rev. F. C. WOODHOUSE, M.A.*
Author of 'The Life of the Soul in the World,' &c.

A MANUAL FOR ADVENT: a few Thoughts for Every Day,
and for Christmas and the New Year. Crown 8vo. cloth boards,
3s. 6d. [Third Edition.

'The book is pithy and sensible as well as devout, and capable of being used not only for its primary purpose of private meditation, but for reading at family prayer; by the clergy, as supplying materials for sermonets a good deal above the average.'—CHURCH TIMES.

A MANUAL FOR HOLY DAYS: A few Thoughts for those
Week-days for which the Church provides Special Services.
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [In the Press.

A MANUAL FOR LENT: A few Thoughts for Every Day,
and for the Sundays and Eastertide. Crown 8vo. cloth boards,
3s. 6d. [Sixth Edition.

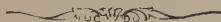
Besides several notices from the Church papers, the CHRISTIAN WORLD says: '*This is a remarkably good book; thoughtful, striking, earnest, and deeply interesting. It is not scrappy and incoherent, but really full of power and suggestiveness. The style is always clear and cultured. We believe it to be a book which preachers and intelligent laymen will prize greatly, and read with profit and pleasure.*'

WYNNE.—SPIRITUAL LIFE IN ITS EARLIER STAGES.

Five Lectures for Lent. By Rev. G. R. WYNNE, A.M., Vicar of
Holywood. Fcap. 8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

'It is written in an earnest, thoughtful, and thoroughly honest spirit . . . cannot fail to be helpful to those whose religious feelings, already awakened, need to be stimulated and guided in a right direction.'—DAILY EXPRESS.

THE YOUNG STANDARD-BEARER. An Illustrated Temperance Magazine for Children. Price One Halfpenny Monthly. Volumes, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. each. 1881-1887. Cloth cases for binding a year's numbers, 8d.



❖ CONTENTS. ❖



	Page		Page
B. C., a New Children's Alphabet	23	Chants, A Selection of Single and Double stening of the Lord, The	29 33
Absolution, A Sermon	32	Chatterbox	4
Acts, Lessons on the	1	Chatterbox Christmas-box	4
Advent, Special Service for	27	Chester-le-Street, A Thousand Years in	3
Aids to the Study of the Books of Samuel	12	Child-Nature	5
Alice and her Cross	5	Child's Own Story-book	5
Amethyst, The	26	Children Busy, Children Glad	24
Artist, The	1	Children of the Church (1st and 2nd series)	21
Ascensiontide and Whitsuntide, Special Services for.	27	,, of the Old Testament	5
Ballad of the Chorister Boy	13	Children's Home Hymn-book	5
Ballads of Life and Home	16	,, School Hymn-book	5
Be ye Reconciled to God	32	Chorister's Admission Card	5
Bells, Form of Service for Dedication of	27	Christian Course, The	19
Better than Strength (Forde)	11	,, Ministry, The	9
Bible-Class Manual, A	32	Church Catechism, Lessons on the (O'Reilly)	21
Biter Bit, The	11	Church Congress Reports	5
Book about Bees, A	16	,, Work	5
Boy Hero, The	13	Church of England, Past and Present, The	11
Brazen Serpent	4	Churchman's Almanac for Eight Cen- turies, The	32
Break up your Fallow Ground	34	Churchman's Manual	31
Breaking of the Bread, The	8	Clockmaker of St. Laurent	6
Bridewell Royal Hospital	7	Cloud and the Star, The	12
British Burma, Personal Recollections of	30	Collects, Lessons on the (O'Reilly)	21
Bryda	10	Colonel Rolfe's Story	5
By the Sea of Galilee	18	Common-Life Sermons	5
Can She keep a Secret?	6	Communicants, Two Addresses to	34
Canticles Pointed for Chanting	13	Communion of Saints, The	33
Captain Christie's Granddaughter	17	Confession: A Sermon	32
Central Africa	4	Confirmation Service, The	7, 13
Change-Ringing	30	Consulting the Fates	5
Change-Ringer's Guide to the Steeples of England	30	Convocation Reports	7
Changed Cross, The	12	Coral Missionary Magazine	7
,, ,, The, with Music	12	Counsels of a Godfather	30
		,, on Prayer	23

	Page		Page
Count up the Sunny Days	16	Four Little Sixes	16
Crisis in Church and State (Williamson)	34	„ Mission Prayers	33
Daily Family Prayer	13	Four-leaved Shamrock, The	13
„ Offices and Litany	8	From Pharaoh to Fellah	2
Day of Intercession, Suggestions for Ob- serving the	15	„ East to West	28
Day of Intercession, Thoughts for the	34	Gilly Flower	11
„ „ Thoughts for the Sick and Infirm	29	Glances at the Church's Work in Distant Lands (Strachan).	28
Days that are Past	1	Golden Steps	12
Deare Childe	28	Good Stories	5
Deb Clinton	6	„ (New Series).	11
Dedication of Church Bells, Form of	27	Gospel and Philosophy	8
Devotional Life, Instructions in	33	„ Missionary, The	11
Dictionary of the English Church	8	Gospels, Story of the	1
Discipline of Temptation, The	26	Gothic Compendium, The	24
Disestablishment	34	Grain of Mustard Seed, The	12
Divine Fellowship	8	Grandsire, The Method of	27
„ Service, The	32	Great Britain for Little Britons	3
Dogged Jack	22	Gregory of the Foretop	5
Dolly's own Story	26	Happy Sunday Afternoons	12
Double Norwich Court Bob Major	26	Hearty Services	20
„ Warfare, The	31	Helen Morton's Trial, and Timid Lucy	12
„ Witness of the Church	17	Help at Hand	8
Driver's Box, The, and other Stories	9	Helps by the Way	12
Early Church History, Manual of (Baird)	1	Help to Self-Examination, A	32
Easter, Special Service for	27	Her Great Ambition	12
Edith Vernon's Life-Work	9	Hindrances and Helps	33
Ethne	10	„ to Spiritual Life	23
Evening Psalter Pointed for Chanting, The	15	Holiness to the Lord	13
Ewin Lloyd	11	Holy Communion, First Steps to	33
Fakenham Ghost, The	2	„ Communion (How).	14
Family Lesson Book, The	10	„ Marriage, Two Addresses on	15
„ Worship for Busy Homes	9	„ Matrimony (Ellison)	9
Favourite Story-Book	10	„ Scripture: Temperance and Total Abstinence	13
Feild, Life of Bishop	30	Holy Week and Easter (Wilkinson)	33
First Lady of the Land	3	„ „ and Easter (Bourdaloue)	3
Floral Fancies	10	Honor Bright	13
Flying Leaves	11	Household Prayers	30
Following Christ	11	How to Begin a New Life	33
Forms of Prayer to accompany Sermons, &c.	9	„ to Ensure a Happy New Year	13
Fortune-Teller	6	„ to Keep Lent	33
Foundation Truths	25	„ to Deal with Temptation	33
Four Lads and their Lives	5	„ to Pray the Lord's Prayer	15
		Hymns (How)	14

	Page		Page
In a Good Cause	16	Martin Gay the Singer	5
Index Canonum	11	Meditation, Helps to the Practice of (May)	19
Inheritance of our Fathers	2	Merrie Games in Rhyme	23
Inquiry Into the Basis of True Christian Unity, An	17	Minister of Christ in these Last Days	29
Institution and Induction, Form of	27	Mission Field, The	19
Instruction for Junior Classes	1	Missionary Conference Reports	19
In the King's Service	34	Missionary Prayers	19
It is Peace?	32	Missions, Speeches on	32
Jack Stedman	5	Mixed Pickles	10
Josa, Life of Rev. W. H. Brett	17	Month by Month	19
Kalendar Notes	31	Mopsa the Fairy	15
Lambeth Conference, 1888	17	More Outlines	24
Land of Light	17	Morning and Evening Prayers (Wilkinson) " " " (How)	33 14
Laws of Marriage, The	11	Morning Star	19
'Left till called for'	18	Mother's Union	20
Left to Our Father	18	" Warm Shawl	20
Lent Lectures	33	My Private Prayer-book	32
" Special Service for	27	N. or M.	20
Lenten and other Sermons	4	Nether Stoney	5
Letter Booklets	14	Notes on the Church Service	14
" Sermons, Seven	15	Number Eleven	35
" of Commendation	18	Off to California	7
Letters to our Working Party	18	Office for New-Year's Eve	27
Listen! Poems for the Children's Hour	21	Old, Old Story, The	20
Linen-Room Window, The	2	Old Andrew the Peacemaker	6
Little Christian's Pilgrimage	29	" Paths	31
" Helps for Daily Toilers	18	" Ship (The)	11
" Jeanneton's Work	16	Oliver Dale's Decision	20
" Lays for Little Lips	18	One of a Covey	20
" Painter's Text Book	18	One Body: The Story of the Church of England	30
Lives on Earth, Four of our	11	Only a Girl	17
Lost Piece of Silver, A	18	Ordination, Eve of	4
Love is of God, and other Sermons	28	Our Boys and Girls, both Good and Bad " Friends in Paradise	21 21
Loving Counsels to a Young Friend	18	Outline Lessons for each Sunday	4
Lucy Graham	6	" Pictures for Little Painters	19
Lucy Helmore	31	" Illustrations for Little Ones to Colour. First and Second Series	24 24
Mackenzie, Life of the Rev. W. B.	4	Outstretched Hands, The	34
Manual of Church Doctrine, A (Farrar)	10	Out of the Way	29
" for Lent	35	Owindia	21
" for Advent	35		
" for Holy Days, A	35		
Marriage Service, The	18		
Martin the Skipper	6		

	Page		Page
Painted Sail, The	21	Rhoda's Secret	6
Papal Claims	22	Robin and Linnet	25
Parables of Our Lord practically set forth	8	Rochester Diocesan Directory	25
" of the Kingdom	22	Rope-Sight	27
Parish Library	6	Rough Diamond, A	25
" Guide	22	Ruth Halliday	25
" Magazine	6		
Parish Priest, Private Life, &c.	14	Sanctorum Dulcis Memoria	21
Parents' Manual, The	25	Schoolmaster and his Son	4
Pastor in Parochiâ	14	Scripture Readings	15
Pastoral Work	14	Selection from Sermons by Bradley	3
Peas-Blossom	22	Self-Examination Questions	34
Penitentiary Work	33	Selwyn, Life of Bishop	30
Pictures from the Poets	24	Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical	8
Plain Forms of Household Prayer	30	" of the City	23
" Sermons	22	Service for the Admission of a Chorister	13
" Texts for Daily Use	23	Seven Prayers on the Seven Words	32
" Words, 1, 2, 3, 4, Series	14	Shadows of Truth	26
" " as Tracts	14	Short, Augustus, Memoirs of Bishop	31
" " to Children	14	Simple Guide to Church Doctrine	19
" Words about the Book of Common Prayer (Baird)	2	" Prayers for Young Persons	34
Poems (How)	14	Sister Louise	26
Position and Duty of Non-Abstainers	13	Sister's Bye-Hours, A	15
Power of Suffering, The	34	Sixty Sermons	9
" of Weakness, The	34	Snow Queen, The	24
Practical Sermons (How)	15	Some Laws in God's Spiritual Kingdom	33
Prayer for the Parish, A	13	Songs and Lyrics for Little Lips	27
Prayer-book, its History, Language, and Contents	8	Special Services for Use in Churches, &c.	27
Prayers and Meditations for each Day of the Week	9	" " for Church Seasons	9
Prayers for Children (Wilkinson)	33	" " (Holy Communion)	27
" " on Card	33	" " (Intercession for those at Sea)	27
Preaching, Lectures on	3	Spiritual Life in its Earlier Stages	35
Present Christ, A	23	Standard Methods in Change-ringing	27
Prize Bible, The	24	Stories and Episodes	28
" for Boys and Girls	6	" told to a Child	15
		Story-telling Album, The	28
		Students' Gospel Harmony	26
		Studies for Stories from Girls' Lives	15
		" in the Church	18
		Sue and I (O'Reilly)	21
		Sufferer's Guide, The	19
		Sun of Righteousness	15
		Sunday	28
		Tale of the Crusades, A	8
		Teachers' Gradual, The	28

	Page		Page
Temperance Hymns and Songs	29	' Was Lost, and is Found '	15
Ten Years in Melanesia	23	Watchers on the Longships	7
Thoughts on Calvary	34	Watching by the Cross	2
Through Lent	29	Way of Salvation, Instructions in the . .	33
Tiles from Dame Marjorie's Chimney- Corner	4	We are Seven	2
Timid Lucy	12	Week-day Services in Country Churches	15
Topsy Turvy	3	Week Spent in a Glass Pond, A	9
Treble Bob : A Treatise on	27	Westminster Cloisters	2
True Penitent, The	30	What shall we do in Accidents or Illness? (Cowper)	7
„ under Trial	22	Wonderful Voice, The	34
Truth will Out, The	11	Words of Contrition and Peace	34
Turning-Point of Life, The	31	„ Counsel	18
Twenty Years in Central Africa . . .	25	„ Good Cheer	15
„ at St. Matthew's	26	Working Classes, What the Gospel has done for the	7
Under Mother's Wing	31	World and the Kingdom, The	29
„ the King's Banner	17	Worthies of the Church of England . .	1
Venables, Life of Bishop	17	Worship in Heaven and on Earth . . .	20
Very Short Stories in Very Short Words	23	Wrath of the Fay, The	13
Vestry Prayers with a Choir	15	Young Men's Bible Classes	18
Voices of Nature	31	„ Standard-Bearer, The	35

